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# An Intimate Portrait of R L S by His Stepson, Lloyd Osbourne

[A NEW and personal portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson is presented by his stepson, and collaborator on several novels, Lloyd Osbourne, who shared his life from 1876 until its end in 1894, and who for the first time gives his impressions and recollections. Osbourne has grouped his impressions round what might be called the pivotal years of Stevenson's life, and, in a series of vivid little vignettes of the great author at different ages, traces the developments and changes of his character. The chapters begin with "Stevenson at Twenty-six," and end with "The Death of Stevenson," at forty-four. They will be published in four numbers of the Magazine.]

## STEVENSON AT TWENTY-SIX

IT was at the old inn at Grèz-sur-Loing that I first saw Robert Louis Stevenson. I was eight years old, a tousled-haired, barefooted child who was known to that company of artists as "Pettifish." Though I sat at the long *table d'hôte* I was much too insignificant a person to be noticed by this wonderful new arrival, whose coming had caused such a stir.

But after the meal when we all trooped down to the riverside to see the *Cigarette* and the *Arethusa*—the two canoes that had just finished the "Inland Voyage"—the stranger allowed me to sit in his, and even went to the trouble of setting up the little masts and sails for my amusement. I was very flattered to be treated so seriously—R L S always paid children the compliment of being serious, no matter what mocking light might dance in his brilliant brown eyes—and I instantly elected him to a high place in my esteem.

While the others talked I appraised him silently. He was tall and slight, with light brown hair, a small golden mustache, and a beautiful ruddy complexion; and was so gay and buoyant that he kept every one in fits of laughter. He wore a funny-looking little round cap, such as schoolboys used to have in England; a white flannel shirt, dark trousers, and very neat shoes. Stevenson had very shapely feet; they were long and narrow with a high arch and instep, and he was proud of them. However shabbily he might be dressed he was always smartly shod. I remember being much impressed by his costume, which was in such contrast to that of his cousin, "Bob," who had preceded him to Grèz, and whom I already knew quite well. Bob was attired in a tattered blue jersey such as fishermen wore, trousers that needed no Sherlock Holmes to decide that he was a landscape-painter, and wooden *sabots* of the slightly superior order.

All these lads—for they were scarcely more—were gloriously under the spell of the *Vie de Bohème;* they wanted to be poor, improvident, and reckless; they were eager to assert that they were outcasts and rebels. One of the Americans, who had an ample allowance, found enjoyment in wearing an old frock-coat and fez; another, equally well provided for, always wore expensive rings so as to have the extreme enjoyment of pawning them; but to some poverty was no masquerade,

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and was bitter enough. I doubt if poor little Bloomer had more than a spare shirt to his name, or ever enough buttons for his one shabby suit. Once he had been refused admission to the Luxembourg Gallery as "indecently clothed." It was supposed to be a wonderful joke, but Bloomer's fine, sensitive face always winced when it was repeated in his presence.

It was the custom of them all to rail at the respectable and well-to-do; R L S's favorite expression was "a common banker," used as one might refer to a common laborer. "Why, even a common banker would renig at a thing like that"—"renig" being another favorite word. I got the impression that people with good clothes, and money in their pockets, and pleasant, big houses were somehow odious, and should be heartily despised. They belonged to a strange race called Philistines, and were sternly to be kept in their place. If any had dared install themselves in the Hotel Chevillon they would have found it a nest of hornets.

R L S always said he hoped to die in a ditch. He must have dwelt on it at great length, and with all his matchless humor, for while I have forgotten the details, the picture of him as a white-haired and expiring wanderer is ineffaceably fixed in my mind. It cost me many a pang that such was to be his end while common bankers jingled by in shining equipages, oblivious and scornful. But the tragedy that hung over Bob was even worse. Bob had divided his modest patrimony into ten equal parts, and after spending one of these every year was to commit suicide at the end. I never saw him lay out a few coppers for tobacco without a quivery feeling that he had shortened his life.

Young as I was I could not help noticing that R L S and my mother were greatly attracted to each other; or rather how they would sit and talk interminably on either side of the dining-room stove while everybody else was out and busy. I grew to associate them as always together, and in a queer, childish way I think it made me very happy. I had grown to love Luly Stevenson, as I called him; he used to read the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Tales of a Grandfather" to me, and tell me stories "out of his head"; he gave me a sense of protection and warmth, and though I was far too shy ever to have said it aloud, he seemed so much like *Greatheart* in the book that this was my secret name for him.

When autumn merged into early winter and it was time for us to return to Paris, I was overjoyed when my mother said to me: "Luly is coming, too."

## STEVENSON AT TWENTY-EIGHT

I WAS ten when my mother left Paris and came to London, to spend several months before sailing for New York on the way to California. R L S was away somewhere, and it was his cousin "Bob" who met us at Dover, and took us to our lodgings at 7 Radnor Street, Chelsea.

It was a mean little house in a mean little street, and was as dingy and depressing as cheap London lodgings usually are. But the Turners, who kept the place, were extremely pleasant people. Mrs. Turner was a big, jolly matronly woman who used to call me "little Frenchie," and give me tremendous hugs. Mr. Turner, who was the original of William Dent Pitman in the "Wrong Box," contributed nothing to the family exchequer except the shavings from his wood-carving, and many moralizations about "*h*'Art" as a career. He was really a very odd and charming person, with possibly more ability than we gave him credit for. Later on at least he became comparatively affluent and achieved a modest fame.

When R L S finally came I was conscious of a subtle change in him; even to childish eyes he was more assured, more mature and responsible. I was quite awed by his beautiful blue suit with its double-breasted coat, and the new stiff felt hat he threw on one side; and there was much in his eager talk about "going to press," and "closing the forms," and Henley "wanting a middle" about such and such a subject. He was now connected with a new weekly, called *London*, and evidently found the work very congenial and amusing. He was con-

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stantly dashing up in cabs, and dashing away again with the impressive prodigality that apparently journalism required. Indeed, he seemed extraordinarily happy in his new occupation, and was full of zest and high spirits.

I was greatly fascinated by the cane he carried. In appearance it was just an ordinary and rather slender walking-stick, but on lifting it one discovered that it was a steel bludgeon of considerable weight. R L S said it was the finest weapon a man could carry, for it could not go off of itself like a pistol, nor was it so hard to get into action as a sword-cane. He said that in a tight place there was nothing to equal it, and somehow the impression was conveyed that journalism often took a man into very dangerous places. When he forgot it, as he often did, I was always worried until he returned.

One evening, with a kind of shyness he never outgrew, he produced a manuscript from his pocket, and read aloud "Will o' the Mill." Though I understood very little of it, its melodious cadence affected me profoundly, and I remember being so pleased with my mother's enthusiasm. R L S beamed with pleasure; he loved to have his work praised; and he put several questions, as he was always wont to do, for the sheer delight of prolonging such precious moments. Unlike most authors he read aloud incomparably well, endowing words and phrases with a haunting quality that lingered in one's ears afterward. I have never heard any one to equal him: the glamour he could give, the stir of romance, the indescribable emotion from which one awoke as though from a dream.

At Grèz a young Irish painter had once presented a new arrival to the assembled company after dinner, and in doing so had mockingly labelled the various *habitués*. R L S he had described as "Louis Stevenson—Scotch literary mediocrity." The phrase had stung R L S to the quick; it was one of the very few slights he kept alive in his memory. I remember that after he had finished "Will o' the Mill" and was still in the glow of my mother's praise, he murmured something about its not being so bad for "Scotch literary mediocrity."

Later he brought a story that was the germ of the "Suicide Club," and was about a stranger who had taken a train for some commonplace destination, and who, falling into conversation with his talkative and very queer fellow passengers, suddenly discovered that they were a band of would-be suicides. The train in an hour or more was to fly at full speed over a precipice. The point of the tale was less its sensationalism than the startling conversation of men suddenly freed from all reticences.

My principal recollection of it was the unquenchable laughter it provoked; it was unheard of at that epoch to take such liberties with fiction; everybody was convulsed except my rather wondering little self, who was in a shiver about the unfortunate man who thought he was going to Canterbury or some such place, and who was being persuaded, very much against his will—but with incontrovertible logic—that life was a failure, and that he was very lucky to be on such a train.

From this sprang the "Suicide Club" series which R L S wrote shortly afterward, and which he read aloud to us in our cheerless sitting-room. Although Stevenson enjoyed them hugely he attached no importance to them; it was enough that they filled a few empty columns of *London*, and brought in a few pounds. They attracted no notice whatever, and in the bottom of his heart I believe R L S was just a little ashamed of them. I know at least that when it was suggested a few years later to publish them in book form he emphatically demurred on the ground that it might hurt his reputation.

Meanwhile the hour of parting was drawing near. I had not the slightest perception of the quandary my mother and R L S were in, nor what agonies of mind their approaching separation was bringing; and doubtless I prattled endlessly about "going home," and enjoyed all our preparations, while to them that imminent August spelled the knell of everything that made life worth living. But when the time came I had my own tragedy of parting, and the picture lives with me as clearly as though it were yesterday. We were standing in front of our compart-

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ment, and the moment to say good-bye had come. It was terribly short and sudden and final, and before I could realize it R L S was walking away down the long length of the platform, a diminishing figure in a brown ulster. My eyes followed him, hoping that he would look back. But he never turned, and finally disappeared in the crowd. Words cannot express the sense of bereavement, of desolation that suddenly struck at my heart. I knew I would never see him again.

## STEVENSON AT TWENTY-NINE

MONTEREY in 1879 was a sleepy old Mexican town, with most of its buildings of sun-dried bricks, called *adobe*. Fashionable people could be told by the amount of silver embellishments on their saddles, bridles, and spurs, and how richly they jingled as they passed. The principal street—Alvarado Street—named after Cortez's redoubtable, golden-haired lieutenant, and down which it was always a point of honor to gallop at breakneck speed, no matter how trifling your business, was decorated at the corners by half-buried old Spanish cannon, which with the breeches uppermost, served as hitching-posts for horses.

A whale's jaw, in the shape of a gigantic wish-bone — or an inverted V — often enframed a garden-gate; and the vertebræ were the favorite paving of those who took pride in their houses or shops. It was Mexico's last stronghold in the *irredenta* of California; and as its only industries were the catching of an occasional whale by Genoese with silver earrings, and the export of dried fish to China by Chinese with pigtails and the ability to withstand the smell, it offered no inducements to young Americans coming West to seek their fortune.

Our home was a small, two-storied, rose-embowered *adobe* cottage fronting on Alvarado Street; my mother rented it from two old Spanish ladies named Bonifacio, who lived in an upper part of it in a seclusion comparable to that of the Man with the Iron Mask. The only time they ever betrayed their existence was when the elder would scream at me in Spanish from an upper window to leave the calf alone. Our back yard pastured this promising young animal, and it was an inspiriting pastime to lasso it, especially from the back of my pony when my mother and grown-up sister were absent. But Señora Bonifacio was never absent, though always slow in coming into action. Perhaps it was to dress herself in the funeral-black dress and *mantilla* that I grew to associate as an inseparable part of playing with the calf.

It was here one morning in our sitting-room that my mother looked down at me rather oddly, and, with a curious brightness in her eyes, said: "I have news for you. Luly's coming."

I think R L S must have arrived the next day. I remember his walking into the room, and the outcry of delight that greeted him; the incoherence, the laughter, the tears; the heart-welling joy of reunion. Until that moment I had never thought of him as being in ill health. On the contrary, in vigor and vitality he had always seemed among the foremost of those young men at Grèz; and though he did not excel in any of the sports he had shared in them exuberantly. Now he looked ill, even to my childish gaze; the brilliancy of his eyes emphasized the thinness and pallor of his face. His clothes, no longer picturesque but merely shabby, hung loosely on his shrunken body; and there was about him an indescribable lessening of his alertness and self-confidence.

This fleeting impression passed away as I grew more familiar with him in our new surroundings. Certainly he had never seemed gayer nor more light-hearted, and he radiated laughter and good spirits. His talk was all about the people he was meeting, and he gave me my first understanding of the interest to be derived from human nature. The Genoese, for instance, whom I had always regarded as dangerous monsters, and whose only English phrase was in reference to cutting little boys' livers out, were revealed as the kindest sort of people, who were always helping any one in distress. That he should visit one of this despised race in hospital, and read aloud to him a newspaper in his own gibberish, at first horri-

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fied me; and that he should be seen walking confidentially along the street with the town drunkard, even were it in one of Bob Hammil's rare moments of sobriety, was another shock; and when one night, in all stealth and secrecy he helped to print and paste up everywhere a small broadside denouncing the Spanish priest, "Father Two-Bits," for his heartlessness and rapacity, I was a good deal more overcome, I imagine, than the scoundrelly old victim himself. Young as I was I knew how men could be waylaid and stabbed in those unlit streets at night, and I trembled for Luly, and wished he had more sense.

His concluding enormity was to set the woods on fire, and though he was very conscience-stricken about it he had no realization of the summary punishment that might be meted out to him. There was a tradition in Monterey of a man having been lynched for this offense, and my hair nearly stood on end. I shall never forget my relief when he promised my mother, with appropriate solemnity, though with a twinkle in his eyes, that never, never, never so-help-him-God, would he ever let as much as a whisper of this crime pass his lips.

I was old enough to appreciate how poor he was, and it tore at my boyish heart that he should take his meals at a grubby little restaurant with men in their shirt-sleeves, and have so bare and miserable a room in the old *adobe* house on the hill. Conceive my joy, therefore, when one day he burst in with the news of a splendid job, and prolonged the suspense by making us all try to guess what it was; and my crushing disappointment when it turned out to be as a special reporter on the local paper at two dollars a week.

It was supposed to be a great joke, and I laughed with the rest; but on my part it was a sad and wondering pretence. Two dollars meant eight meals at the fishermen's restaurant. What was to become of poor Luly, who daily looked thinner and shabbier? But afterward my mother reassured me, and I was thrilled to hear of what "experience" meant to a writer, and how in reality Monterey was a kind of gold mine in which Luly was prospering extraordinarily, little though he looked it. Then my father came down for a short stay, his handsome, smiling face just a little clouded, and with a curious new intonation in his voice during his long closeted talks with my mother. He was a tall, very fine-looking man, with a pointed golden beard, and a most winning and lovable nature; I loved him dearly, and was proud of his universal popularity. But he had two eccentricities of which I was much ashamed—he took a cold tub every morning, and invariably slept in pajamas.

The only other person I had ever known to wear pajamas was our Chinese cook, and I regarded my father's preference for them as a dreadful sort of aberration. In comparison the daily cold bath shrank into merely a minor breach of the conventions.

I had looked forward eagerly to his visit, and it was disconcerting to find him so preoccupied, and with so little time to devote to me. He seemed forever to be talking with my mother in a seclusion I was not allowed to disturb. Once as I was studying my lessons in an adjoining room and felt that strangely disturbing quality in their subdued voices—reproaches on her side and a most affecting explanation on his of his financial straits at the time of my little brother's death—I suddenly overheard my mother say, with an intensity that went through me like a knife: "Oh, Sam, forgive me!"

I knew nothing of what all this meant until shortly afterward as I was taking a walk with Stevenson. He was silent and absorbed; I might not have been there at all for any attention he paid me. Ordinarily a walk with him was a great treat, and a richly imaginative affair, for at a moment's notice I might find myself a pirate, or a redskin, and a young naval officer with secret despatches for a famous spy, or some other similar and tingling masquerade. But this walk had been thoroughly dull; we had remained ourselves, and not a breath of romance had touched us; and Luly's pace had been so fast besides, that my little legs were tired.

All at once he spoke, and here again was this strange, new intonation, so colorless and yet so troubling, that had recently affected the speech of all my elders.

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"I want to tell you something," he said. "You may not like it, but I hope you will. I am going to marry your mother."

I could not have uttered a word to save my life. I was stricken dumb. The question of whether I were pleased or not did not enter my mind at all. I walked on in a kind of stupefaction, with an uncontrollable impulse to cry—yet I did not cry—and was possessed of an agonizing feeling that I ought to speak, but I did not know how, nor what.

But all I know is that at last my hand crept into Luly's, and in that mutual pressure a rapturous sense of tenderness and contentment came flooding over me. It was thus we returned, still silent, still hand in hand, still giving each other little squeezes, and passed under the roses into the house.

## STEVENSON AT THIRTY-ONE

DAVOS in 1881 consisted of a small straggling town where nearly all the shops were kept by consumptives. It possessed a charity sanitarium, and three large hotels, widely separated from one another, in which one could die quite comfortably. It was then the "new Alpine cure" for tuberculosis; and its altitude, its pine woods, and its glorious winter sunshine were supposed to work wonders. For five months of the year—"the season"—it was buried in snow, and rimmed about with dazzling white peaks. Snow, snow, snow; icicled trees; a frozen little river; a sense of glinting and sparkling desolation—such was the place we had come to.

The visitors at the hotels were nearly all English, and though a considerable proportion of them died, it was amazing what a gay and animated life they led. The uncertain tenure of life engendered recklessness even in the staidest. There were wild love affairs, tempestuous jealousies, cliques and coteries of the most belligerent description, and an endless amount of gossip and backbiting. In our hotel besides, were eleven English clergymen of every shade of orthodoxy, who made a really remarkable amount of commotion out of their differences.

The dead were whisked away very unobtrusively. You might meet Miss Smith coming out of room 46, say—and then suddenly realize that this had been Mrs. Robinson's room, and that you had not seen her for some time. People you had not seen for some time could usually be found in the cemetery, though their intervening travels had been marvellously screened from notice. The only note of tragedy that was ever apparent was at the weekly weighing of patients. This was done in public, and one had but to look at the faces to read the verdict of the scales—consternation in those who were losing; anxiety in the stationary; an elation that was almost childish amongst the gainers, who would shout out "two pounds," or whatever it was, with offensive triumph in their voices, and oblivious of the baleful glances cast at them.

Fortunately R L S stood the weekly ordeal very creditably. Davos agreed with him; he steadily gained weight, and was unquestionably better. My mother and he kept themselves somewhat aloof from the others, and though friendly and approachable were never drawn into the passionate enmities and intimacies of the place. Stevenson was never much at ease with ordinary, commonplace English people, possibly because they always regarded him with suspicion. He had untidy hair, untidy clothes, unconventional convictions, no settled place—at that time—in the scheme of things; and was moreover married to a *divorcée*. The Hotel Belvidere thought very little of him, one way or the other, and his only real friend was Christian, the head waiter, who like many Swiss of mediocre position was an extremely intellectual man, with an understanding and outlook far above the average. Together they would pace the empty dining-room for an hour at a time in profound and interminable discussions while the tables were being spread for the next meal.

This was a thoroughly boring and unprofitable winter for Stevenson. His small bedroom was not conducive to work, and he was terribly lacking besides in any incentive. In a sort of desperation he began a novel for my amusement, called "The Squaw Man," but it never

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got beyond three chapters. This was the only time in his life when I remember his having anything like mental inertia. It is true he wrote; he was always writing; but fruitlessly, laboriously, and without any sustaining satisfaction. He often had an air of not knowing what to do with himself, and it was in this humor that he often came to my room to join me at play with my tin soldiers, or to interest himself in my mimic enterprises. I had a small printing-press, and used to earn a little money by printing the weekly concert programmes and other trifling commissions; and growing ambitious I became a publisher. My first venture was "Black Canyon, or Life in the Far West," a tiny booklet of eight pages, and both the spelling and the matter were entirely original; my second was "Not I, and Other Poems by R L Stevenson," price sixpence. How thunderstruck we should have been to know that forty years afterward these were to figure in imposing catalogues as: STEVENSONIANA, EXCESSIVELY RARE, DAVOS PRESS, and be priced at sixty or seventy guineas apiece.

Once we were caught in the act of playing with our soldiers on the floor by a visitor who had come to see me "on business." He was a robust, red-faced, John Bull sort of person, and I shall never forget his standing there in the doorway and shaking with tremendous guffaws at finding R L S thus employed. Stevenson crimsoned to the ears, and though he pretended to laugh too, our play was spoiled for the morning.

One of the inmates of the hotel was a gaunt, ill-dressed, sallow young woman, the wife of a dying clergyman, who used to waylay me and ask in the most frightening way whether I loved Jesus; and by degrees this embarrassing inquiry was enlarged to include Stevenson, with an urgent desire for information about his spiritual welfare. I tried my best to elude her, but I couldn't. She was always pouncing out of the unlikeliest places to grab my arm before I could escape. Later she made a point of descending to the dining-room at the very early and unfrequented hour that Stevenson breakfasted, and started the habit of passing him little notes—all about his soul, and the sleepless nights his spiritual danger was causing her.

Stevenson was as polite and considerate as he was to every one; too polite and considerate, for one morning another breakfaster—a young man who habitually sat near us—detected the transfer of one of these little notes, and that night, swelling with self-righteousness, pointedly ignored Stevenson, and made a stage-play of speaking only to my mother.

This led to an explanation in our bedroom. The young man was sent for, the notes were shown him in the presence of my mother, I gave my childish evidence, and R L S was exonerated. But my principal recollection was his zest in the whole little drama—the unjust accusation, the conspicuous public affront borne in silence, the thumping vindication with its resultant apologies and expressions of regret, and finally the stinging little sermon on scandal and scandal-mongers.

For a month afterward he never went down to breakfast without me; and I was told—vastly to my pride and self-importance—to interpose myself between him and the sallow young lady, and make it impossible for her to slip any more notes into his hand. But she did not give up easily. Though she wrote no more notes, and soon afterward went away at her husband's death, she sent me post-cards for nearly a year—post-cards quite palpably intended for my stepfather. She was still sleepless, and in a greater torment than ever; and the word "love"—always in reference to Jesus—was invariably underscored.

## STEVENSON AT THIRTY-TWO

OUR second winter at Davos was infinitely pleasanter than the first. We were now installed in a *châlet* of our own, with a cook, and plenty of room for all of us. R L S had brought back the half-finished manuscript of "Treasure Island," begun that summer at Braemar, and with it a revived ardor for work. The *châlet* was bathed in sunshine, and had a delightful outlook over the whole valley; and its seclusion was the more welcome after the crowded hotel, and the enforced

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intimacy with uncongenial people. R L S seemed to expand in this homelike atmosphere, and his contentment and satisfaction were most apparent.

Before leaving Scotland he had applied for the vacant and highly paid professorship of English literature at Edinburgh University; and full of this new ambition —which had he achieved it would have quickly ended his life in that harsh climate—he gave me a course of trial lectures to see how well he could acquit himself. No wonder that my mother used to smile! He would walk up and down sonorously addressing the class—which was I, very self-conscious and uncomfortable—and roll out with daunting solemnity such phrases as: "Gentlemen, before we proceed further I must beg your special attention to one of the most significant phases . . ." "Gentlemen, before we can review the condition of England in the year 1337, we should first envisage the general culture of Europe as a whole." "Gentlemen, I hope none of you will make the fatal mistake of undervaluing the great share, the gigantic share that the Church, in spite of its defects . . ."

I was overwhelmed by his commendation.

"I have no fear now," he said to my mother. "Lloyd has shown me that I have the ability to hold a class's attention and interest; some of it has been over his head, of course, but I can feel that he has grasped my essential points, and has followed me with quite a remarkable understanding."

In spite of my pride I felt a dreadful little hypocrite. Except for the word "gentlemen," and some sanguinary details of mediæval life, the lectures had slid off me like water off a duck's back.

It was about this time I noticed how much darker R L S's hair was becoming. It had turned to a dark brown, and was so lank that at a little distance it appeared almost black. The hair has a curious way of reflecting one's physical condition; and judging by this criterion R L S must have been very ill. He no longer tobogganed with me, and seldom walked as far as the town—about a mile distant. Usually he contented himself with pacing up and down his veranda, or descending to the foot of our hill to drop in on John Addington Symonds.

I remember Symonds very clearly; of medium height, trimly bearded; in his later thirties; he wore well-cut clothes, and had an aristocratic air that was reserved without being disdainful. His evident respect and affection for Stevenson, as well as the cordial way he always included me in his greeting, quite won my heart. His friendship seemed to confer distinction, and I was conscious that we were the only people in Davos to be similarly honored. He always came primed for a talk—the carry-over of a previous conversation—and one could almost see the opening paragraph forming itself on his lips.

But the influence of such men—academic, and steeped in the classics—was always subtly harmful to Stevenson, who had what we would call now an "inferiority complex" when in contact with them. Their familiarity with the ancient Greeks and Romans seemed to emphasize his own sense of shortcoming; made him feel uneducated, and engaged in unimportant tasks; put him out of conceit with himself and his work. Even as a boy I could feel the veiled condescension Symonds had for him; and Stevenson's acquiescent humility at his own lack of a university training. If Symonds had read the early part of "Treasure Island" —now conceded to be one of the great masterpieces of English—I doubt if he would have found anything to admire in it; but rather a renewed concern that so brilliant and unschooled a mind should waste itself. In his ardor to academize Stevenson, and make him classicly respectable, he even ferreted out a scarcely known Greek author, and suggested that R L S should collate all the scraps of information about him and write a "Life."

All Stevenson's creative work was done in the morning, though in those days before typewriters an author had an interminable amount of writing to do that was merely copying, and involved no mental effort. The writers of to-day never have "scrivener's cramp," which pursued R L S all his life, and which caused him often to hold his pen between his second and third fingers when the index-finger was useless. His preference

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was for white, ruled foolscap paper, chosen because it approximated in his writing to a "*Cornhill* page" of five hundred words. His first essays had been taken by the *Cornhill Magazine*, and its page established for him a measure of computation. He calculated the length of all his work in "*Cornhill* pages" long after he had ceased all connection with the magazine itself, and indeed as long as he lived.

I think he found rewriting a very soothing pastime, and would not have thanked anybody for a mechanical short-cut; it was an equivalent and a much pleasanter one for the knitting and bead-stringing that doctors nowadays so often enforce on their patients; and it had the agreeable quality that he could pause as long as he liked over a word or a phrase that was not quite to his liking, and polish endlessly. Those who criticise R L S for his excessive particularity are mistaken in their judgment. It was this rewriting and polishing that helped to keep him alive.

But in our second winter in Davos he wrote too little to have much of this aftermath, and was thrown very much on me for the distraction of his afternoons. A more delightful playfellow never lived; my memory of that winter is one of extraordinary entertainment. He engraved blocks and wrote poems for the two tiny books I printed on my press; he painted scenery for my toy theatre—a superb affair, costing upward of twenty pounds and far beyond our purse—that had been given me on the death of the poor lad who had whiled away his dying hours with it at the Belvidere; helped me to give performances and slide the actors in and out on their tin stands, as well as imitating galloping horses, or screaming screams for the heroine in distress. My mother, usually the sole audience, would laugh till she had to be patted on the back, while I held back the play with much impatience for her recovery. But best of all were our "war games," which took weeks to play on the attic floor.

These games were a naïve sort of "kriegspiel," conceived with an enormous elaboration, and involving six hundred miniature lead soldiers. The attic floor was made into a map, with mountains, towns, rivers, "good" and "bad" roads, bridges, morasses, etc. Four soldiers constituted a "regiment," with the right to one shot when within a certain distance of the enemy; and their march was twelve inches a day without heavy artillery, and four inches with heavy artillery. Food and munitions were condensed in the single form of printers' "M's," twenty to a cart, drawn by a single horseman, whose move, like that of all cavalry, was the double of the infantry. One "M" was expended for every simple shot; four "M's" for every artillery shot—which returned to the base to be again brought out in carts. The simple shots were pellets from little spring-pistols; the artillery shots were the repeated throws of a deadly double sleeve-link.

Here absurdity promptly entered, and would certainly have disturbed a German staff-officer. Some of our soldiers were much sturdier than others and never fell as readily; on the other hand there were some dishearteningly thin warriors that would go down in dozens if you hardly looked at them; and I remember some very chubby and expensive cavalrymen from the Palais Royal whom no pellets could spill. Stevenson excelled with the pistol, while I was a crack shot with the sleeve-link. The leader who first moved his men, no matter how few, into the firing range was entitled to the first shot. If you had thirty regiments you had thirty shots; but your opponent was entitled to as many return shots as he had regiments, regardless of how many you had slaughtered in the meanwhile.

This is no more than a slight sketch of the game, which was too complicated for a full description, and we played it with a breathlessness and intensity that stirs me even now to recall. That it was not wholly ridiculous but gave scope for some intelligence is proved by the fact that R L S invariably won, though handicapped by one-third less men. In this connection it may be interesting to know what a love of soldiering R L S always had. Once he told me that if he had had the health he would have gone into the army, and had even made the first start by applying for a commission in the Yeomanry—which illness had made him forego. On another occasion he asked me whom of all men I should most prefer to

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be, and on my answering "Lord Wolseley," he smiled oddly as though somehow I had pierced his own thoughts, and admitted that he would have made the same choice.

One conversation I heard him have with a visitor at the *châlet* impressed me irrevocably. The visitor was a fussy, officious person, who after many preambles ventured to criticise Stevenson for the way he was bringing me up. R L S, who was always the most reasonable of men in an argument, and almost over-ready to admit any points against himself, surprised me by his unshaken stand.

"Of course I let him read anything he wants," he said. "And if he hears things you say he shouldn't, I am glad of it. A child should early gain some perception of what the world is really like—its baseness, its treacheries, its thinly veneered brutalities; he should learn to judge people, and discount human frailty and weakness, and be in some degree prepared and armed for taking his part later in the battle of life. I have no patience with this fairy-tale training that makes ignorance a virtue. That was how I was brought up, and no one will ever know except myself the bitter misery it cost me."

Certainly this frankness gave a great charm to our intercourse and a mental stimulation I shall always be grateful for. But some of Stevenson's fancies I absorbed with the soberer facts of life. One in particular was his ineradicable conviction that gold spectacles were the badge of guile. Like Jim Hawkins being warned about the one-legged sea-cook I was bidden to be watchful of people in gold spectacles. They were deceitful, hypocritical, and flourished on spoliation; they were devoid of all honor and honesty; they went about masked with gold spectacles and apparent benevolence to prey on all they could. I often felt what a good thing it was that they were so plainly marked.

What a story must lie behind this fantasy of Stevenson's! One asks oneself who was this man with the gold spectacles, and what dire part had he played in R L S's past? Perhaps a Lenôtre of some future generation will dig him out of his hiding-place, and hold him up—gold spectacles and all—to the odium of our descendants.

(To be continued.)

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# SKETCHES BY MUIRHEAD BONE

## IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK DRAWN BY THE WELL-KNOWN BRITISH DRAFTSMAN AND ETCHER DURING HIS RECENT VISIT HERE

[SHOWN ON THE EIGHT PAGES FOLLOWING]

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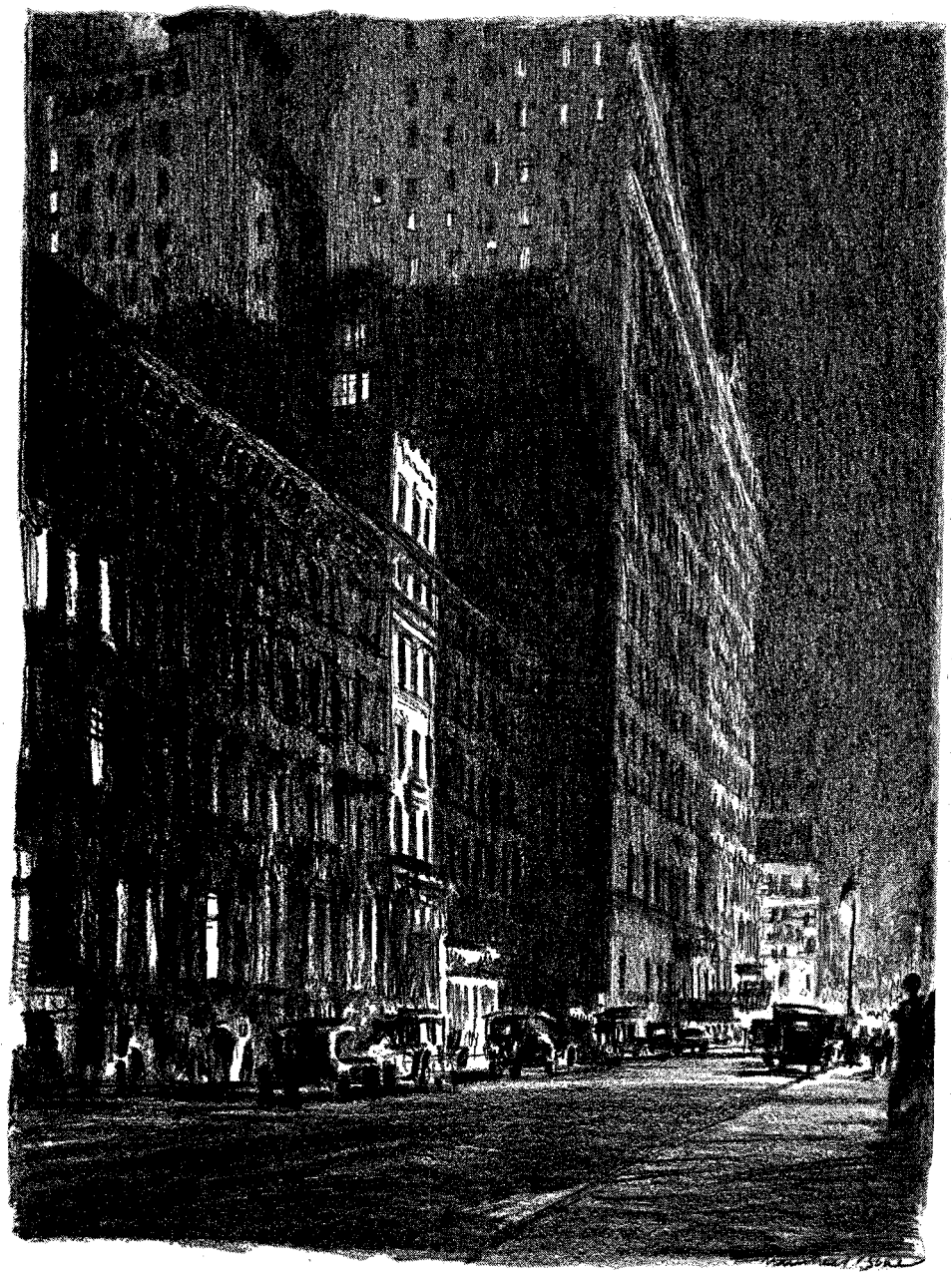

Back of the Plaza—58th Street.

Mr. Bone did this drawing in the late evening and was surprised when recognized by a passer-by as he stood sketching.



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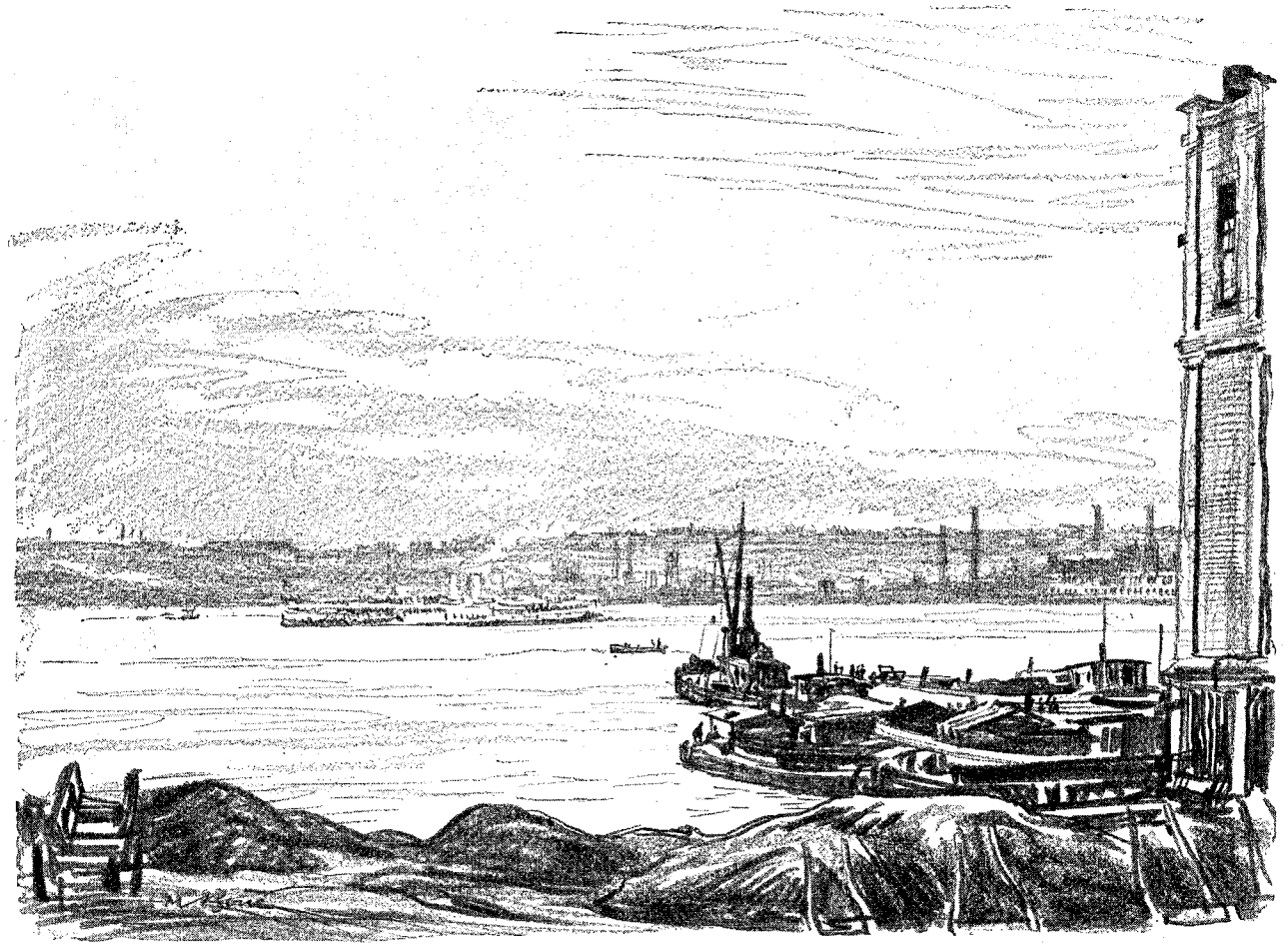

The Jersey Shore.

Looking across the Hudson River from the ash dumps below Riverside Drive.

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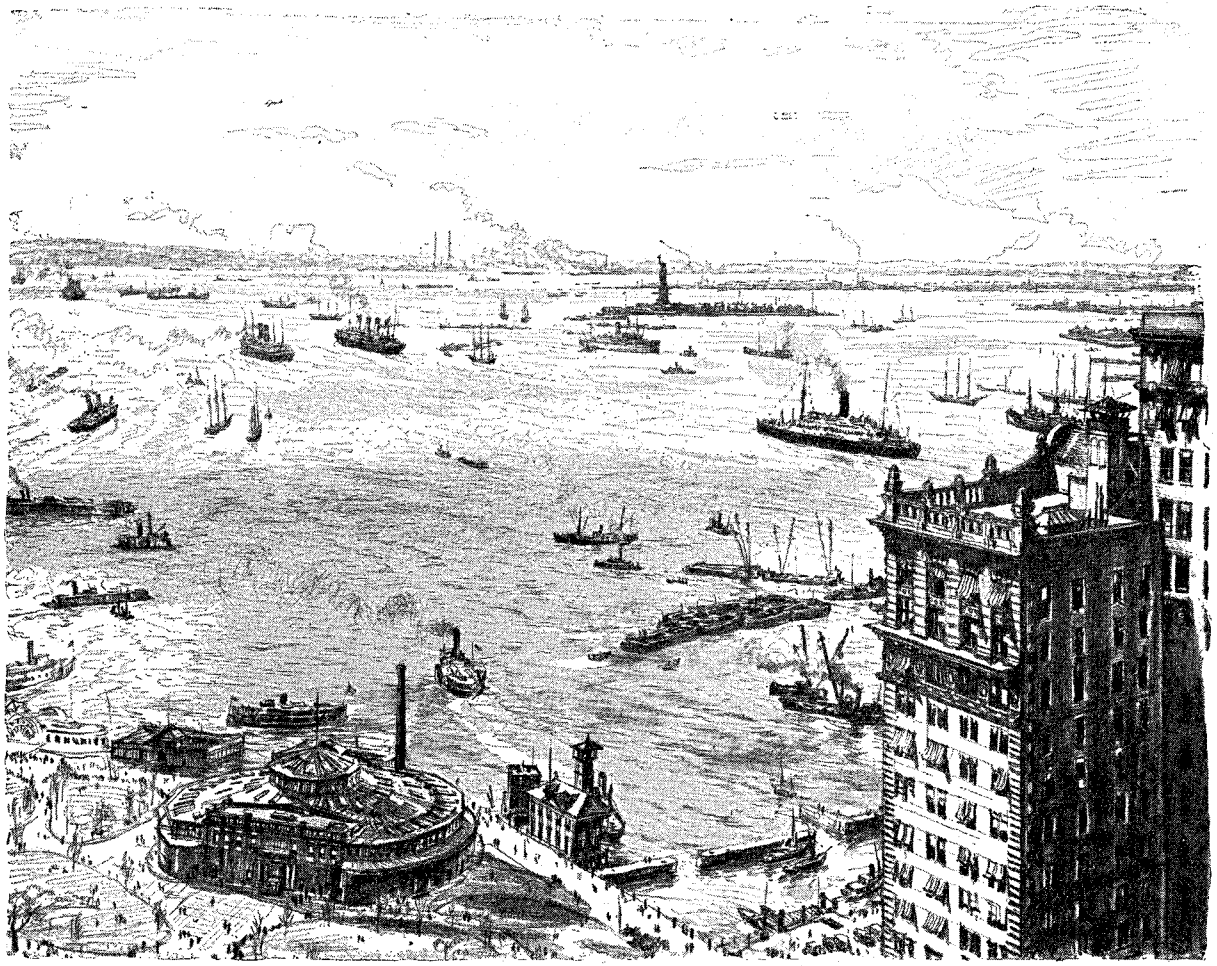

New York Harbor from Top of the Cunard Building.

While making this drawing, Mr. Bone's brother's ship, the *Tuscania*, passed down the bay. Captain David Bone dipped his ensign in salute, knowing that his brother was on the building sketching. The *Tuscania* is the one-funnel ship in the right middle distance.



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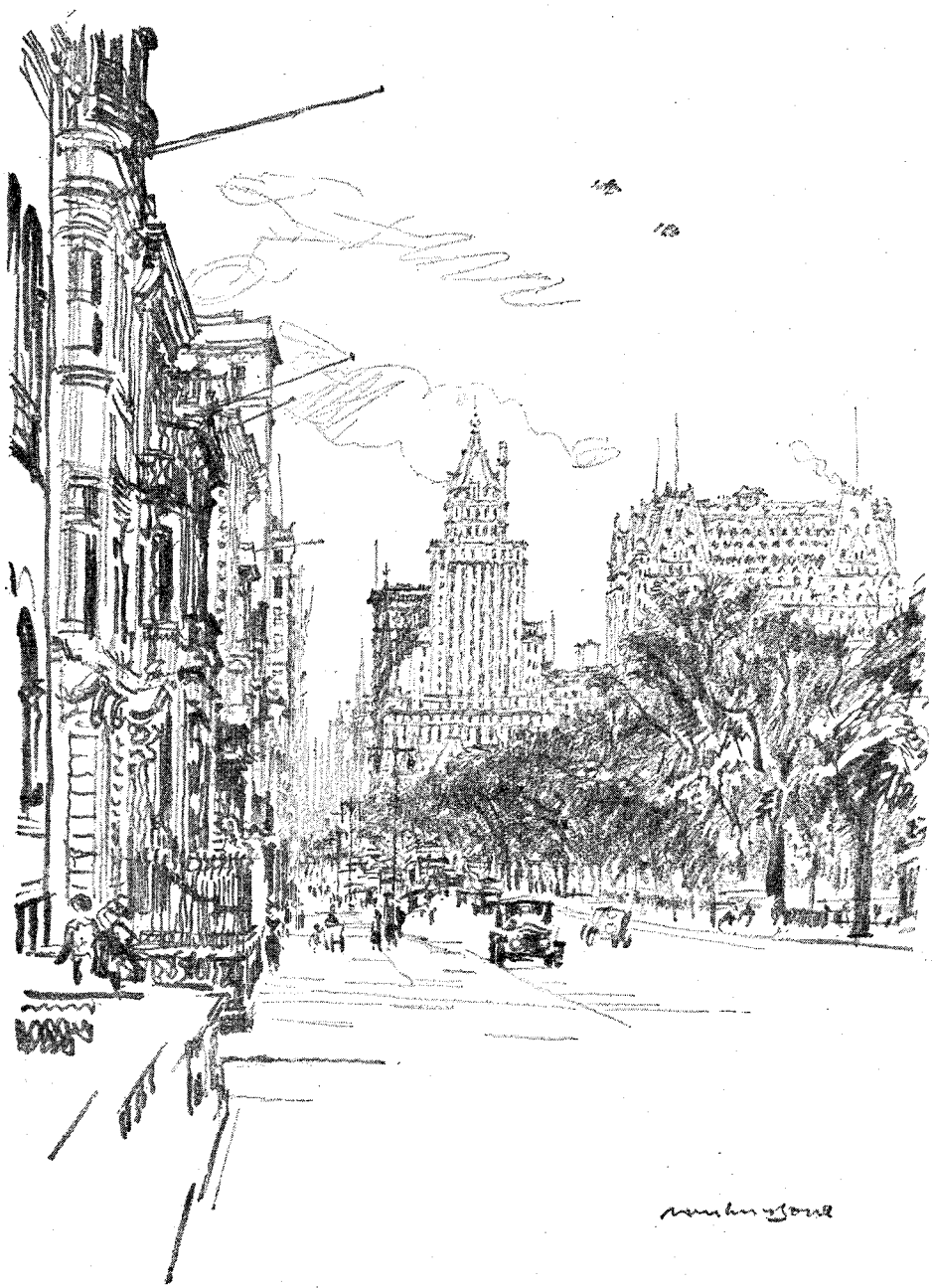

Fifth Avenue Looking South from 65th Street.
The Heckscher Building in the centre and the Hotel Plaza at the right.



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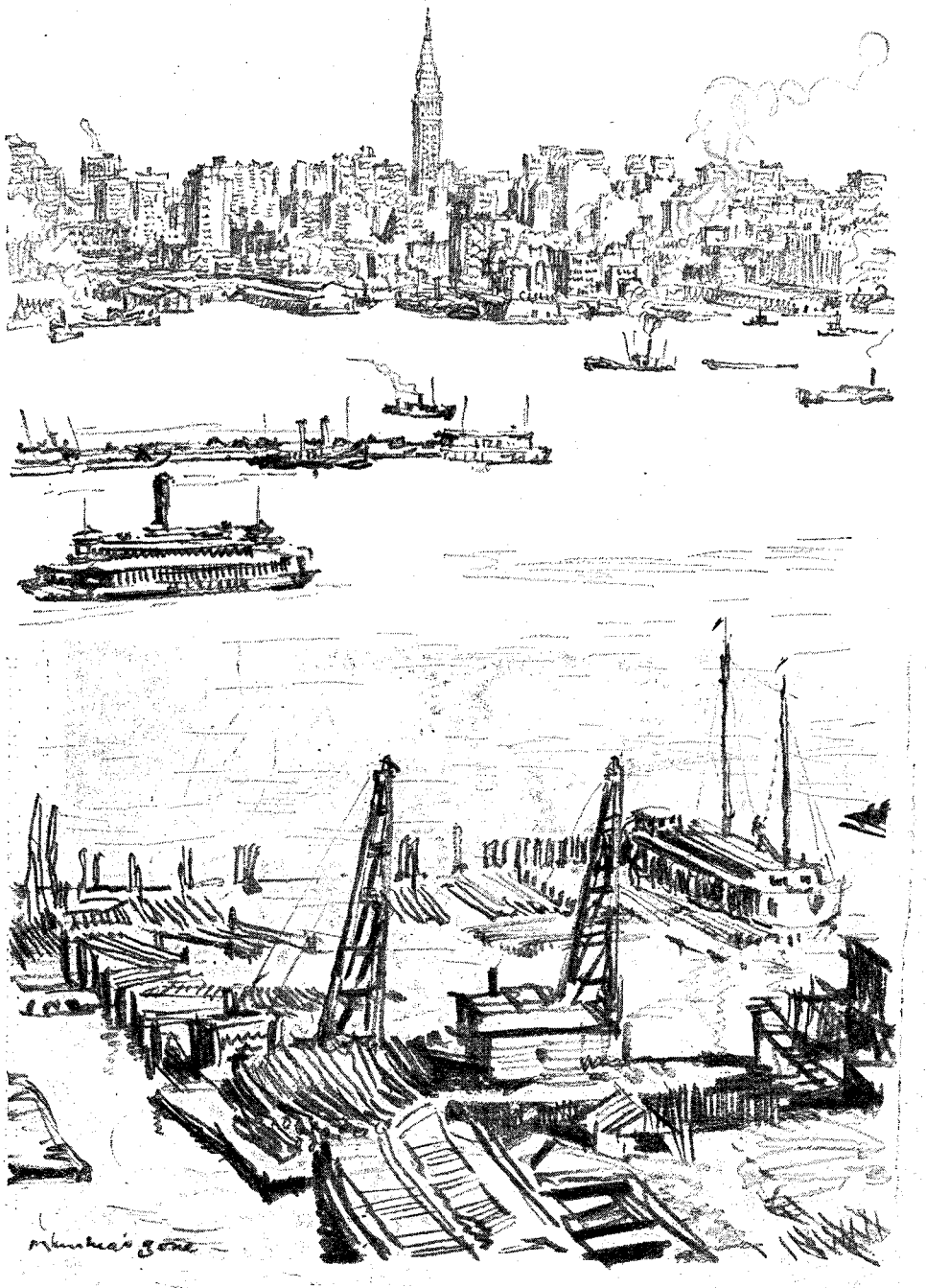

The Hudson River Harbor-Side of New York and the Metropolitan Tower from Weehawken.



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Hot-Weather "Seaside" Resort on the East Side.

Water, collected from a fire-hose in a depression of the street under the approach to one of the bridges, is used by the children as a bathing-pool.

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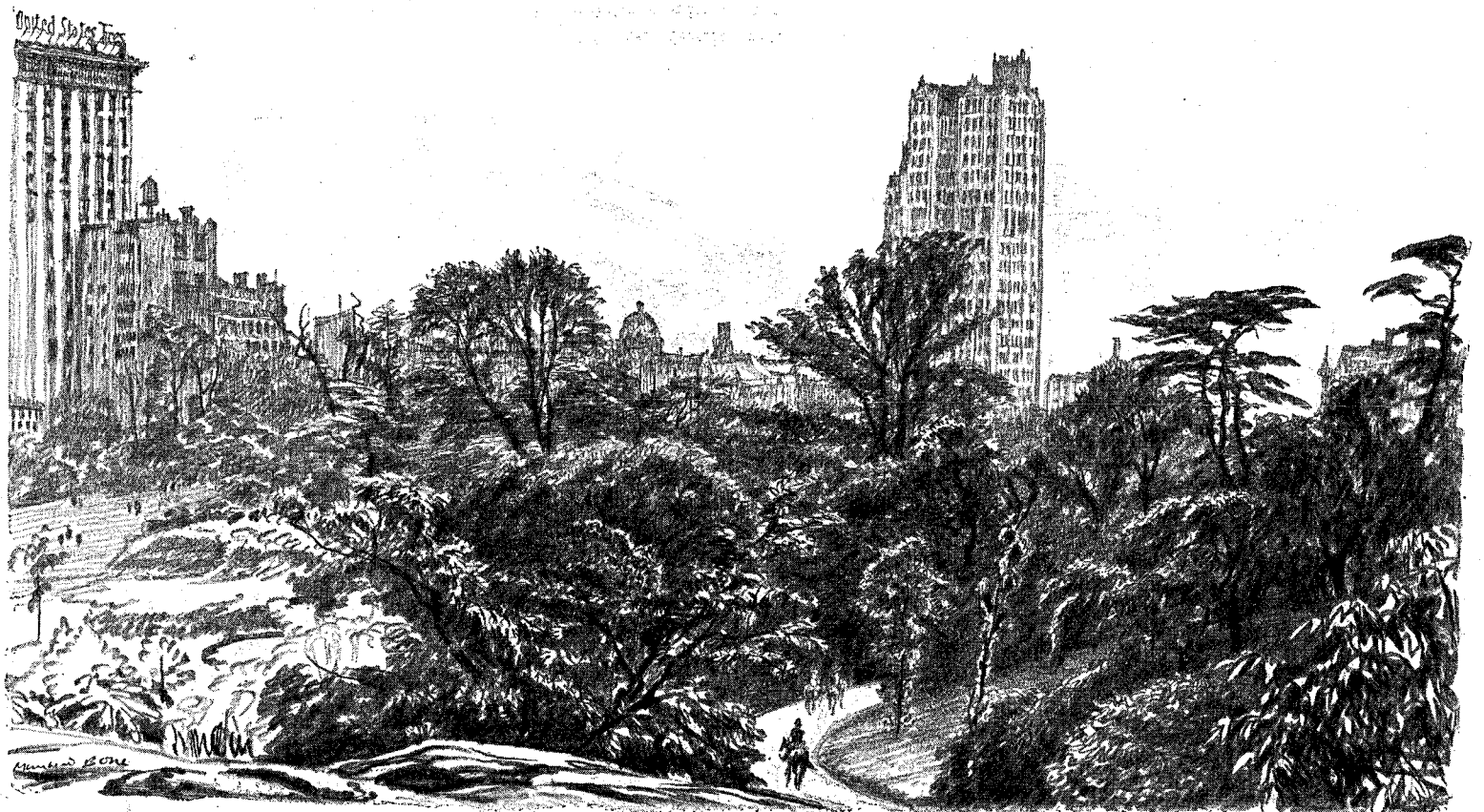

A Bit of Central Park.

Some of the new buildings in the Columbus Circle region. On the right centre is the Gotham National Bank Building.



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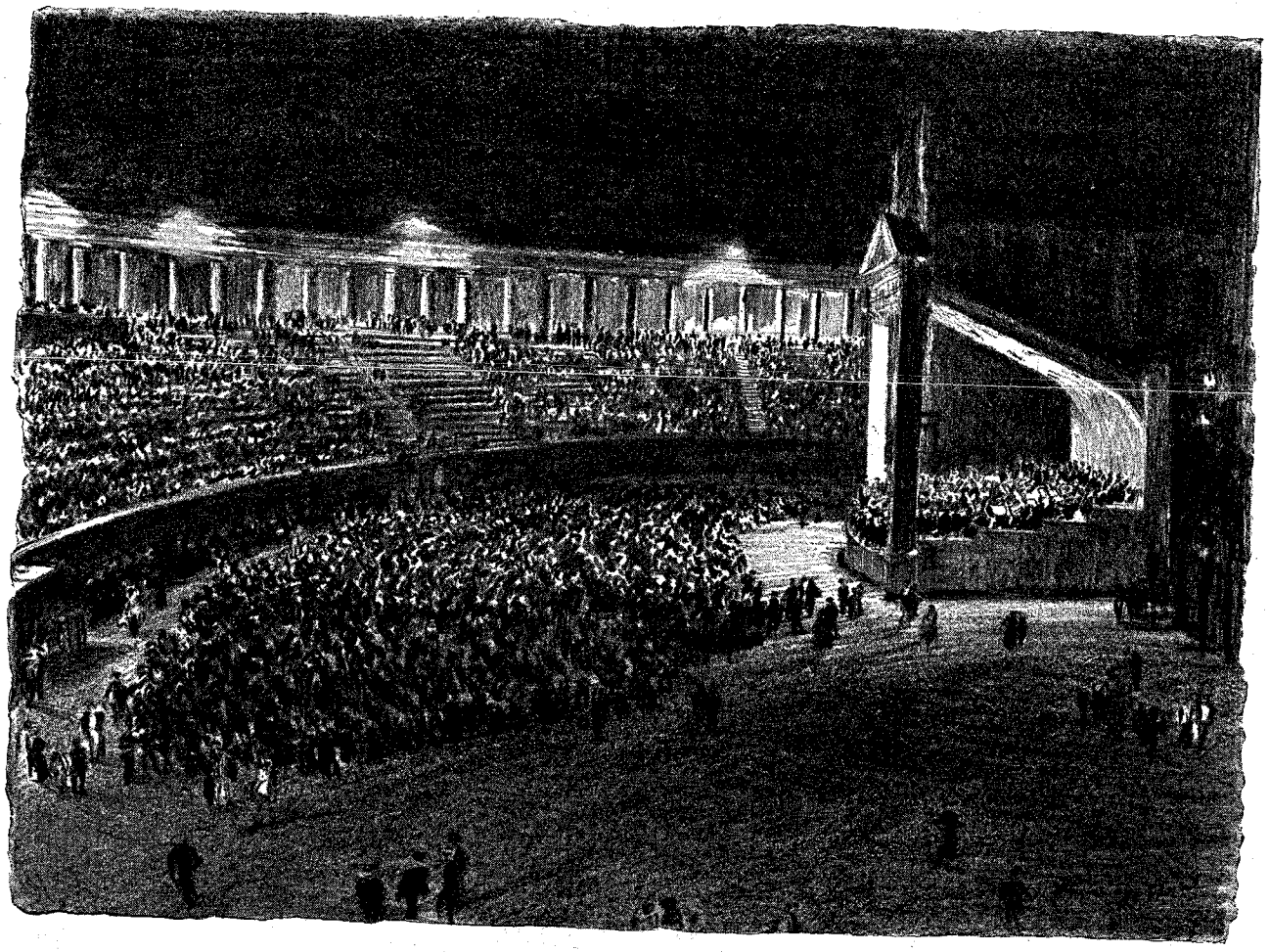

An Outdoor Evening Concert.

The Lewisohn Stadium, at Amsterdam Avenue and 138th Street, College of the City of New York.

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# Through Rhineland and Ruhr—via Morocco

BY LOTHROP STODDARD
Author of "The Rising Tide of Color," "The Revolt Against Civilization," etc.

I HAVE just been through the Franco-German war zone. That may seem a strange statement to make in this year of grace 1923. It is nevertheless the literal truth, for there is war between Germany and France to-day. This war is of a strangely new type, with little bloodshed and no battles; with all the guns and soldiers on one side, and with "passive resistance" complicated by occasional sabotage bombs on the other. The American who sits comfortably at home and scans occasional Ruhr despatches in his newspaper may think this is not war. Let him come here and I fancy he would change his mind. However, let me state what I have seen. The reader may draw his own conclusions.

We sought the "war zone" by automobile. My companion (an American journalist) and myself left Paris one drizzly summer's day and motored northeastward by historic Château-Thierry, through the vast graveyard of Verdun, to the fortress-city of Metz, German for nearly half a century and now French once more. Setting out next morning, we planned to traverse the Saar and the Rhineland as far as Maintz, where we were to spend the night. That sounded easy enough. Had we known more about conditions in the "war zone" we were about to enter, we might not have been so sure.

However, ignorance is bliss, so we motored gaily and uneventfully across the French border into the debatable region of the Saar. The Saar, a rich coal-mining area, is at present administered by a commission appointed by the League of Nations. It is heavily garrisoned by French troops, but, since it does not form part of the German lands directly occupied by France, it is not involved in the present dispute and life goes on in fairly normal fashion.

Nevertheless, it was in the Saar that we got our first warning of what we might expect once we had crossed the Rhineland border. Stopping at Saarlouis to get a tire changed, we fell into conversation with a couple of young Frenchmen, minor officials of the commission government. We asked them about the roads ahead, stating that we planned to stop at Maintz for the night. "You'd better not lose any time then," one of them answered, "for you'll be held up repeatedly by sentries. You know the Rhineland is under strict martial law. No automobiles can circulate without a permit, and you have to have special permission to travel after nine o'clock at night. Of course, I suppose your papers are all in order, so you'll get through; but you're liable to long delays if you're on the road after nightfall."

My friend was driving the car. I thought I saw a queer glint flit over his face, but he nodded the Frenchman a cheerful assent. When we were under way again he turned to me with a rather rueful grin. "Good Lord," he said, "I didn't know anything about this special permit business. I haven't anything but my regular French automobile papers."

"Well," said I, "we aren't going to turn back anyway."

"Right you are," he answered. "And being good Americans, I guess we'll bluff our way through somehow."

Taking stock of our poker hand, we found we held some pretty good cards. In the first place, my friend is, among other things, foreign representative for a French newspaper, and thus holds a French press-card. My chief contribu-



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tions were a letter from the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs stating that the military authorities in the Ruhr had been informed of my coming, and an excellent letter of introduction from a French general in Paris to a colleague in the occupied territory—said letter being on official paper and stamped with a formidable-looking official seal. Lastly, we both spoke good French.

Thus musing, we presently rounded a bend in the road to find our way barred by a swinging gate behind which paced a squat figure in khaki uniform topped by a red fez and a glistening bayonet. We had reached the Rhineland frontier. We had also reached "Morocco." The soldier who there upheld the majesty of the French military occupation belonged to one of those North African native regiments which apparently form the bulk of the French forces in the Rhineland zone. He was the first of his kind that we had seen, for the Saar is garrisoned entirely by white French troops clad in "horizon blue." He was also a typical specimen of his comrades whom I was to see in such numbers later on. And he was certainly not a prepossessing person. Rather short and thick-set, with a light coffee-colored skin reddened here and there by pimples, gross lips, and a dull, heavy expression; such was the border sample of Morocco's "Watch on the Rhine."

When I say "Morocco" I am using the term popularly employed to describe France's North African native troops. As a matter of fact, while there are many Moroccans among them, the majority of the North African troops in the Rhineland appear to come from Algeria and Tunis. Right here let me do my part toward explaining that much-discussed issue of the "black troops" on the Rhine. The Germans insist that there are black troops there. The French assert that there are no black troops, and go on to explain that, the inhabitants of North Africa being Arabs or Berbers, their native regiments in the Rhineland are "white." The truth, as so often happens, seems to lie between the two extremes. And I think I have arrived at the approximate truth, because I not only used my own eyes and ears and talked with both French and Germans, but also checked up everything by competent British and American testimony. Now I am convinced that neither the French nor the Germans state the essential facts of the case. The French native troops in the Rhineland to-day are not "black," in the sense of straight negroes from Senegal or other French possessions south of the Sahara desert. But, if they are not "black," the bulk of them are certainly not "white," as the French would have one believe. I am somewhat acquainted with French North Africa, and I know a pure-blooded Berber mountaineer or Arab tribesman when I see one. I can also recognize members of that low-grade, mongrelized population of the North African towns and coastal plains, which is among other things pretty well impregnated with negro blood as the result of a thousand years of slave-trading. And it is from this inferior, coastal population that the North African troops in the Rhineland are mainly drawn. One has only to look at these men to see that they are mostly a poor lot. Many of them are distinctly sinister types, fully half of them are obviously mulattoes, while a few are strongly negroid. If the Germans would quit talking about "black troops" and would switch their phrase to "the scum of North Africa," they would have a real basis of complaint. For surely no Anglo-Saxon can look with equanimity upon a North European population overrun by swarms of such racially inferior beings.

It is precisely the great numbers of the "Moroccans," combined with the indeterminate length of the French military occupation, which constitutes the crux of the problem. As we motored along we were struck with the strength of the occupying forces. Nearly every village had a sizable outpost quartered upon it, while every town had a good-sized garrison, the public buildings (often including schoolhouses) having been taken over for administrative or barrack purposes. Only in the towns were there a few horizon-blue-clad white French troops. Elsewhere we saw only red fezes and swarthy faces.

Personally we had little to complain of. Our bluff was working like a charm. Of course, we lost a good deal of time, for every few kilometres we were held up by

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pickets and asked for our papers. My companion promptly produced his French automobile license, showed his press-card, and, in a tone at once friendly and authoritative, uttered the magic formula: "Journalistes français en mission spéciale!" "French journalists on a special mission!" The Moroccan sentry, who usually spoke little or no French, would hear my companion's excellent Parisian accent, glance over our obviously French documents, salute, and let us pass. Naturally, the very novelty of our scheme was the best guarantee of its success. The reader must remember that virtually all the German motor-cars have been commandeered by the French, so the few automobiles which we met contained French officers, with the exception of one or two driven by civilians who were obviously French and probably officials—certainly not tourists. There was thus no special reason why the sentries should have doubted our assertions or questioned our papers—which most of them were clearly unable to read.

Our scheme was thus working, but we were running behind our schedule. Every halt at a military control consumed a few moments, and, though none of these waits were long, they were so numerous that they rolled up a formidable total of lost time. All thoughts of lunch had to be abandoned, the best we dared venture being an occasional brief halt at a village inn for a bite of bread and cheese and a glass of beer, which cost many thousand marks—and figured out at a few paltry cents. At such times we tried to get a little information about conditions, but without success. Any remark beyond the roads and the weather would provoke a quick look followed by either silence or an evasive reply. The people were evidently depressed and suspicious, and would not talk.

About mid-afternoon we had our first stroke of really bad luck. Our motor began to give trouble, and we were obliged to stop for a considerable time before we could get going again. It became clear that we could not possibly reach Maintz before nine o'clock—the dread hour when the special night-traffic regulations went into effect. To make things worse, we had developed a short circuit in our wiring system, so that our headlights were dead, only our spot-light being still in rather dim working order. With no moon and heavy clouds, the road would be pitch-black after nightfall. To motor thus through strange country, even under peaceful conditions, would not be particularly pleasant; through country under strict martial law, with pickets ready to fire if their first summons went unnoticed, was a still less alluring prospect. On the other hand, if we did not reach Maintz that night our schedule for the next day would be quite upset; besides which, we were getting hungry, tired, and determined to reach good quarters. Accordingly, we swore to enter Maintz that night despite all the Moroccans in the French army, and pushed doggedly on, relying upon the magic of my two official letters, which I hadn't yet needed to use.

The dread hour of nine approached. At five minutes before the hour a Moroccan picket for the first time showed doubts about letting us pass. However, we convinced him that we had the right to ride till nine o'clock and got safely through. We were now only a few miles from Bingen on the Rhine. Just outside Bingen we ran into our first picket of white French troops. They were good-natured peasant boys, and after a bit of amicable chaff they consented to let us through to Bingen to spend the night. Having told us there were good garages in the town, we wasted some precious time trying to find an electrician to fix our headlights, but without success.

In Bingen we could have been quite comfortable and might have made our next day's schedule without too much trouble. But we had won through thus far so successfully that we determined to take the sporting chance and play the game to the end. Just outside the town the inevitable Moroccan picket was a more than usually stupid fellow. He could speak practically no French and mumbled out a two-word interrogation: "French—official?" "Yes, yes!" we chorussed, as if in a desperate hurry. "See here." And we thrust the auto license and press-card into the dim glow of our spot-light for him to read—which we were certain he could not do. He stared at them heavily for a moment, grunted, and stepped back. We went on.

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It was about half-way between Bingen and Maintz that we encountered our really big test. As we started to pass under a railroad bridge a bayonet flashed into the road and we heard a sharp challenge to halt. Our usual password made no impression upon the Moroccan sentry. He shook his head and motioned for us to get out. Determined to maintain the moral upper hand as far as possible, we shook our heads and told him sharply to fetch his sergeant. At that he stepped back a pace and uttered a high, quavering call. The call was repeated from the railroad line above us, and somewhere in the middle distance a snare-drum began to roll sharply in the still night. We knew we were in for it! Two or three minutes later two soldiers and a native under-officer appeared. He was far and away the best-looking Moroccan I had seen, a good Arab type, with well-cut features, intelligent eyes, and speaking excellent French. Instead of a fez he wore a round white turban, which gave an extra touch of distinction to his appearance. Taking care to call him "Mon Lieutenant," we told him that we were French journalists on special mission who had been belated by motor trouble and must get to Maintz that night. He shook his head in quick dissent.

"No, no, Messieurs," he answered, "those papers of yours won't do. We have our orders—very severe orders—against letting any motor-car pass at night without the special permit. You have no such permit, so I shall have to hold you. That's all."

It wasn't quite all, however. I still had those trump cards, the official letters, in my hand. I proceeded to play them. "You're quite right on general principles, mon Lieutenant," I said heartily, "but there are sometimes exceptions, you know, and this happens to be one of them. As I told you, we are on a special mission. The authorities at Paris have made up a whole programme for us. Early to-morrow morning we must present ourselves at headquarters in Maintz, to-morrow noon we must be at Wiesbaden, and to-morrow evening the commandant at Bonn is expecting us for dinner" (this last being the truth). "Now if you hold us up, our whole programme may be upset—and you know it isn't well to annoy the heads of the army. Just read these letters, please, and you'll see the people we have appointments with." At that I flashed out my two letters.

The Arab officer scanned them thoughtfully in the dim glow of our defective spotlight. After a moment or two he looked up. "Without those letters," he said, "I should certainly have arrested you. As it is, I believe you are right. Pass!"

We passed, and for some reason or other found no outpost to block our way. Driving through the deserted streets of Maintz, we drew up before our destination just as the clock struck midnight. We had bluffed out Morocco and won through.

Looking about Maintz next morning, we got a fresh insight into the scope of the French occupation of the Rhineland. The city was fairly swarming with French and Moroccan troops. All the good hotels except one (our hostel) had been commandeered for the use of the French officers, and most of the public buildings had been converted into military bureaus. French signs and placards were very much in evidence, and there was even a French newspaper, the *Echo du Rhin*. To one who, like myself, had known Maintz before the war, the change was startling. Furthermore, one did not need to look far below the surface to realize the presence of German "passive resistance." The Rhine, formerly crowded with shipping, flowed by deserted; the railroad yards, manned by French "strike-breaking" employees, were quite denuded of rolling-stock; and when I tried to telephone friends in near-by Wiesbaden I was told the system had not been working for months.

Our journey that day was uneventful, save for pouring rain and muddy roads that needed careful driving. Wiesbaden, like Maintz, was full of French and Moroccan troops. We should have liked to stay at Wiesbaden, for we had been told in Paris that it was the "chic" thing this season to go to Wiesbaden and that the leading hotels would be full of French society folk. However, the muddy roads were so heavy that we knew we could not tarry if we were to reach Bonn before the dreaded nine-o'clock law should go in force. As it was, we had no trouble pass-

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ing the pickets. We were on safe ground now, for my companion really did have a dinner date with the commandant at Bonn, and his name cleared the way. We were most hospitably received and had an interesting evening with the commandant and some of his officers, who expressed themselves as quite satisfied with the course of events and confident of the breakdown of German passive resistance in the near future.

My motoring was now over, for my companion was obliged to stop at Bonn, while I had to hasten on to Cologne and the Ruhr. And right here I ran up against the transportation difficulties which one has to face in the Rhineland to-day. In normal times the trip from Bonn to Cologne is a scant half-hour's run by train. But the French-operated trains were an uncertain quantity, so I had to squeeze myself and much hand baggage into the electric interurban tram, which, not being affected by the passive-resistance strike, was the sole means by which patriotic Germans could pass from town to town.

When I reached Cologne, I made another interesting discovery—the vast difference between the French and British zones in the Rhineland. At Bonn, as elsewhere in the French sphere of occupation, one got two outstanding impressions: a prodigal display of French military strength and a sullen, depressed German population. At Cologne it was just the reverse: very few British soldiers in evidence, and an apparently contented population, with all public services functioning normally. I spent an interesting day with Englishmen and Americans whom I either already knew personally or to whom I had introductions. The general sentiment seemed to be dislike of French methods and a feeling that the French would fail in the long run, whatever temporary successes military and economic pressure might enable them to win. That evening a British friend of mine ran me up in his car to Duesseldorf—a fortunate thing for me, as communication between the two cities is difficult and slow.

Duesseldorf is the gateway to the Ruhr. It is the headquarters of the French Ruhr army of occupation. A large, well-built city, it is swarming with troops; white French troops of the finest quality. No Moroccans here; only vigorous young men of the active army, including many regiments of "Chasseurs Alpins"—the famous mountaineer regiments which form the crack troops of the French army. The French are not taking any chances with the Ruhr. They admitted having two full army corps in this comparatively small area—about 60,000 men.

The morning after my arrival the French General Staff placed a military automobile at my disposal and I spent the day touring the Ruhr. I shall not forget that ride in a hurry. The start was typical of conditions there prevailing. Beside my soldier-chauffeur sat another soldier with a loaded rifle between his knees, and I noted that this was the invariable rule. No Frenchman ever motors alone through the Ruhr.

As we drove along hour after hour through towns which have so often featured in news despatches—Duisburg, Bochum, Essen, Gelsenkirchen—I was assailed by a multitude of impressions. The attitude of the population was most significant. As our motor whirled past, the people whom we met would give us one quick look and then snap their heads sharply "eyes front," staring straight ahead and ignoring our presence. In that first look I would catch a fleeting glint of hatred—instantly smothered, for my soldier with the rifle was on the alert. Several times he looked back quickly to see what passers-by were doing. On one occasion, rounding a curve, we nearly ran over a dog. The owner, a stalwart young fellow, shouted something after us. Instantly my soldier, a lithe, dark-eyed young "Alpin" from the Pyrenees, swerved round, his eye blazing. "What did he say?" he asked me; "if he—" "No, no," I broke in quickly, "he said nothing."

Despite their great military strength, the French in the Ruhr are nervous. And I believe they have good reason to be nervous, for the population looks formidable. The Ruhr people are very different from those of the Rhineland. The Rhinelanders are proverbially an easy-going, light-living folk. The Ruhr, on the other hand, forms part of Westphalia, and the Westphalians have always shown themselves a tough, dour, stubborn lot, in some ways reminiscent of the Scotch.

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The upshot is a psychological atmosphere that fairly weighs upon you with a foreboding of impending ill. From the first moment that you enter the Ruhr you sense unmistakably the mighty clash of wills that is going on.

The material results of this intangible conflict are everywhere apparent. As one traverses this densely populated, highly industrialized area, one gets a vivid sense of a huge machine stalled and out of gear. Hundreds of tall factory chimneys rise stark and smokeless against the sky. Thousands of obvious working men idle along the streets. Military might and dogged "passive resistance" confront each other at every turn. And the struggle is growing sterner. I will give merely one of many instances of the way matters get steadily more tense. In the Ruhr, as elsewhere in the French occupied regions, the railway men are on strike and the railways are boycotted by the civilian population. Forced to man the trains by railway men imported from France and then to run them almost empty, the French authorities have been put to great annoyance and heavy expense. Until recently the German population in the Ruhr did not suffer much inconvenience because of the excellent system of interurban electric lines, which did not fall under the passive-resistance scheme. The French, however, determined to break down German passive resistance, are putting on the screws by breaking this interurban electric system at many points. The upshot is that travel from town to town is becoming extremely difficult, necessitating either long walks or détours sometimes taking hours. For persons who are old, infirm, or carrying baggage, travel is rendered almost impossible. Even within the various towns trams are often not allowed to run after 7 P. M., while many places have a 9-o'clock military curfew law, after which hour no civilian is allowed on the streets. Furthermore, the different zones of occupation offer many trying complications. Take the situation in and around Duesseldorf, for example. Duesseldorf itself is occupied by the French. Situated on the Rhine, Duesseldorf's chief suburb lies on the other side of the river, the two cities forming virtually one urban unit connected by a splendid bridge. The suburb and the bridge, however, are in the hands of the Belgians, whose zone touches that of the French at this point. Yet to cross that bridge, except in the roadway (not on the sidewalk) and without even a satchel in one's hands, is quite a complicated process. I know, because I tried it, and it took me the better part of an hour. Now add to all this the fact that only a few miles to the south of Duesseldorf the British zone begins, and you can see what a complicated existence is led by the citizen who ventures to stray from his own fireside!

Last but not least there is the continual fear of expulsion. This is the punishment most frequently meted out for disobedience of French or Belgian orders. In many cases the individual is placed in a truly poignant situation. Witness the numerous German railway men expelled from the French and Belgian zones. Their own government has ordered them on strike and has threatened them with punishment if they do not obey. The occupying forces have given them conflicting commands, and when these have not been obeyed have shipped them away from their homes and set them across the border into unoccupied Germany as refugees.

These are but a few of the more obvious phases of a situation gravely ominous and tending to become worse. Remember that the Ruhr is not a quiet agricultural section, but one of the great industrial ganglia of the world. We can perhaps best visualize existing conditions by translating them into American terms. For "Duesseldorf" think "Pittsburgh"; for "Duisburg" and "Essen" say "Braddock" and "Duquesne"; then you will be able to appreciate what is going on.

What will happen? I do not think any one can say. All I know is that I was oppressed with the sense of impending ill, and when that evening I found myself back in Cologne, where life was relatively normal and the atmosphere not surcharged with hate, I felt as though a weight had dropped from my shoulders. I dined with friends that night at the British Officers Club. We did not discuss local problems. I was "fed up" with the Ruhr. Instead, we talked of London and the big outer world.

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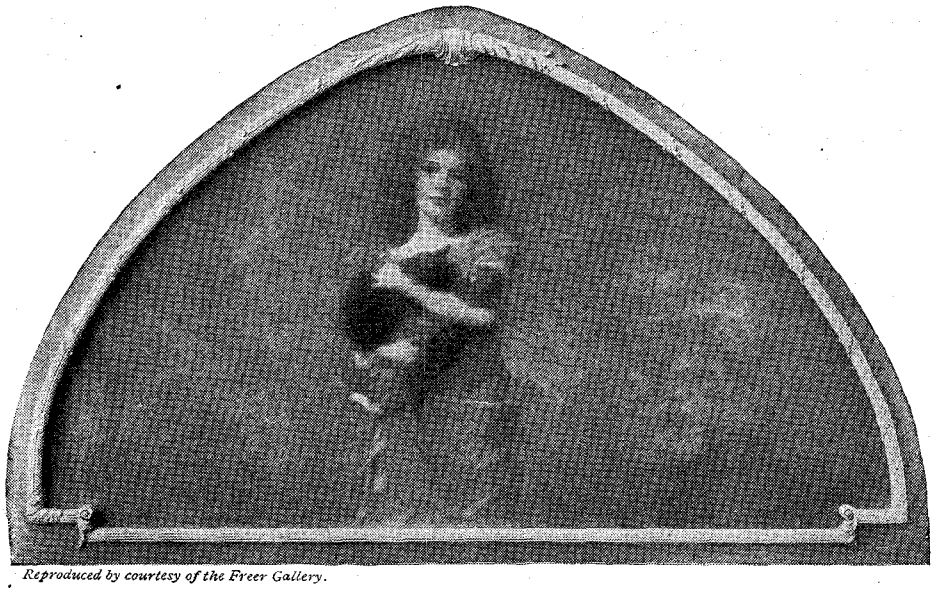

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Early Portrait of the Artist's Daughter.
Painted by Thomas W. Dewing.

# An American Artist Canonized in the Freer Gallery

## THOMAS W. DEWING

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ARTIST'S PAINTINGS

THE auction-room is a great place for surprises. I don't mean the surprises that spring from big, unexpected prices, the transformation of a work of art that once sold for a song into a treasure for which connoisseurs recklessly compete. Let the statistician get what fun he likes out of these mutations. The kind of surprise that I am thinking of is the kind that comes to a mature artist, sitting at ease, engaged in painting the type of picture that has long accounted for his success. All unknown to him some old collector dies, and the pictures from his walls are sent to the auction-room. Among them our supposititious artist discovers one of his own early works, and it is odds that it will give him the surprise of his life, a surprise appreciatively shared in by the critics and the public. I have known countless such incidents. To mention only a few of them at random, I came last winter, to begin with, upon a picture unmistakably of the school of Fortuny in its most glittering phase. As a matter of fact it was painted by Raffaelli, of all people in the world, though it was the very negation of everything by which that artist is generally known. I have seen an absolutely unbelievable Dagnan-Bouveret which nevertheless bore his authentic signature, an early one. I have seen a genuine Edwin A. Abbey which looked as though any one else on earth might have drawn it, but not Abbey. And, finally, I have seen a Thomas W. Dewing which



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was unquestionably his, but which was, as his, next door to incredible. There are reasons, just the same, why it is delightful to recall it.

It was an early Dewing, painted in Paris when he was a young man there, a student of Lefebvre's, which is to say a disciple of the immemorial tradition of the Salon. It was called "The Sorceress," and the seated nude it represented didn't even remotely foreshadow the works which were ultimately to establish his repute. There was no mystery in the painting, no tenderness, no charm. It was simply a cool, skilful, academic study of form. It didn't, as I say, foreshadow the real Dewing. Yet there were things in it without which he couldn't have gone on. There was a knowledge of form. There were linear delicacy and precision. There was in the whole picture the quality of the thoroughgoing workman. The artist, I imagine, must have been surprised if he saw it brought back across the years. He must have smiled as he saw how cold it was, how conventional compared with what he had since produced. But I can hear him murmuring too: "Well, I started right." It is for the intimation of that start that I refer to the picture here. It clinches a point that is important about Dewing, the integrity of his art. You see sometimes in an exhibition a silver-point by him, one of those drawings of a head which must be supremely well done in every touch, because silver-point is an instrument permitting no erasures or corrections. The perfection of this portrait is traceable partly to the training whose severe discipline is so well reflected in "The Sorceress." It reminds you, among other things, that Dewing knows his trade.

He has given criticism many an occasion for cordial tribute since his return from France long ago, but there is special reason for comment upon his art at this time. The work of an artist's lifetime is commonly not brought together for public consideration until after his death. It is only in memorial shows that we have been permitted to study the chronological development of Whistler, Winslow Homer, Abbott Thayer, Chase, and so on. Sargent is, I think, the only living American painter who has hitherto had a big retrospective exhibition of his own, the one organized some years since by the Copley Society in Boston. Dewing has never been thus exhaustively illustrated prior to to-day. But now he virtually receives the honor in the recently opened Freer Gallery at Washington. There, where his old comrades, Whistler and Thayer, are commemorated, he too has his place, a room of his own, where he has the unique privilege of seeing his work held up at full length before the world while he is still alive. The Freer Gallery owns twenty-seven of his oil-paintings, eleven of his pastels, and three of his silver-points. There they are to stay forever. It is a fine feather for a living artist to wear in his cap, and it is interesting to reflect on the qualities in him that justify it. Freer was a lover of the arts who knew very well what he was about. He collected Oriental masters and a few Americans whom he believed to be of the first flight. What as regards Dewing may we consider the grounds of his belief? Dewing has not had, on the whole, what the French call "a good press." On the other hand, his works have been steadily acquired by public museums and by the most discriminating of American collectors, one of whom, John Gellatly, has gathered together a group of his pictures rivalling that formed by Freer. Amongst artists Dewing has been enthusiastically esteemed by the leaders of his craft. Why?

His career gives some impressive answers to this question. I have spoken of the integrity of his art. It involves more than his craftsmanship. That, in its turn, has been dedicated with a rare loyalty to a definite ideal of beauty. When Dewing found himself and superimposed upon his Parisian training a technical idiom of his own, he gave it a very original accent. Ranging himself with certain famous exquisite manipulators of paint, the seventeenth-century Vermeer of Delft, and the nineteenth-century Alfred Stevens, he ranged himself also with Whistler, sharing in that artist's disposition to regard life not so much for its own sake as for the excuse it offers for harmonies of color and felicities of pure design. I speak of these men because their methods and their points of view have doubtless had a certain influence upon Dewing. But if there is one thing ob-

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The Blue Dress.
Painted by Thomas W. Dewing.

vious it is that he has painted a kind of picture essentially individual. Vermeer would make a picture of a woman at a harpsichord and wreak himself on sheer beauty of painted surface. Dewing has painted a woman at an old musical instrument seated before a tapestried wall and has wreaked himself upon sheer beauty of painted surface. In the process the modern artist has worked a magic in every way as personal as that of his remote Dutch predecessor. It is the magic denoted in two words, technique and style. Dewing has touch, the ineffable gift which lends to brush work what Kreisler lends to the mechanics of violin-playing. It is one of the hardest things in the world to define. All you know is that under the necromancy of touch paint is, as it were, dematerialized and made a medium for



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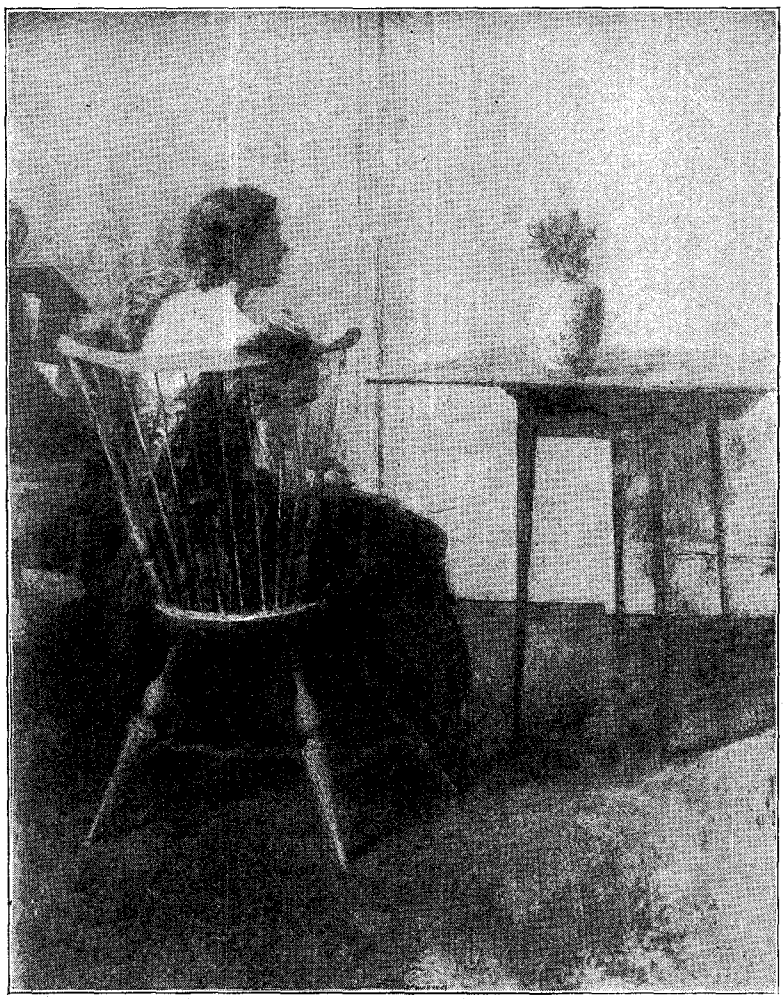
the expression of impalpable loveliness. Art on these terms becomes very delicate, very flower-like, and above all things very personal. That is where it takes on the investiture of style. With extraordinary subtlety it reveals the very core of the man, his way of thinking and feeling, his ideas, his taste, his attitude toward life. It is, after all, easy enough to understand why Dewing has failed to satisfy the palate of some critics. A good deal of the popular art of the day is "strong" to the point of brutal violence; it has the crudity of rare roast beef. It is, then, not unnatural that those who swear by it have only distaste for a painter who

> "On honey-dew hath fed
> And drunk the milk of Paradise."



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Yellow Tulips.
Painted by Thomas W. Dewing.

They miss the fact that in Dewing's exquisite textures there is really a potent strength.

It is suggestive to observe, too, that for an artist working in such refined airs, striking so lyrical a note, Dewing has shown unusual variety. The works at the Freer Gallery indicate his command

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of more than one medium. His productions fall otherwise into more than one category. Though he has had few opportunities to paint mural decorations, he has demonstrated his ability in this direction when the chance has come to him to do so. The circular ceiling which he painted for one of Stanford White's buildings, years ago, was one of the finest things of its kind ever done in this country. The lid of the great golden piano which stands in the White House at Washington was decorated by Dewing. He has painted some enchanting screens. Two of them, devoted to "The Four Sylvan Sounds," are in the Freer Gallery. The portrait there of the artist's little daughter, standing with kittens in her arms, was painted to fit a specific space arched in a wall. He knows all about unity of design. I remember one of his earlier compositions, called, I think, "The Hours," and done for a house in Connecticut, which was as shrewdly well balanced as the most seasoned mural decorator could have made it. From decoration he has turned with

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Mandoline.
Painted by Thomas W. Dewing.

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absolute ease and authority to portraiture, the portraiture of men, women, and children. There comes back to me the memory of his full length of a little boy in velvet, posed against a background of drapery. Nothing could be lighter or more springlike. And as I recollect that I recollect also Dewing's portrait of the architect Joseph M. Wells, a little masterpiece showing forth as in a mirror the very soul of a man of genius. Decidedly he has more than one string to his bow.

He has shown this, too, where one would think it would be peculiarly hard to achieve variety; that is, in the world of the bulk of his easel pictures, a world where it is always afternoon and never wind blows loudly. Consider the titles of some of the pictures in the Freer Gallery: "Girl with Lute," "The Piano," "The Blue Dress," "The Mirror," "Black and Rose," "Yellow Tulips," "A Lady Playing a Violoncello." They might be the titles of so many studies of still life. There is no drama in Dewing's *œuvre*. There is no pathos, there is no sentiment, there is hardly any human interest at all. When Alfred Stevens painted a beauty of the Second Empire he would show a *billet-doux* clinched in his sitter's hand, he would corrugate her brow, press her pretty lips together, let a pearly tear adorn her cheek, and call the picture "Regrets" or "Jealousy." He always found a subject in the anecdotic sense. The emotions of his people are frankly uncovered. Dewing's people have no emotions. It is sufficient for them that they exist. That they do indubitably exist is the artist's triumph. Like Whistler, he could never abide the "painted anecdote." I do not believe he could tell a story on canvas if he tried. His function is simply to evoke a presence and to envelop it in what I can only describe as a mood. There is a notable picture of his called "The Hermit Thrush." Two girls are posed in evening dress upon a grassy

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A Portrait.
Painted by Thomas W. Dewing.

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After Sunset.

Painted by Thomas W. Dewing.

slope. They listen presumably to the bird in the tree, whose leaning massy boughs make a screen as of torn clouds across the sky. There is no action here, yet we share with the two figures in the beauty of that song. Dewing has been very fond of painting fair women in idle meditation out of doors, graceful apparitions against a background of filmy green, with the moon, perhaps, looking on. More often than not he will put his women in ball gowns. Apropos, it is amusing to note that these hardly ever "date." That is where, again, he differs from Stevens. The Belgian's costume makes his pictures clearly souvenirs of the Paris of his period. Dewing's figures have no readily recognizable *locale*, whether they are indoors or in the open air, whether they hold a lute or a book, a flower or a violin. They remain always the creatures of his own domain, the domain of an exquisitely dehumanized beauty.

To say that it is dehumanized is not to say that the vitality of life is withdrawn from it—quite the contrary—but only that Dewing's interest is not in the things that ordinarily concern mankind. His is the type of imagination that endues a figure with character, with a soul, without forcing it into action—like the dramatist of the anecdote, whose people impressed the beholder without saying anything, where those of his rival impressed by saying fine things. Dewing's women are very real, the more so because they are not images portrayed but entities created. I put this creative power of his first, and just after it I would place his color. Like everything else in his art it is new, original. It runs through one of the subtlest scales I know in modern painting. A given scheme of his is broadly simple, based on two or three notes at most, but it is as full of modulations as the iridescence on the plumage of a dove. There is never a plangent element in it; though, as "The Blue Dress" in the Freer Gallery plainly indicates, the artist can be rich, weighty, and forceful



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Portrait of the Artist's Daughter.
Painted by Thomas W. Dewing.

when he wishes. For startling emphasis he has no predilection. It would obscure the clarity, dislocate the steadiness of his serene vision.

It is his vision of the world that makes him of particular value to American art. He sees his subject and he sees his craft in the same gracious light. His work is a standing rebuke to the modern cult for ugliness and for technical license. To the young modernist who thinks that draftsmanship is a mode, to be made over from year to year like a fashion in woman's dress, his art commends draftsmanship as an eternal organic element in the well-being of painting, unchangeable in its essential principles. To the dabbler in strange chromatic discords he shows the virtue that lies in pure harmony, reminding him that good taste is inseparable from good color. Taste, refinement, distinction, the things that mean artistic breeding, these are the things of which a picture by him is all compact. Was there ever greater need of them than at present, when so many would-be painters are constantly asserting through their works that to be raucous and coarse, and altogether crude, is to be artistic? Dewing's room at the Freer Gallery provides a shelter from all that false philosophy, a shelter and an inspiration.



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# An Old-Fashioned Education

BY MITCHELL BRONK

WE were a college class at our thirtieth reunion. Now a chief topic of conversation at such anniversary gatherings is the changes and—if it has been a progressive institution—vast improvements that have taken place "since our graduation." As we celebrating classmates lay there on the campus grass that hot June day, under the grateful shade of our tree that likewise had grown marvellously with the years, and discussed the wonderful advancements of alma mater which were everywhere in evidence, the regret was often passed round: "If we could only have had, in our time, such dormitories, or such laboratories, or such a gymnasium and athletic field, or such a generous offering of electives!" It made one long to come back and do the thing over again.

Afterward I went down to the "old home town" and contrasted the fine grammar and high-school plant that the taxpayers of a newer generation, more open-handed than those of my boyhood, had provided, with the inconvenient, two-room district school that I had known there. Finally, while I was about it, the buildings and facilities of the professional school which I attended and which had been regarded as exceptionally good in their day were in imagination set side by side with that school as it exists and teaches in the year 1922: a palace, or rather group of palaces; professors picked by big salaries from everywhere, even across the sea; and a list of courses to make one dizzy.

Was I then born educationally a generation too soon? That is, do I regret my schooling, that it was received in those eighteen eighties and nineties instead of these nineteen twenties? Well, honestly, I do not. I have been thinking the matter over with a good deal of care and self-examination with the result that now I rather congratulate myself that mine was an old-fashioned education.

It should be noticed that my school and college years happened in an era of educational change. In every department, from the primary school up to the university, the old order was passing. It was a renaissance. Things new were being taught and talked about. There were rumors and more than rumors of a new pedagogy and a new psychology and a sociology that was altogether new; William Wundt and William James were having much to say; the Teachers College in New York and pedagogical seminars and courses in many universities were beginning to functionate; text-books in physics and chemistry were becoming antiquated, figuratively speaking, overnight; the library was being deserted for the laboratory; evolution had been universally accepted as a working principle of science and knowledge. But nevertheless I fear that those student years of mine were nearer the district school that my grandmother taught before her marriage and the Union College of Eliphalet Nott's administration which my father attended than the educational systems and methods of to-day.

For all that, let it be said again, I'm rather glad that it was through such an educational mill that I passed; nor do I seem to myself to have suffered to any great extent in training and culture on account of its shortcomings and deficiencies. It had its advantages and there were compensations.

To begin with that village, district, school. We had many teachers; there was always a new one; men who farmed in summer and taught in winter; college students earning money to complete their courses; young ladies who had had a term or two at some normal school; and older ladies who followed teaching for a livelihood. The most of them were tolerably capable, but especially were they very



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much in earnest. They had each of them received that characteristic American article, "a common school education," and they somehow managed to impart the thing to nearly every one of us. In any case we had our text-books, and a good text-book will cover a multitude of sins in a teacher. There were, for instance, the famous reading books of Charles Sanders. Their editor was a discriminating lover of good literature, and to spend day after day and year after year in the close company of his black cloth-bound Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Readers insured at least a modicum of literary culture. We stood up in line and read from those books—real reading—which exercise, together with the weekly "speaking pieces," made one not afraid in after-years to use and hear one's voice in public. Another well-remembered and well-hated study, now obsolete, was mental arithmetic. To read off one of those long, complicated, unreasonable examples, then close the book and work it out "in your head," but audibly, standing before teacher and class, was indeed heroic treatment but fine brain discipline. It is said that English grammar as we studied it has been discarded. I certainly have found nothing resembling it in the school work of my own children. The more's the pity! A language has its anatomy, which must be mastered in order properly to manipulate that language. How we used to take apart and put together again and pound the meaning out of "Paradise Lost," and the selections from Shakespeare given in the back of "Brown's Grammar," that grammar that was the law and the prophets of English language study in those days! "Parsing," it was called. But so the English speech became a wonderful and living, albeit useful, thing to us.

This teaching was doubtless sometimes hurried and superficial, leaving much to be desired; how could it help being so, with a score of classes a day for the teacher; with no system, no grading? But I imagine that thus we were thrown back upon our own resources and began to be independent thinkers and scholars; at least some of us. In the winter term a lot of older boys would attend the school, farmers' sons, who could not be spared from the farm work the rest of the year. They had reached an age when one appreciates the value of an education, and their presence and earnestness was salutary for us younger scholars. It helped us understand what we were in school for. Something that many a schoolboy of today doesn't know.

The old-time academy was a distinctively American institution. There was a little of the English boys' school—Harrow, Rugby—in it, but only a little. The most of these academies were founded in the last quarter of the eighteenth century and before 1835. A few of them survive, thanks to fame and endowment, but in general they have been crowded out of existence or swallowed up by the omnipresent high school. My own academy was one of the last to go, but providentially it was there in my boyhood, on the Main Street of that beautiful old village, with its traditions and atmosphere, a century old, to pass me on from district school to college.

The promoters of the Phelps and Gorham purchase of the Genesee country, who were from New England and knew of the Phillips academies, Andover and Exeter, founded a few years earlier, had established it when Canandaigua was very much an Indian village, and wild deer and wolves too common in the neighborhood to excite curiosity. "Instruction in the Greek and Latin classics" was the first thing set forth in the "plan of the school," as stated in one of the earliest catalogues, and this purpose was never lost sight of. By the time I was there many other things, indeed, were being taught, but the Latin and Greek were taken for granted, and my impression is that we boys not only did not dislike this ancient language study, but that we even enjoyed it; that is to say, the most of us; even the big doses of "Allen and Greenough's Grammar" and the rather difficult task that was sometimes imposed of putting lines of Homer into Latin hexameters. We built wooden models of Cæsar's bridge and vied with one another in writing beautiful Greek script on the blackboard. My interests later on were largely with the modern European tongues and with the sciences, but I can never feel that those precious years of boyhood and

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youth that were given so lavishly to Greek and Latin were wasted. We thus had opened up to us something of the mystery of language, and of its dignity and force; the endless translating gave us invaluable practice, that in my opinion we could not otherwise have gained, in the art of saying things; and we couldn't help but drink in, whether or no, from these splendid dead yet immortal languages and the bits of their literature that we read a certain amount of that elusive, indefinable, but precious thing that men call culture and that Greece and Rome had so much of. So I stand solidly for the classics in every system of education, and my heart is heavy, or perhaps I mean that I get ugly, when I hear, as I often do, of secondary schools where there are no classes in Greek and but thin ones in Latin.

The date of the founding of our academy has been suggested, but it could have been inferred from the prescribed title of a prize essay that the founders had provided for: "On the transcendent excellence of genuine Representative Republican government, effectually securing equal liberty, founded on the rights of man." Twenty dollars was awarded every exhibition day—that was our Commencement—to the boy who submitted the best paper on this forbidding theme. As I recall them the essays were tame and simple enough once they were written.

Fathers who think that they are let off easy if a son's expenses at a fitting school fall below a thousand dollars a year will be interested in the item, "Charges," in one of the academy's earlier catalogues that has come into my possession:

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars per year. This charge will include board, tuition in all branches taught, washing, mending, bed, fuel, and lights."

That was in 1841!

The efficiency as well as the fame of these old academies was due in almost every case to the outstanding personality of the principal. It was always another instance of Arnold and Rugby. As we grown men and women go back to our school-days we are very prone to exalt our teachers; some of them, anyhow. Our principal—the English title, "head master," hadn't yet been introduced—was, however, really a big man, and we realized it and everybody else did. He had been there in the school for nearly two generations; a typical "gentleman of the old school," with a handsome senatorial face and commanding personality; scholarly, yet practical and approachable; a born teacher; repeatedly turning down calls to larger schools and college professorships; a power in the community and farther away; in a very real sense giving his life to that country-village academy; fitting—honestly fitting—boys for college and for life's tasks. He was an old-fashioned teacher; yes, even in his name, "Noah"; but many of us his pupils wish that we could put our own boys in charge of a teacher of his size and character.

Although N. T.—sometimes we called him Noah T., but usually just plain N. T.—stood as strongly for the classics as I do, his *fach* or specialty was mathematics. If you were going to college or if you weren't, it was algebra, five times a week for two or three years, followed by a good full year of geometry. In the latter study you committed to memory the theorems of "Davies's Legendre"; never a word omitted or misplaced; the *quod erat demonstrandum* at the close—or you had to go back to the beginning and say it all over again! It would have broken the old gentleman's heart to have had one of his boys slip up on mathematics at the college-entrance examinations, but happily that never happened.

If there was ever a school where learning was followed for learning's sake, I believe that it was this academy of ours. They bothered us little with examinations, that bugaboo of the modern school boy and girl, and so the study was never robbed of its interest by anxious forebodings. We read our "Æneid" and "Anabasis" because we thought that it was the proper thing for a young fellow at school to do, and because there was a good story in either masterpiece, and because it was fun to translate, and not at all because they were the requirements for admission to this or that college which we should have some day to meet. There was no marking system, and little ranking of the members of a class. If the value and desirability of these things were suggested to N. T., he would reply by naming a long list of famous men who had gone forth

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from the academy and its discipline to make good in the world of scholarship and in every walk of life. When we had been at the academy three, four, or five years, as the case might be, we went up to college perfectly confident of "getting in," because one always did get in who had fitted at that school. The present-day system of learning lessons for the sake of "passing," or for high, or higher, marks; of interminable reviews and tests; and of nerve-racking, unreasonable examinations at the end, may be to some purpose, but that purpose, in my opinion, is not real scholarship; it does not result in a genuine love of letters; and I rejoice that I got my schooling before it came so obnoxiously into vogue.

A college where athletics was a "minor sport" and where practically a whole class followed the same curriculum would be a strange place indeed to the young collegian of to-day; and yet that was the old-fashioned college, of no longer ago than twenty-five or thirty years. There were of course gymnasiums and football and baseball, and the big institutions had their crews, but they occupied an altogether subordinate place in student life. Harvard, under Eliot, was trying out the elective system, but the prescribed course, modified by a few alternatives in the junior and senior years, was the rule. If a student wanted to avoid the classics and other humanities he entered a scientific or technical school, for the so-called scientific course of the ordinary college of the time was in ill repute.

Now far be it from us old-timers to decry college athletics and physical training. The home game and the trip make for a college esprit de corps that is most desirable and that used to be sadly lacking. Athletics are building up some college men into magnificent specimens of health and manhood. There was too much sedentary sport in the old days; say whist, poker, and loafing. What we do complain of is the overstressing of athletics, the very common sacrifice of other, and as it seems to us, more important things to athletic pre-eminence. We demur to the acceptance into the ranks of the educated to which we pride ourselves on belonging of the young fellow from college who will converse with you by the hour without giving evidence that in his college there are such places as classrooms and library or a faculty other than the physical director, trainers, and coaches. Nor shall it be assumed that the average product of the old-fashioned college was a weakling. We took and got a good deal of bodily exercise in one way or another, and it is safe to say that the streets of any college town will show to-day no huskier, healthier young men than they did a quarter of a century ago.

As for the elective system, it has apparently made good, justified itself. Colleges will never again attempt to create college-trained men, or women, with a single mould. But the cut-and-dried course of study had many things to be said in its favor.

A plea for the classics has already been offered. But it was not bad for us, as I look at it, to be compelled to continue their study for at least a couple of years beyond the preparatory school, so that the smattering became something approximating mastery, so that Greek was not "all Greek to us" in after-years, nor Latin either. Then there was mathematics, my own weak spot. It requires more faith in this case—or it did when such troublesome subjects as analytic geometry, calculus, and mathematical astronomy had to be gone through with to the bitter end by every member of the college—to see the reason why, but even all that mathematical study was to some purpose and I do not regret it. At least are there not psychological as well as moral reasons why it is good for us to do the things we do not want to do? Why it is good for young people to follow some studies that they not only do not like but positively loathe? I think so, even in the face of much pedagogic opinion to the contrary. Anyhow, it was ideal training, that prescribed college course of ours, in not "following the line of least resistance."

There were also the studies that we very likely should have missed if they had not been obligatory, and whose missing would have left us less well educated. Chemistry and physics are in no danger of being neglected just now; still thousands of young people are graduating from our colleges to whom these disciplines are

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closed books, and that means a decided lacuna in a twentieth-century liberal education. Whether these subjects interested us or not we couldn't escape them; at any rate a term of each; and a term of several of the other natural sciences. I don't see how it was all gotten in, but it was, for it was a liberal education that they were giving us. Logic was another indispensable. In current college bulletins one finds courses in logic announced, but it is said that they are little elected, and I suspect that it is hardly the same article that we learned: the real old-fashioned stuff, of Socrates and Whately, Mill and Jevons. It was a profitable study, albeit a trifle theoretical, and it did help one to reason and face truth in a reasonable way. There was a course in scientific method, taught by the president himself; a clear-headed, unsentimental old Yankee, of the Mark Hopkins, Noah Porter type. That scientific method would perhaps now be called psychology; it presented some of the fundamentals of psychology; about as much as there was to psychology in those days; and in conjunction with a term of Schwegler it introduced a student fairly well into the great kingdom of philosophy. And that was something.

Professor Albion W. Small has given us in a publication of the American Sociological Society an admirable history of the study of the social sciences in American colleges. I think that he minimizes, however, the attention that was paid to these subjects a generation ago in the political economy course that was required of every senior class. Professors like Sumner of Yale and Perry of Williams "worked in" a great deal of the material —rather raw material it was then, we are willing to admit—that is now presented in the departments of economics and sociology. They knew what they were talking about, too, did our professors, when they discussed these subjects, to which they had given much hard thinking and in which they had read widely, in French and German as well as English. Our own president, who taught the political economy, devoted most of his chapel talks, which were a feature of the college, to economic questions, and nearly fifty years ago encouraged the foundation of two graduate fellowships in economics.

Taken all in all the old-fashioned college education was a truly liberal education in that it grounded the young man in the elementary principles of many subjects, gave him an outlook upon well-nigh universal knowledge. It smacked a little of the days when it was possible for a single mind to compass all learning. It was, however, not a bad preparation for almost any calling; certainly for life; it was a good start; and the men who received it rarely found it difficult to go on to large attainments and accomplishments in any profession or business. It notoriously did not prepare a man to earn his bread and butter; but a very large majority of the men who were thus liberally educated did manage to make a living in after years, some of them a very handsome living. The chief fault that we find with the newer college training is just here, that it is illiberal in that it almost never lets the student forget the life task beyond the college—for which he is forever "majoring." So he comes later on to many of the big things of the world and life with no sort of preparation to master their principles and lay hold of their meaning.

In like manner I always find comfort, reviewing the deficiencies of my professional training and of the school that gave it me, in the thought that the men who were educated as I was, in the professional schools of my time, have turned out pretty well; they are to-day the leaders, occupying the top rounds of the ladder. This may be bad reasoning, but it is pragmatic. You take the old-time medical education, which consisted of three years of intimacy with a practising physician and two or three winters of lectures, hasty dissection, and superficial observation of disease in crowded clinics—it turned out, although we can scarcely understand how, a host of remarkably skilled physicians and surgeons. It would be foolish to advocate a return to the ancient method of studying law; but one suspects that our most up-to-date law schools are producing no abler lawyers than the men who graduated from the offices of a past generation.

The laboratory method, using that expression in a very broad sense, has of late

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entered extensively into all professional training; nevertheless, the old style of professional teaching had about it a touch with reality, with the actual work of the calling, that the newer somehow lacks. The trouble lies partly in the employment of highly trained specialists as instructors in schools of law, medicine, divinity, and business; scholars rather than practitioners. These instructors know infinitely more about their subjects than did our professors, but the latter from years of experience understood exactly what the practice of the profession would demand and the problems that it would have to face; in other words, they knew what we needed to know. It is interesting to notice, by the way, that the several schools of journalism that have recently entered the educational field are drawing their faculties almost entirely from the ranks of practical newspaper men.

The old-fashioned education was never regarded as quite finished until there had been added to all this native study a couple of years abroad, and before 1914 that usually meant in Germany. The fashion of foreign postgraduating may have originated in the earlier, especially the colonial, practice of sending American boys to the English schools for whatever education they were to receive. By the end of the nineteenth century an American couldn't turn round in Leipzig, Berlin, Heidelberg, or Göttingen without running into a compatriot student. Our college professors had all been over there and this helped keep alive the tradition that Bancroft, Longfellow, Motley, and Hart's "German Universities," to say nothing of countless long and short stories of German university student life, had fostered. American college students who had the real student spirit were always dreaming of the time when they could listen to the German giants of their favorite study, Mommsen, Helmholtz, Wagner, Harnack, Wundt, or Kuno Fischer, and incidentally eat their supper in Auerbach's Keller and witness a real bloody student duel.

In addition to the romance of the German university sojourn it was desirable in practical ways; if teaching was to be the life calling, the German Ph.D. was a *sine qua non;* German was rapidly becoming the universal language of scholarship; and the reputation of a semester or two at Vienna or Berlin wasn't a bad advertisement for a physician or surgeon. The value of "studying in Germany" was of course grossly overestimated; in some cases it was worse than profitless; it often begot a superciliousness of learning that was offensive—unfairly regarded as typically Teutonic.

Undoubtedly this year after year migration of large numbers of American youth to the universities of Germany is a thing of the past. Since the war it has repeatedly been referred to as a form of Germanic propaganda. I doubt, however, if many of us who thus finished our education regret doing it. While we were not greatly imposed upon by the almightiness of the empire and its Prussian embodiment, and while there was much about the German life in which we mingled that we took none too seriously, our Yankee good judgment enabled the most of us to profit by the months or years that we spent over there, by the foreign viewpoint that we enjoyed, as well as from the overdeveloped, high-pressure, ridiculously specialized system of Germany's *Hochschulen.* Facility in the use of the historical method, and in the application of the higher criticism to every realm of investigation, and honest, venturesome freedom of thought, were, in particular, some of the things that we brought home from those German lectures and seminars that made us a little better fitted to live the life of the new age that was coming on apace.

For all their faults and fads, those German savants of the nineteenth century's close were devoted scholars and, therefore, interesting teachers, and the contagion of their love for learning which many American students caught has been a considerable factor in the intellectual life of our country. The most pronounced Germanophobe may not gainsay this. There had been a certain superficiality in our education at home that needed the tonic of German profundity. One of my friends, a theological professor at Jena, thought it worth while to spend the most of his time for several weeks searching through the New Testament again and

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again for traces of a single doctrine of the Christian religion. I shall never forget the infinite care with which Ernst Haeckel would get ready for a class in animal morphology, lugging into the lecture-room armfuls of specimens from the museum, covering the blackboard with diagrams, and the enthusiastic painstaking with which he would scrutinize a species for some infinitesimal likeness; and yet Haeckel is sometimes regarded as a mere natural philosopher, dealing in the broader aspects of his science. Men ridicule the Munich philologist who hunted through the old files of inn registers all the way from Weimar to Rome to verify the itinerary of Goethe's "Italiänische Reise"; but that sort of thing is sometimes worth while. Contact with such thoroughness made one ashamed of slipshod scholarship.

The command of another language, even though and even because that language was German, was likewise no mean benefit to be derived. Besides, we had a good time. They made us very welcome did those German students, professors, *Hausmütter*, and townspeople—more welcome than American students are likely again to be over there for many a year!—at least if we met them anywhere near half-way. Our remembrance of their friendliness, it goes without saying, complicated for us the bitterness of the war's ill will. The opportunity for European travel was another cultural advantage of which we liberally availed ourselves, even the poorest of us; the ease in vacation time of getting down into Italy, or up into Scandinavia, or over to Paris or London. It was a happy combination of post-graduate study and the Grand Tour.

This is not the confession of a reactionary; rather of one who pretty generally greets the new with a cheer; especially new things in the educational world. But as the old always has its good side and good points, so he believes that his old-fashioned education was not such a bad education, after all. It might have been worse.

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# To the Egyptian Lady Sennuwy

BY HELEN SANTMYER

With that same smile, scornful and sad and tender
You thought of love, one of those summer days
Gone in a night of many thousand years.
You sat in heavy-scented, golden splendor,
The courtly throng, the pomp and power and praise
Lost to unseeing eyes, unheeding ears.
. . . Only the artist caught your wandering gaze.

He did not understand the scorn and sadness,
But carved your smile in this enduring guise,
A dwelling for your spirit in the tomb.
You knew that love is but a fleeting madness,
That each man lives alone, and lonely dies. . . .
You scorned yourself for quailing from your doom,
Yet thought of love, and met the sculptor's eyes.

And so you smiled, while dynasts came and went
And sand slipped through your crumbling broken wall,
While silence fell at last on echoing thunder
Of wars that power of ancient empires spent. . . .
Until at last, in this bright windy hall,
We pause, who know that love is brief, and wonder
If Beauty always is Truth, after all.

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The ticket-chopper muttered cryptically: "Outside." —Page 555.

# The Theatrical Steerage

BY W. LEIGH SOWERS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE HARVEY

AFTER years in the orchestra seats, I have lately been revisiting the gallery—the "family circle" of homely New York phrase. And I have found, to my surprise, that it has risen noticeably in the social scale. The old gallery gods have drifted away to the shades or the movies to make way for a new kind of audience. The cramped old galleries have given place to the comfortable modern galleries. What was once the theatrical steerage has become the theatrical steerage *de luxe*.

Nowadays the gallery is more and more patronized by people who are, temporarily at least, not so well to do as they once were. Some of this class, to be sure, will stay away from the theatre altogether rather than occupy any except the best seats. But there are others who are unwilling to give up theatre-going because they have to economize. Pocketing their pride, they climb to the gallery, and after they get used to it, they find that it offers much in return for little.

A beginner has, of course, some moments of slight embarrassment. If you have always bought expensive seats, you hesitate the first time you ask for the cheapest ones in the house. Box-office men are inclined to be decidedly Olympian, especially if the play is a success. But they are really human, after all; I've lately read in the papers that one fainted,



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one married, and one had a benefit. And you soon get used to hunting theatrical bargains.

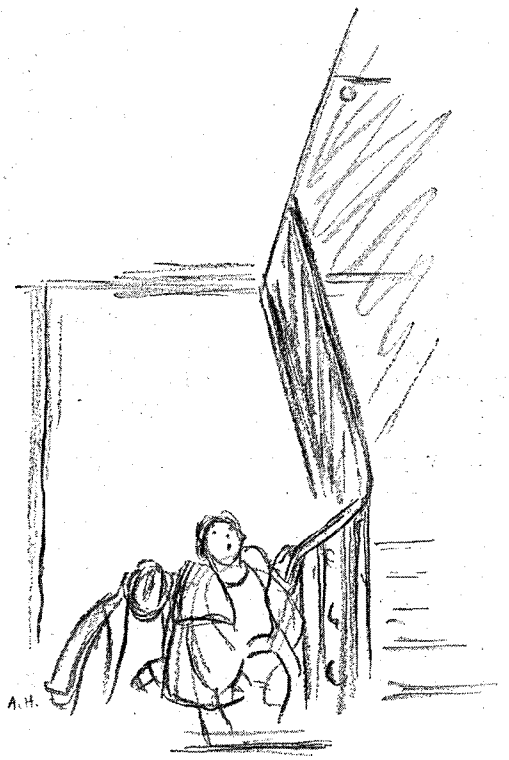
Making a graceful first entrance is hard, too; at least I found it so. With my brilliant ticket in my hand—gallery tickets always flame out their cheapness—I joined the crowd in the main lobby, but the ticket-chopper at the door stopped me and muttered cryptically: "Outside." Embarrassed at my amateurishness, I retired to the narrow alley outside where I found an obscure doorway labelled "Gallery." The experienced make no such mistake; they search for a special door before they try the main portal.

But whether you get in by the front door or the side door, you soon find that the marble and mirrors associated with theatres are not for you. No gorgeousness is wasted on gallery stairways; they are grim efficiency in terms of concrete and iron, twisting round and round interminably. As you climb upward, you always pass a few puffing newcomers, resting on a landing and protesting nervously to each other: "Aren't we high up to-night!" No regular gallery-goer puffs. You are not really initiated until you can go up without stopping for breath.

At the top of the stairs—there is a top at last—you find the gallery itself, a wide, steeply sloping shelf up under the roof. You help yourself to a programme from a heap on a chair—no stupid booklet of advertisements enshrining "What the Man Will Wear," but a jolly little handbill just the right size for your scrap-book. The capable usher points out your number, and you leap down to it, from crag to crag like a theatrical chamois. As you look about you, you are surprised to see how altered the appearance of the theatre is on account of your point of view.

What you see depends largely on whether you are in an old or a new theatre, for there are galleries and galleries, old ones where the ghosts of the eighties hover, new ones where the paint is scarcely dry. In the old ones the line of the gallery front is boldly curved, extending far round toward the stage at either side; the seats are narrow, the decorations dingy. In the newer ones the line of the front is nearly straight; the seats are more comfortable, the decorations more attractive. But even in the best galleries the expensive decorations, the panelling and marble, leave off with amusing abruptness where they can't be seen from downstairs.

Above you, close at hand, is the ceiling. In my orchestra days I never noticed theatre ceilings; in the gallery you can't help noticing them. They are apparently designed by the architect as a sort of frosting on the under side of the roof. You find yourself classifying them in rough groups: the allegorical-painting type, the



As you climb upward, you always pass a few puffing newcomers.

cathedral-glass type, the "chandelier-covers-all-sins" type, the acoustic cove, the toboggan-slide. In spite of yourself, you become a student of architecture if you go to the gallery often.

You are high enough to study the upper

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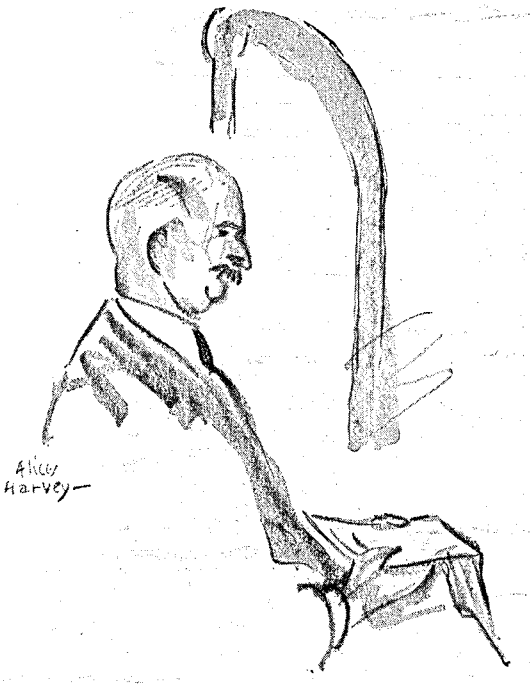


All about you are types you have seen in the orchestra seats.—Page 557.

part of the chandelier and look down on the wilderness of gilding above the proscenium arch—and long to dust it. If you are in the front row, you can see the balcony jutting out below you. Far, far away you see the footlights along the front of the stage. You are really pretty high up. Still, you might be higher. I was last summer when I toured the top galleries of the London theatres. So high are they and so steep that I often felt as if I were about to roll out onto the front of the stage far below. In New York you are in no danger of falling out of your seat.

But you soon forget the theatre in your interest in the people around you. You see at once that they are not at all like the old gallery gods you have read about. In vain you look for the obstreperous small boy, the quick-witted Irishman, the families that gave the name "family circle." Who are they, then? Before trying to generalize, you should count out all special occasions. Mid-week matinées have crowds of their own, and Saturdays are unique, revealing types you have never seen before. Then there are eruptions of special classes; for instance, the jolly scrub-women of the greater city periodically seem to attend a certain performance in a body. Musical pieces, too, have a special youthful public.

But if you limit yourself to the gallery audience at a play on an ordinary night, you'll find it much the same in make-up no matter which theatre you visit. There are women everywhere—many more women than men. There are young girls, middle-aged women, old women; women in groups and women in couples. Some of them are accompanied by men. Then there are several masculine groups and a few men alone. Such is the typical crowd.

Where in the social scale they all belong is harder to say. In a city where all women wear fur coats, how can one who is not a judge of fur distinguish the different classes? Still, certain

The modern gallery limits itself to candy.—Page 557.

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things are clear. There are a considerable number who used to sit down-stairs. There are many that one lumps as "medium." The remainder had better in her belongings; when she brings her umbrella, in addition, there is no counting the damage she does.

One characteristic of the old gallery

With the change in the make-up of the gallery crowd has come a change in its attitude toward the play.

be labelled merely "miscellaneous." All seem to be in comfortable circumstances; at least they are all warmly dressed, and the women all have vanity cases and rubbers.

All about you are types you have seen in the orchestra seats. There is the person that knows all about the private life of the star and the one that explains what is going on on the stage. There is the woman that exclaims over the gowns and the one that thinks the plot curve could be improved. And there is the old lady with the opera-glasses, the hand-bag, and the lank fur coat who is always getting up and down and who always gets tangled

gods is, however, retained by the new ones—they munch. In my youth the gallery was often called the "peanut" on account of the quantity of peanuts consumed there. And the London gallery has to this day a variety of foods; it was some time ago, however, that the famous pork-pie, dropped from the gallery onto a gas-jet below, started a disastrous fire. The modern gallery limits itself to candy, but almost every group brings a box or buys one in the theatre. The inevitable colored boy at the back, left, always buys caramels.

With the change in the make-up of the gallery crowd has come a change in its

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attitude toward the play. The enthusiasm I expected to find didn't materialize. Perhaps I had read too much old-fashioned dramatic criticism, for I thought of the gallery audience as "combustible," "inflammable." I had been told that all would be well in the theatre if the gallery gods could be placed in the front rows of the orchestra and the stolid morons in dinner-coats removed to the gallery. Consequently, when no flames of excitement broke forth, I was disappointed.

The truth is that the gallery public of to-day is just as reserved and self-conscious and tired as the public down-stairs. There is not a shrill whistle among them or a pair of hands that would qualify for the claque at the Metropolitan. The "stolid" public down-stairs starts the laughs and the applause. The gallery does its part, to be sure, but it follows rather than leads. It has become a distant and slightly subdued continuation of the orchestra. Its rise in the social scale has been bought with a price.

The gallery still knows how to laugh, but it has forgotten how to weep. It laughs discreetly at first, but naturally enough when it gets interested. But from its laughter is gone the "wild, free, African" quality of other days. And though it may feel deeply, it no longer cries. To my embarrassment I found that I was the only one that had to hunt for a handkerchief when Ethel Barrymore as Rose Bernd made her pitiful confession, when Glenn Hunter as Merton Gill prayed to be a good movie actor, when Haidee Wright as Queen Elizabeth revealed the loneliness of greatness. Even the sophisticated orchestra shows more emotion.

The older people, even, born in a more emotional time, have forgotten how to "carry on." The old lady next me at "Hamlet" sat apparently unmoved. At a poignant moment, when John Barrymore's face was mirroring every fleeting emotion, she whispered a shrill protest:

"He's too good-looking to play a face-making part. You should have seen him in 'The Jest.' My word! . . . green tights!"

Even the old ladies want "green tights," not great emotions.

A play, seen from the gallery, has a new interest on account of the new angle from which you see it. As soon as the curtain rises, you notice that the stage has a "different" look. Your new position shifts the emphasis to things you scarcely noticed at all before. In particular, you notice the stage floor; you can't help seeing it all too plainly. Fortunately, the modern designer of stage-settings has done much to mitigate its flatness. He conceals its bare boards under floor-cloths and breaks up its surface by using different levels. But in outdoor scenes it is still painfully obvious that Mother Earth was made by a carpenter.

On the other hand, stage rooms do not look so unpleasantly high as they do from the orchestra. I used to wonder why the walls of stage rooms were so tall—tall enough to dwarf the actors and to destroy all sense of reality. Now I know that unless they are unnaturally high the occupants of the gallery can't see into the stage rooms at all. Even as it is, they sometimes miss the girl posing on the stairway, back centre—except her feet—or the moon rising beyond the middle window.

So careful is modern stage production that there are few rough edges to be detected from above. Occasionally you see a stage-hand crossing behind the shrubbery at the back of a set, or an actor waiting behind the garden wall for his cue. You notice the rope that pulls the gondola along the canal back stage. You discover that the heroine is only pretending to play the piano. And during stage meals you can make out with your glasses that the coffee is painted in the cups and the scrambled eggs only sliced oranges and bananas. But once used to your novel position, you can get nearly as much illusion as down-stairs.

You must accustom yourself, too, to the altered appearance of the actors. Seen from above, they seem to be shorter than they are; even the tallest loses several inches. Moreover, heads and shoulders become very prominent, and legs relatively unimportant. As a result some gestures and movements appear awkward. Rapid movement about the stage is likely to seem grotesque. And certain mannerisms, scarcely noticed from the orchestra, are unpleasantly exaggerated.

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For instance, a prominent actress who expresses despair by walking in circles with bent knees would desist if she realized how like a dizzy Japanese wrestler she looks from the gallery.

You soon notice, too, that actors are beloved of the new stagecraft, can be even worse. In the production of "Romeo and Juliet" by the talented Robert E. Jones the lighting made the characters near the front of the stage seem to be smiling through the most serious parts of

The gallery has become a distant and slightly subdued continuation of the orchestra.—Page 558.

not nearly so good-looking from the gallery as from other parts of the house. As it is largely a matter of hair line, the women, who can wear their hair low on their foreheads, do not suffer so much. But an actor's forehead becomes so prominent that he seems slightly bald, a condition that does not add to his attractiveness.

Sometimes, too, the actor's facial expression is falsified for you. From any point of view the lights and shadows thrown on his face by the old-fashioned footlights are unnatural, but from the gallery they are particularly so. On the other hand, the light from high in front, the play. But usually you can follow facial expression with fair success if you have good opera-glasses, though you must miss certain things that can be seen only from the actor's level.

One phase of acting you can watch from the gallery as from nowhere else. You are in exactly the right position to study the actor's hands; you see them in the flat. Moreover, by some curious trick of light they are so magnified that you can follow their slightest movement. You'll learn more of the subtle language of hands from the gallery in a month than from the orchestra in a year. Your

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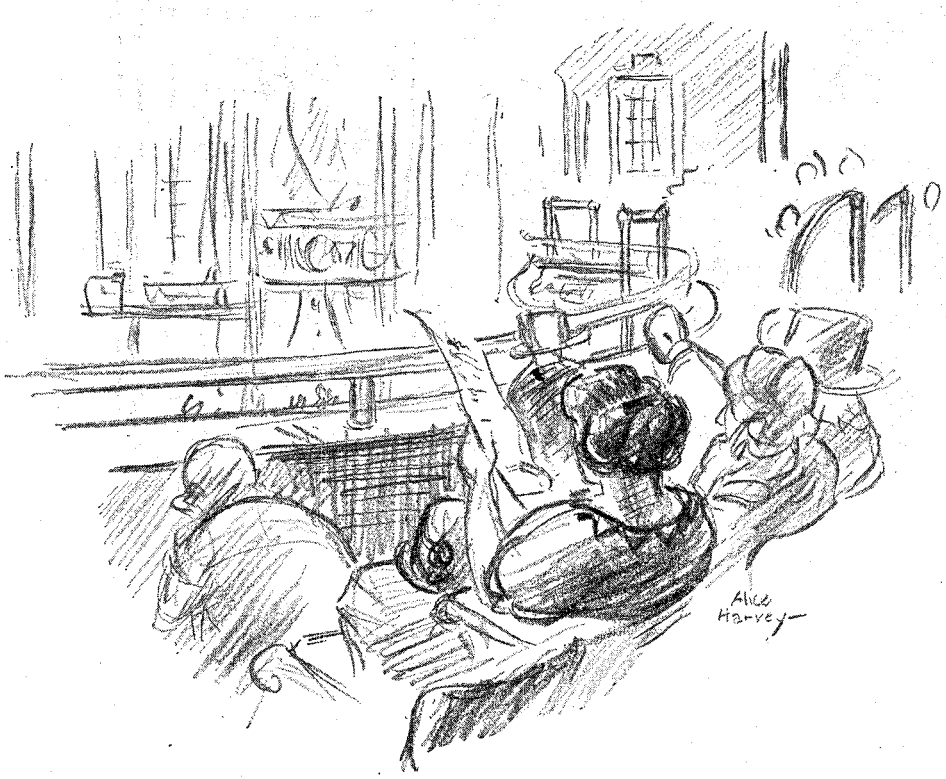
knowledge of the technique of acting is increased by the shifting of your point of view.

There are signs that the new gallery may disappear before long as the old gallery has already disappeared. In many of the newest theatres it is entirely omitted. It admittedly has no place in the ideal theatre, which should have no seats higher than the top of the proscenium opening. But, still, much can be said in its favor. It enables people of small means to see plays adequately if not ideally. And the unusual point of view it offers has much to teach even the experienced theatregoer.




# I've Worked for a Silver Shilling

BY CHARLES W. KENNEDY

I'VE worked for a silver shilling!
I've slaved for a friend;
And ever the work was willing,
Though much to mend.

Yet of the years' achieving
Little I find
Worth pride, or hope, or grieving,
Or calling to mind.

But love and laughing youth
And a rain-washed spring:
These were truth,
And a memorable thing.

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# Music Hath Charms

BY ROBERT S. LEMMON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY I. W. TABER

JIMMY KANE, red-headed, bumpy of feature, and five feet six in his socks, was not at all the sort of man one would pick out as a romanticist. The rôle of admirer of anything more concretely feminine than the Goddess of Chance didn't seem to fit him in the least; he looked more like the hard-fisted mate of an old-time whaler for whom romance, if attempted at all, would be apt to involve sundry encounters with flying squadrons of stove lids and assorted pseudonyms on the few occasions when he ventured ashore.

Yet inside Jimmy's bullet head was a twist of his father's Irish impetuosity and love of the ladies that twined oddly about the trunk of canniness with which his Highland mother had endowed him. Sometimes this Celtic vine swarmed riotously over the Scotch tree and nearly covered it. Then a storm would come, the vine would stretch and break, and for a time the hard, rough, practical exterior of the trunk would stand exposed. It was during one of these periods of predominant common sense and empty pockets that Jimmy Kane first landed in Ottawa at noon of a sunny June day.

Nobody knew whence he came, and all but one had sense enough not to ask. That one, a smug and verbose button salesman from the States, addressed him in the confines of a stool-and-counter restaurant where they both chanced to be consuming villainous coffee on adjacent perches.

"Guess you're from this here now Italy—what?" Thus the vender of buttons opened the conversation, facetiously regarding the snub nose and flaming locks beside him.

"Ye're wrong there, parrot-beak," was Jimmy's rejoinder. "I've just landed from the same place ye're goin' to in wan minute more, if ye don't take yer lip out o' here—an' thot's *Hell!*"

And so Jimmy merged quite naturally into that stratum of the city's life wherein trappers, lumberjacks, and all those who gain their wages in the winter woods live and move and have their summer holidays.

For a time he drifted aimlessly, picking up a dollar here and a quarter there as odd jobs came to him in desultory succession. Not until his aptitude with feet and fists and an eye-gouging thumb won for him a savage barroom battle and the notice of Antoine Gascoigne, proprietor of the Dominion Café, did he find himself with any steady occupation. That fortunate coincidence installed him as head-bouncer in Gascoigne's bemirrored domain, with nothing to do but draw his wages every Friday and discipline unruly customers as occasion and the night's business required.

The work proved moderately remunerative and lavish in its excitement. But it failed to satisfy Jimmy's craving for wealth. In fact, it promised little for the future save unlimited fighting, and even Jimmy Kane wearied of that after a few weeks. Rarely were his opponents in condition to offer more than a befogged and somewhat rambling resistance to his labors of ejecting them; seldom did he find occasion to resort to the arm twist, the knee suddenly lifted at close quarters, and other evidences of his gladiatorial finesse. More and more enviously did he eye the exalted post of Eddie Walsh, who presided over the array of brass-bound kegs and bottles of many hues behind the bar.

His opportunity came at last in the person of a truculent Britisher who took exception to the part of Eddie's hair and



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sought to enforce his demand that it be revised by pulling an automatic and shooting up the place. When the smoke had cleared away the would-be reformer lay in jail under the combined care of the warden and a physician skilled in repair-

Off for Ottawa.

ing broken heads, while Eddie shared a hospital cot with a hole through his shoulder that the doctors said would take two months to heal. Thereupon Jimmy, summoning the best of his native gift of fluency, sought Antoine Gascoigne and presented his qualifications so convincingly that he succeeded at once to the coveted honor of dispensing liquid cheer.

From the day of his promotion the popularity of the Dominion Café throve apace. Whereas Walsh had been black-browed, uncommunicative, at times even sullen, Jimmy was the very antithesis of these things. Nowhere in all Ottawa was there his equal in jovial greeting, in diagnosing the needs of each patron, in quipping and the pointed repartee of the bar. None could match his skill in rendering the latest story in all its wealth of detail and subtle implications; his precision with the suds-knife was no less to be admired than the accuracy with which he compounded the most technical of cocktails.

He drank but little himself, for he was too good a workman to allow the attainment of a condition in any degree jeopardizing the clearness of his head or the steadiness of his hand. So it came about that when Pierre Lafitte, shifty-eyed and Franco-Indian of blood, grew unwontedly confidential across the bar one afternoon in mid July and whispered to him the tale of O-neet-sa and her ancestral riches, Jimmy's intellect grasped it with precision. And inasmuch as the Scotch side of Jimmy's nature was still in the ascendancy at the time, and the inner side of his pockets lay exposed to the gaze of a cruel world, he possessed himself of as many details of the story as liberal shots of rum could draw from the half-breed's secretive tongue.

Far back in the North Country, so ran the breed's recital, between the Moose River and Missanagami Lake, an ancient Ojibway by the name of Kabinisay had once trapped and wandered for more years than any in his tribe could remember. The fur privilege in that region having been conceded to him in his youth by the Honorable Hudson Bay Company, he eked out at first a comfortable and later a dwindling livelihood by the capture of peltries, living with his wife and one small daughter the nomadic and apparently impoverished life of the average woods Indian.

Yet beneath the seeming simplicity of his existence lay hidden a mysterious source of wealth which provided him with many luxuries dear to the Indian heart and seldom attained by the Indian hand: a real repeating rifle, a portable phonograph, untold numbers of glass and silver trinkets.

And old Kabinisay never told whence it all came, save to O-neet-sa, slim and pretty, as he set out for the Happy Hunting Grounds one night of the winter in

He took to the woods.

which she became eighteen. Even in dying he revealed only to her the secret of his opulence. And she, true to his precept, kept it strictly under the strands of her sleek, black hair.

There were rumors, of course, for the

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most part wholly unfounded. The most plausible one had it that the old man had hit upon a vein of gold somewhere in the wilderness and capitalized it secretly and well. Not only did rumor have this, but it held it firmly and, after the manner of rumors, added to it until the story was known in every trading-post and camp throughout the length and breadth of the Hudson Bay country. Which worried O-neet-sa not in the least nor ruffled the steady current of her life.

She had grown, it seemed, into a most capable young woman. On her father's death she had applied for a renewal of his territorial concession in her own name, and proved her right to it by her success with steel trap and deadfall alike. Whereas the fur yield had fallen off during Kabinisay's declining years, it revived noticeably under O-neet-sa's régime. When she and her mother paddled and portaged their catch down to Rupert's Post after that first winter the factor had been astonished at its quality and size.

The worst of it was, maundered Pierre Lafitte across the bar, that she was a confirmed man-hater, a sort of aboriginal feminist who refused to hearken to the importunings of any of the eligible young bucks who sought her hand and the privilege of trapping with her, to say nothing of her suppositional gold. They had come from north and south, west and east, many, many moons' travel by canoe and trail in summer and on snowshoes through the winter woods when the snow lay yards deep and trees split with the cold. For most of them a single disdainful glance from O-neet-sa's steady eyes had settled the matter. A few of the more persistent who pressed their suits further were hustled out of camp two jumps ahead of O-neet-sa's pack of mongrel dogs.

Yes, she is beautiful, *magnifique*, though her mother is an old she-wolf, m'sieu'. And ze vein ees *riche*, ver' *riche*—great pieces of gold all over ze ground! But only O-neet-sa she know w'ere eet ees.

Whereupon Jimmy Kane grunted, applied another glass of raw fire-water to the end that the 'breed should sleep more profoundly now that he had told all he knew, laid him under a table in the back room of the saloon, and unobtrusively took to the woods with a pack, a canoe, and a definite plan.

Fish and game he took by the way.

For a week he journeyed northward toward the Height of Land, thanking his checkered career for the experience which enabled him to negotiate the portages, the increasingly rough rapids, the annoyances and hardships of the forest. Fish and game he took by the way; they added variety to his larder of flour and bacon and the inevitable tea of the North Country, nourishing but monotonous.

Gradually the rivers dwindled to streams, then to mere brooks that flowed from boulder-girt lakes. Paddling became less frequent, carries more so, until one day his canoe glided across a tiny

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pond steeped in the sunset's dyes and from a cliff he looked back upon the great slope he had climbed and forward to that other which stretched down and away in hundreds of miles of forest to the shore of Hudson Bay.

A twinkle came into Jimmy's eyes as he bared his tousled red head to the breeze.

"Be the powers," he grinned, "'tis a long, hard road to be afther follerin' on a barroom tip! I wonder, now, is thot down there where she lives? A monstrous big woods it do be lookin' like, an' me knowin' nought of it save it has Moose River on the wan side an' Missanagami Lake on t'other. What was the name, now, of the place the 'breed was tellin' me she done her shoppin'? Ah, yis, I remimber—Rupert's Post. I ought to recollec' thot easy enough, what with all the times I've slid a glass of old Jake's acrost the bar. Well, Rupe, I'll be startin' the morrer to look for ye—an' may the saints be on me side!"

Through a chill pall of fog he circled the lake soon after dawn, searching for the outlet, which, so his map showed, flowed northward toward the Bay. Twice he made the circuit, paddling slowly, before he discovered the miniature cove with sentinel rocks guarding its entrance. At its farthest recess the land lay low and swampy, and looking over the side of the canoe he could see feathery water-grasses trailing in a current.

"'Tis maiden tresses they are, no less," he said to himself. "The same as the fairies tangle in the old counthry when the moon drops low an' the green light flickers over the marshes. I wonder, now, do they be bringin' me luck or no? Howiver thot may be, they're pointin' to the brook, I'm thinkin'. Come on, James, yerself must be makin' haste."

He nosed his canoe through the grass and entered a narrow stream that wound between brushy banks and then, suddenly waking, hurried on and away through open woods. All day he followed it, paddling where he could, stepping out of the canoe and stumbling along behind the lightened craft where shallows intervened. A camp at the confluence of another stream, a second day of almost uninterrupted paddling with their combined flow, and he came unexpectedly upon a canoe drawn up on the bank and a lone Indian who greeted him with an unemotional, "*Bo' jou', bo' jou'*," and went on broiling a trout over a bed of coals.

Jimmy landed and sought to engage the Ojibway in conversation. Varied attempts convinced him that the red man's knowledge of English was elementary in the extreme, and he resorted to gestures.

"Rupert's Post?" he asked, pointing in a vague northerly direction.

The Indian nodded and, picking up a twig, scratched in the sand at his feet a rough plan of the route. Jimmy puzzled over it, discovered that he could not well go astray so long as he followed the current, and eventually elicited the opinion that three days should bring him to his destination. These facts having been acquired, he cooked and ate his own supper, smoked a sociable if silent pipe with his informant, and turned in.

For the balance of the week he travelled alone save for the wild creatures of the woods which he glimpsed occasionally as his canoe slid around some bend and a new vista opened out down-stream. By constantly widening waterways he reached at last a clearing that lay like a flat green plate in the sombre setting of the forest. In its centre a log building of considerable size mothered a flock of smaller cabins. Along the rim of the open, conical tepees of birch bark clustered. Silent Ojibways lounged around them in moccasined ease. Youngsters played by the bank of the stream, beady-eyed and swift of motion, making much display of their bows and blunt-headed arrows.

Jimmy Kane ran his canoe on a shelving bit of sand and stepped ashore. The Indian children ceased playing to regard him wonderingly. He grimaced at them and made odd noises, thinking to provoke at least a smile. Failing in this, he made his way toward the main building through a skirmish line of snarling, wolf-like dogs.

A man stepped out of the door as he approached, aroused by the clamor of the curs. Apparently he was white, though his face was virtually hidden in a mass of sandy hair from which blue eyes snapped with a peculiarly penetrating glitter. An appalling width of shoulder and shortness

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of leg accentuated the grotesqueness of his appearance.

Jimmy addressed him tentatively.

"I do be lookin' for Rupert's Post. Can ye tell me is it hereabout?"

"Ye need look no further, mon, except ye wad see it from t'ither side," rumbled the apparition in a voice unmistakably Scotch.

Jimmy heaved a sigh of relief and leaned conversationally on the picket-fence that surrounded the cabin.

"I take it ye're the factor, then," he remarked. "The Ian MacIver, I've heard tell, is in charge. They know ye well back yonder"—he jerked his thumb southward.

"MacIver is ma name. Wad ye want onything special o' me?"

Jimmy thought swiftly. It would never do to tell the factor of his real purpose in coming into the woods; anything that savored of business with the Indians, save hiring them as guides, came within the province of the H. B. Company's representative and would be frowned upon by him were it attempted by any one else. Decidedly the real plan must be concealed from this gimlet-eyed giant.

"No, nothin' partic'lar," he acknowledged, "only an extry blanket an' a slab o' pork an' a bit o' flour. Me supplies are runnin' low, an' the docthor says I must keep warm whativer happens—'tis these, ye see; a bit of a touch, no more"—and he tapped his barrel chest significantly.

"Coom inside," answered MacIver. "I have all ye need, I expect." He vanished into the cabin, and Jimmy, eyes and brain alert in these unaccustomed surroundings, followed briskly.

"Noo, as to a blanket," the factor resumed. "If ye're goin' on north a four-point wad be none too much; there's a power o' cold at night."

Jimmy caught eagerly at the suggestion so unwittingly offered for an amplification of his story.

"Yis," he agreed, "'twill be a four-point I want, for the docthor says I must be out till snow flies, with niver a night o' thim all under a roof. I dunno but north will suit me as well as east or west or straight down. An' while we're talkin' o' the cold an' such—" he reached knowingly to his back pocket and produced a flat bottle—"here's what will drive off the chill! 'Tis wearin' the name o' yer land an' me own old mother's, no less, an' has been twenty year in the wood. Will ye try a sup?"

Whatever mental reservations Ian MacIver may have had anent Jimmy's presence in the woods were dispelled during the next half-hour in exact proportion to the shrinkage of that amber-colored bottle's contents. By the time the flour was weighed and put up he had become cheerfully loquacious; the cutting of a generous slab of pork he accomplished amid pressing offers of the post and all its contents for as long as Jimmy would avail himself of them.

"Do ye know, now," said Jimmy, comfortably seated on the counter, "thot ain't a bad idea at all, at all—me visitin' ye for a spell. Ye're a good lad, Mac, an' I'm thinkin' mebbe I'll stick up me little tent on yon point an' stop awhile. 'Tis meself has no great hurry to be movin' on, nor no port to be movin' to, for the matter o' thot. I'm just a poor mon thot do be travellin' for his health, livin' the simple life o' the woods, as the guide-book says. Yis, I'll accept yer hospitality, Mac, an' thank ye kindly. Betther have another, now, for old times' sake!"

In the days that followed Jimmy Kane became almost as much a feature of Rupert's Post as the factor himself. His geniality and frankness won the approval of the Indians who came and went in this their season of idle wandering, and one or more of them were always visiting with him in his camp by the river bank. He went fishing with the men, fed them unlimited quantities of the black rope tobacco which lay in great tubs in the company store, and picked up a smattering of their language. The squaws dropped their eyes before his jovial badinage, but looked long after him when he had turned away. The children squealed with delight at his imitations of bear and moose and rabbit. But though his ears were ever alert, and despite his circuitous attempts to swing the conversation in its direction without arousing suspicion, the clew he sought persisted in eluding him.

It was by Ian MacIver that the subject was finally mentioned, quite irrelevantly save as it was suggested by a

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lithe, hawk-faced Ojibway who came in from the woods one morning, conversed gutturally with the factor for an hour, and departed up-river, driving his birch canoe against the current with easy, straight-armed strokes.

"A likely lookin' lad, thot," Jimmy commented as the Indian left the store-room.

"Aye," agreed MacIver. "'Tis Ahkek, the best o' all our trappers. They say he's o' them as wad marry O-neet-sa, only she wadna'."

Jimmy's eyes danced.

"An' who may she be, this O-neet-sa?" he asked casually.

"Ah, have ye no heard, James? Why, she's a bonny lass o' the woods, with a heart o' steel an' the temper of a queen. An' I take it"—here MacIver winked cannily—"she knows where a bit o' gold lies hid among the rocks, though she'll ne'er tell on't."

"An Injun mine-owner, no less, I suppose?" ventured Jimmy.

"Ye're right, lad, to all accounts. A strange people they are, the Ojibways, an' O-neet-sa is o' the strangest—her an' her old mither alane in the forest, trappin' a' winter an' roamin' hither an' yon a' summer, wi' their phonygraph an' their dog an' their scorn o' men. I hear they're up be White Beaver Falls noo, above the Lake o' the Silent Hills."

"'Tis a queer tale ye tell, Mac," Jimmy said. "But I make no doubt there's stranger things nor gold-mines an' phonygraphs in these woods. Well, I must be afther leavin' ye for a while; Kée-gawn has promised to show me how to patch a canoe this afthernoon, an' I mistrust he's waitin' for me. I'm thinkin' it may be a handy thing to know when I take up me travels ag'in."

A day or so later, as he and the factor smoked sociably in the sunshine on the cabin step, Jimmy reverted definitely to his departure from the post.

"D'ye know, Mac, me feet are beginnin' to itch ag'in for the trail. 'Tis meself can niver stay long in wan place, an' I think I'll be takin' a loop out through the counthry an' see the sights."

MacIver regarded him searchingly.

"What way wad ye be goin', if I may ask?"

"Sure, an' I dunno." Jimmy's assumption of careless indifference was perfect. "The Injuns've been tellin' me o' all kinds o' trips out beyant—mebbe I'll go be the way o' Deer River to Mirror Lake, through Kenshaway Waters to the Salmon, an' back up the Moose. I hear there's a power o' game that way, an' iligent counthry. Besides, 'twould bring me around here for a bit of a visit on me way back to Ottawa."

"Ye'll no be barterin' wi' the Injuns, nor lookin' for their gold?" the factor pursued suspiciously.

"The saints forbid!" Jimmy demurred. "Remimber, Mac, I do be travellin' for me health, an' the docthor has forbid excitement."

"Then ye'll find Mirror Lake to your likin'," assured MacIver. "As bonnie a loch as there be in a' the woods. I've no wish to see ye go, James, for 'tis lonesome I'll be for your company. But ye ken best what ye wad do, I take it."

So Jimmy Kane departed from Rupert's Post while the Indians regarded him unemotionally and Ian MacIver waved farewell from the bank. But he did not go to Mirror Lake, nor Kenshaway Waters, nor yet to the cascades and green-black pools of the Salmon. That route he followed no farther than the influx of the Petite Vallée, a dozen miles from the post. There he swung east, ascended to the Black Fork, and so came in three days of arduous journeying, such as only the soundest lungs could endure, to the Lake of the Silent Hills and—an abandoned camp at the head of White Beaver Falls.

"Missed 'em, be gorry!" exclaimed Jimmy as he gazed ruefully at the discarded lodge-poles and the trampled ground cover already beginning to reassert itself. "Ain't thot the woman of it—niver where ye think she is!"

He stirred the ashes of the fire, examining them expertly.

"No more nor twelve hours cold," he muttered. "It must be, then, they've took off up-stream, else I'd met 'em on me way in. All right, me lass, 'tis meself will have to hunt for ye. An' ye should be proud to have a fine lad like James Kane on yer trail, all set to wed ye—an' yer gold!"

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He walked back to his canoe. As he was about to push off, his eye was caught by a little pile of angular, black fragments beside a rock.

"A busted phonygraph record, be jabers!" he exclaimed. "Let's see, now, what 'twas."

Bit by bit he assembled the shattered remains, frowning over them like a child with a picture puzzle. At last he pieced out the title.

"'A Little Love, a Little Kiss,'" he read slowly. "I wonder did she bust it be accident, or because she didn't like the words? I wonder. . . . Well, 'tis herself only can answer thot."

He stepped into the canoe and set off up-stream, parodying in his rich Irish tenor:

"'It's a long way to find
O-neet-sa,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to chase
a chicken . . .
An' what she'll say, I
—don't—know!'"

O-neet-sa's Camp.

Far ahead a cliff caught up the words and flung them back at him mockingly. The forest seemed to draw in closer, its masking solitude accentuated by the sound.

Days slipped into weeks, and still Jimmy Kane searched, threading stream and lake and river with fruitless determination. There were times when he lost the trail completely, turning in night after night without having seen a sign of human presence all day. Then he would come upon an empty camping-place, a small moccasin print beside the water, and hurry on with renewed hope. Twice he felt he was within an hour of his goal, but both times a wrong turn threw him off the track. Had it not been for the fact that all travel was of necessity by water or across carries whose identifying blaze marks he learned to pick out unerringly, even his natural optimism would have failed him.

The summer was waning fast. At night the air took on a keener chill; the sun at midday beat down less warmly on the placid bosoms of the lakes. Here and there a maple branch glowed red against the enveloping green of the shore. The young wild ducks were on the wing and gathering for their migration; often, when his canoe startled them from some quiet cove, they would rise high in air and swing away southward.

Jimmy Kane saw these signs, and discouragement settled upon him. He was wholly unequipped for winter, or even late autumn in the woods. In a few days he would have to be starting back for the post, his search a failure.

"'Tis hard luck, no less," he grumbled, moody eyes on the lake beside which he had camped for the night. "Here I am, ready to sell me single blessedness for a streak o' gold, an' the lady runs away! Who knows but she might take me if she saw me, though she t'run the others down? Ah, 'tis hard, not even to have the chance!"

He drew a stick from the fire and held its glowing end in the bowl of his pipe. From far out on the water came the derisive cry of a loon, ringing through the dusk.

"Thot's right—laugh, ye devil!" Jimmy growled. "A hell of a joke, ain't it? G'wan, laugh some more!"

"*Wha-ha-ha-ha-ho-ho!*" quavered the loon; and again, "*Wha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ho-ho-ho!*" In the still evening air the cry rose and hovered demon-like, infinitely eerie.

"Ye blasted spalpeen!" snorted Jimmy. "I'll learn ye to make fun o' the Irish!" He threw his rifle to his shoulder, aiming in the general direction of the unseen bird. His finger crooked around

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the trigger, hesitated, and relaxed. He laid the gun down and stepped quickly from the firelight, the better to see a dark bulk that had taken form out there on the water and which was neither island nor loon.

"Yis, be gorrah—'tis a canoe, the first I see since I left the post!" he exclaimed. "An' comin' this way, too!"

Swiftly and in silence the craft neared the shore, its two paddlers swinging in perfect unison, indistinct in the deepening gloom.

"*Bo' jou', bo' jou',*" called Jimmy in the conventional greeting of the North Country. A pause, a sound indubitably like the growl of a dog from the canoe, and then:

"*Bo' jou', bo' jou',*" came the answer in a feminine voice.

Jimmy's heart pounded his ribs. Could it be that these were the two he sought, that here almost on the eve of defeat the quarry was coming voluntarily to his own camp, a needle popping out of a haystack by itself?

He tried desperately to think of some indirect and natural way of verifying his suspicions, but before he could hit upon one the proof was given to him. Croakingly but beyond the shadow of a doubt, the old woman in the bow of the canoe pronounced the name "O-neet-sa."

The canoe drifted idly a few yards from shore, its occupants discussing some matter in their own language while Jimmy's spirit alternately rose and fell as he weighed the chances of their stopping or paddling away into the night. Obviously they would depart if he invited them to stay, for, although Indians, they were also women. Were they to move on and he followed them, they would mistake his motive no less surely and resent it in proportion to the persistency of his pursuit.

The discussion ended presently and, to Jimmy's consternation, the two women swung their craft out into the lake. Panic seized him as he saw his chance slipping. He must do something, say something to stop them. Then inspiration came, brilliant and heaven-born.

"Hey there!" he yelled, forgetful of every Ojibway word he knew. "*I'm lost!* Tell me how the divvul to git home!"

The canoe slowed and turned back toward shore.

"You los'?" queried O-neet-sa, from the stern. Her voice was well modulated, though it held a peculiarly decisive tone.

"Yes, ma'am," Jimmy answered, his heart slowing down with the passing of the crisis. "Heap los'. Been los' all summer."

"W'ere you want go?" Again that sense of a keen and sceptical mind driving straight to the point.

"Why, why—most anywhere." Jimmy was sparring for time. He dared not name any specific place for fear the Indians would take him literally, give him the directions, and paddle away.

"Ruper' Pos' neares' place—two-t'ree week." Was it just imagination, or did her voice really sound a shade less aloof?

"Not know it," lied Jimmy glibly.

The Indians dropped into another low-toned conversation in Ojibway. Presently O-neet-sa addressed him again:

"We go Moose Riv' to-morro'. You foller—den no get los'. We show you way Ruper' Pos'."

"Good!" Jimmy exclaimed. "Ye bether come ashore—good fire all ready, plenty tea an' hot cake."

The women beached their canoe without a word and approached the fire, trailed by a huge brute of a dog rumbling menacingly. Jimmy piled on more wood, driving back the encroaching shadow circle. A shower of sparks streamed up, and in their light he caught a vivid impression of his visitors etched on the background of the night—O-neet-sa straight and lithe as a young birch in her fawn-skin tunic with its rows of dyed porcupine quills, a single scarlet feather caught in her hair; the old woman impossibly wrinkled, squat, and homely.

"Faith, an' 'tis a great fambly to be thinkin' o' marryin' into," mused Jimmy as he busied himself with the tea pail. "The gurl ain't so bad, but t'other wan—arrah, 'tis a fine slip of a mother-in-law she'd be makin', be the looks o' her!"

The newcomers waited stoically while he boiled the kettle and cooked a fresh batch of flapjacks. When the meal was ready they ate prodigiously, accepting the hospitality as a matter of course. The panful of bacon which he fried as a sort

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of dessert met with their first expressed approval. The old squaw grunted unintelligibly to O-neet-sa, and the latter turned to Jimmy:

"Kwa-to she say you good cook," she translated.

Jimmy grinned and seized the opportunity.

"Tell Kwa-to fine squaw like her make anybody good cook," he answered.

The girl relayed the message, eliciting some noncommittal rejoinder at which she laughed quietly.

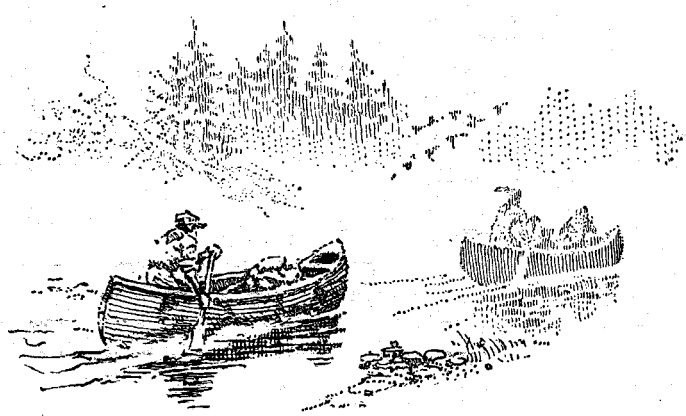
and hour, to fill the heart with unexpressed longing.

Then suddenly it was over. Silence, cool and luminous; and presently, far up the lake, the loon calling again, instinct with the spirit of the wilderness.

Jimmy sighed.

"'Tis herself has an ear for music, thot gurl," he said. "I'm thinkin' the 'breed, Lafitte, slipped me a good tip when he spoke o' her phonygraph. I wonder will she like the tunes I have in me pack?"

Gray dawn found him astir, busy with



Jimmy was fascinated by O-neet-sa's skill and strength.

"Score wan," chuckled Jimmy. "Wait till I git warmed up, begorrah!"

But no further opportunity for blarney came to him that evening, for as soon as the meal was finished O-neet-sa rose and, followed by her mother and the still threatening dog, started for her canoe.

"We camp on point by island," she called back. "Sun-up, start Moose Riv'. You come den." That was all, save, in a few minutes, the flicker of a fire among pine trunks a half-mile away. Yes, and one other thing.

As the moon rose, silvering the lake, there came across the water from the point the swinging melody of "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," rising and falling in the clear barytone of a master of the record.

Jimmy Kane listened, his face sober with the harmony and sentiment of the old song. In the solitude of the forest it seemed to catch all the magic of the place

his breakfast and the simple process of breaking camp. Smoke rising from the point warned him to hurry. Before the sun touched the tops of the giant pines his canoe lay drifting in their shadow. The two women were just loading their own craft.

"Mornin'!" he called cheerfully. "All ready go Moose River?"

"Uh-huh," croaked Kwa-to, looking up with a twisted smile. But O-neet-sa merely nodded, maintaining an aloof silence.

"Proud chicken, eh?" thought Jimmy. "All right, here goes for makin' a hit with me mother-in-law once removed. Thot's the way to begin, I've heard."

He fumbled in his pack and unearthed a tin of tobacco.

"Kwa-to ketch-um *sáymon?*" he asked, paddling alongside the other canoe. "Ketch-um smoke?"

"Uh-huh!" The smile was a broad grin this time. "*Uh-huh!*" She reached

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eagerly for the box, opened it, crammed a load of tobacco into a clay pipe, which she extracted from the fold of a blanket, and took the match which Jimmy proffered. In a moment she was puffing full blast, her toothless gums mumbling the pipe-stem expertly.

"Go now!" she announced with emphasis, picking up her paddle. "Good *sáymon*—make-um go fas'!"

Whether or not it was the effect of the tobacco, the journey began at a pace which Jimmy, for all his woods wandering, was put to it to follow. The water fairly boiled from the Indians' blades as they drove their canoe down the lake.

Jimmy, trailing in their wake, was fascinated by O-neet-sa's skill and strength. She never hesitated, never tired, never missed the subtle twist of the wrists at the end of her stroke which kept the canoe straight on its course or sent it weaving in safety among the rocks that rose to the surface here and there. Not once did she look around to see how he was faring, but the poise of her back and shoulders told him that her face, too, was alert and mobile. Yet the dog asleep at her feet could not have paid him less attention than did she.

"'Tis yerself has a hard fight ahead o' ye, me lad," he muttered, watching her. "Haughty she is, but I'm thinkin' I once heard the priest say somethin' about music havin' charms to soften the savage heart—or somethin' like thot. Mebbe thot's me chance. We'll see, anyhow."

And that evening, as old Kwa-to finished her fifth and last pannikin of tea, he tried it. In a low voice, almost a murmur, he began crooning an old Irish folk-song, a weird minor chant that rose hauntingly at the end of each stanza and hung suspended in mid-air.

At the first note O-neet-sa turned, her head tilted appraisingly. Verse after verse he sang, and still she moved not. Only at the end did she make any comment.

"Heap canned song," he said.

"More," she demanded then.

But Jimmy shook his head, tossing another partridge carcass to Ninny-moósh, the big dog, who sat attentively before him. The brute crunched the bones noisily. Jimmy's efforts to win his approbation had been successful though calculated.

"Ketch-um more smoke, Kwa-to?" Jimmy's tone was replete with indifference to O-neet-sa as he passed the tobacco to the old woman. When she had lighted up and was half-hidden in smoke he strolled over to his pack and extracted a flat package carefully wrapped in a bit of blanket. He brought it back to the fire and handed it to O-neet-sa.

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"Heap canned song," he said, tapping the bundle significantly. "You take-um an' play on song box."

Never in all phonograph history was there a more strangely staged or better appreciated concert than the one which rose that night among the brooding firs on the bank of the Grande Traverse. March, solo, one-step, grand opera, lullaby, love-song, quartet—O-neet-sa played them all with a delight which Jimmy, hunched beside the fire, noted and acknowledged with a sly wink to the dog. As a grand finale a rollicking Irish jig set old Kwa-to dancing comically, pipe in mouth, while Jimmy clapped his hands to emphasize the beat of the measure and O-neet-sa vouchsafed him the first real smile he had seen her give.

From that hour his standing in the camp was assured, at least as far as Kwa-to and the dog were concerned. The former evidently approved of him thoroughly and accepted his little attentions with a merry twinkle in her old eyes and a dozen added wrinkles at the corners of her mouth. Ninny-moósh seemed no less appreciative, and even threatened at times to transfer his allegiance from O-neet-sa to this whistling, romping stranger who scratched him behind the ears so comfortably and fed him so many tidbits from pot and pan. Wherefore Jimmy, having strategically conquered the outer redoubts, laid siege to the main fortress.

It proved no easy task, for O-neet-sa drew her cloak of reserve the more closely about her supple shoulders as he sought to attain a basis of easy familiarity with her. It was as though she distrusted all men and tolerated this particular one only because his presence could not well be avoided. Only when he sang did her frigidity show any signs of thawing.

So Jimmy sang—sang as he had never sung before. From portage and stream, at high noon no less fervently than when the stars peered down quietly through the pines, his lilting tenor rose in every air he could rake up from his cudgelled memory.

"Begorry, if me voice holds out I'll be lucky," he thought. "I niver knowed I had it in me—in grand op'ry I could be gittin' a job, no less. But I can't help wishin' she'd quit hollerin' for more, the way she does, an' let me hold her hand instead!"

But such intimacy as that was far from O-neet-sa's intention. She would not even let him sit near her in the evening, persisting in keeping the fire between them while she listened immobile but attentively to his fervent repertoire.

For two days and nights Jimmy stuck to it, gaining no jot of progress. Then he took serious counsel with himself as he trailed O-neet-sa's canoe down the wooded still waters of the Loup Nègre.

"I'll niver win this way," he reflected, "nor even find out if she has gold or no. Howiver can a mon make love to a gurl widout puttin' an arm around her waist? Singin' is fine to make a hit in the beginnin', but I'm thinkin' it's the close-ups thot does the real business. At thot, she's a neat slip of a lass to be holdin' o' yer hand—I've seen lots worse in me day, an' not copper-skinned ones, neither. There must be some way—ha, I've got it! We'll thry a bit of a class in Injun an' English!"

That evening after supper he set to work, asking the Ojibway equivalent of every object he laid eye on and amusing Kwa-to uproariously by his attempts to repeat the names after her. Even O-neet-sa lost a little of her constraint in the general hilarity and took a hand in the fun herself, asking Jimmy to pronounce the English words for various things with which her limited vocabulary was unfamiliar. Thus they passed easily to an exchange of words scratched in the sand with a stick, the odd semi-shorthand symbols of the Indian language side by side with Jimmy's angular lettering of whatever the subject might be in English. And in her dual rôle of teacher and pupil O-neet-sa forgot all about her dignity, squatting beside Jimmy with the absorption of a child as he wrote and pronounced each word. Even when his hand brushed hers as he passed her the stick she paid it no attention.

Thereafter the language class became a regular feature of the day's end, second in importance only to the songs which succeeded it. For the short hour of its duration O-neet-sa threw aside her mask and played, her face alight with pleasure. And Jimmy, thinking perhaps to arouse her interest in him, ranged gradually farther afield and told her of Ottawa and of Antoine Gascoigne's, delighted by the

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readiness with which she grasped new words and thoughts.

Whatever may have been the effect of this daily period of intimacy upon O-neet-sa—and neither by look nor act did she show that it had any—its accumulated results were direful to Jimmy Kane. The girl's brightness, the infectiousness of her laugh, won his admiration no less irrevocably than did the surface lights playing over the unfathomed depths of her eyes and the unstudied grace of her every motion. The sense of close companionship, of human being drawn to human being, which the solitude of the wilderness engendered, reacted fatally on his native susceptibility. Swiftly, unknowing, forgetful alike of gold vein and the differences of color and race, he fell in love.

It was dusk when he reached the post.

Days passed, bright with sunshine and the dancing images of leaves, misty green and murmurous with the voices of the rain. The canoes glided across windless lakes, darted lance-like down white-maned rapids. Campfires sputtered and leaped, or glowed red-gray when their task was done. And Jimmy Kane dwelt in a dream, a dream that recked of nothing save a slender girl in deerskins, bewitching and elusive as the spirit of the woods itself.

Came a night when, the lesson over, he played her favorite records and sang her favorite songs with unwonted feeling. At their conclusion she said simply:

"No more sing after dis."

Jimmy turned quickly.

"An' why not?" he asked.

"'Cause to-morrer we come Moose Riv'. You go Ruper' Pos' an' Ottawa. Kwa-to an' I go other way." She stated the situation flatly, as though there was nothing more to be said.

Jimmy's heart sank, then surged chokingly into his throat. Kwa-to had gone to her wigwam; the dog slumbered by the fire. A chance of chances. He fought down the terror which swept over him.

"I not—go—Rupert's Post," he blurted unsteadily.

"No?" There was frank surprise in O-neet-sa's voice, nothing more.

"No. I go other way, with you! Ah, Neetsie," he rushed on, "be a sport an' lemme marry ye! 'Tis crazy I am for ye, gurl—what's it to me if ye have money or no? Only say ye'll have me, an' I'll—" He stopped uncertainly, sensing the coldness of O-neet-sa's silence. When at last she spoke her voice seemed to come down to him from an infinite and chilly height.

"Marry you?" she said. "I no marry nobody, never! Be old squaw, cook an' work-um all time, do what man say? *No!*" She whirled and darted to her mother's tepee, a dim figure flitting from the firelight. The flame gave a last flicker and died to coals. Darkness shrouded the camp, flooded the heart and soul of Jimmy Kane.

He awoke late from a night of broken, troubled sleep to find the forest dripping with rain. The drops beat sullenly on his tent, filled the pools of the river with tiny silver soldiers that leaped and sank and leaped again. Through the open flap he could see them marching by, rank after massed rank, as the wind jostled them from the branches.

Mechanically he crawled from his blankets, slipped on his moccasins and stepped out into the wet. A square of birch bark stuck in a stick by the sodden ashes of the fire caught his eye. He bent over it and read, crudely printed in charcoal on its yellow under side, five words:

"You go sing white squaw."

Only that, and, in the clearing where the tepee had stood the night before, the feet of the rain pattering dismally across bare, deserted ground.

With a heart as leaden as the sky he kindled a fire, the water dribbling from his hat-brim, and cooked breakfast. He ate in sombre silence, glancing downstream from time to time as though hop-

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ing against hope that O-neet-sa's canoe would come swinging around the bend. But only the soggy vista of the woods met his eye, naught but the murmur of distant rapids his ear. She was gone, irretrievably gone again into the wilderness, vanished from his life as mysteriously as she had entered it.

Jimmy set out in a gale.

It was nearly dusk that evening when he reached the post, paddling wearily against the current of the Moose. The factor spied him coming and scurried down to the bank.

"Weel, weel, ma lad, an' how are ye the day? I had a'most gi'e ye up for lost, ye've been so lang awa'. Had ye a good trip, an' are the lungs a' well?"

"Me lungs are right enough," Jimmy growled grudgingly. "'Tis the heart thot's bad."

MacIver eyed him curiously.

"Wha's coom to ye, James?" he asked solicitously. "Ye look so dour an' glum I scarce know ye!"

"Matther enough, Mac. I must be leavin' the woods, goin' back to me job behind the bar. Ain't thot good reason for me looks?"

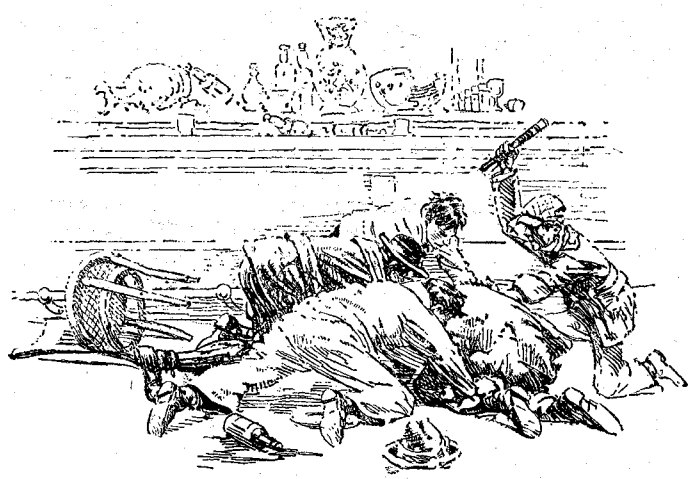
The factor nodded, thinking he understood.

"Aye, I know, James," he answered. "But ye'll be coomin' back ag'in. Once a woodsman a'ways a woodsman, is ma motto. Ye'll stop wi' me the night, o' course?"

"Yis, but no more. 'Tis a long pull to Ottawa, so I'll be leavin' at sun-up. I'm thinkin' the cold will be follerin' on the heels o' this storm."

Jimmy made good his plan for an early departure and, deaf to all MacIver's pleas for a longer visit and efforts to wheedle him into a better humor, set out in a gale that roared chillingly out of the north and whipped the surface of the Moose into racing whitecaps. The woods held nothing for him now. Rather were they something to leave behind as quickly as might be, a place of unhappy memories that crushed his normal buoyancy into a dim and dispirited ghost.

As he went he checked off each recurring landmark dully—the fork where the unknown Indian had sketched the route to Rupert's Post, the cliff whence he had first looked northward toward Hudson Bay, the waterways and portages of his long pull up the southern watershed



They got him at last.

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three months before. So in the end he came to Ottawa, sold his outfit for a pittance, and sought the familiar sanctuary of the Dominion Café.

He pushed open the door and entered the barroom as one returning from the ends of the earth. It was all changed—new tables, new fixtures, even a different clientèle, more well-conditioned than the one he had known.

With a heavy heart he approached the man behind the bar and ordered a drink. Another, and he gathered spirit enough to ask where Antoine Gascoigne might be found.

"How should I know?" the barkeeper responded. "He sold out a month back. They say he went to Quebec, or somewhere. He's a wise one—a stiff price we had to pay him for the place, me partner an' me."

"Would ye be wantin' a good barkeep, wan o' the best? I worked here in the old days," said Jimmy wistfully.

The other shook his head.

"A bouncer, then?"

Again a negative gesture, arrogant and cold.

Jimmy sighed and downed a third straight whiskey. Deep in his inner consciousness a small coal of resentment awoke and smouldered. What right had fate to deal him this last bitter blow, to take away even his old job and cast him adrift again? Was it not enough to have a broken heart without a shattered pocket-book as well?

He shoved the empty glass across the bar.

"Gimme another o' the same," he growled. The coal was glowing now, the warmth of it buzzing in his head. He drained the fresh glass, set it down, and stared unpleasantly at the barkeeper.

"So Antoine's gone, eh? Thot's a domned shame!"

The new ruler of the Dominion Café caught the insult coiled in the remark but said nothing. Jimmy's anger seethed up and sought a definite objective. He leaned forward truculently.

"Ye look like an Englishman to me, feller. Well, I'm Irish, an' be the powers, the Irish can lick ivery blasted lime-juicer thot iver drew breath! Come out from back o' thot bar, an' gimme a crack at ye!"

"Easy, easy there," soothed the other. "Don't be startin' no trouble here—it ain't healthy!"

"I'll easy ye!" Jimmy shouted, his accumulated emotions finding outlet at last. "I'll learn ye to take me job away, ye bum!" He vaulted over the bar, dodged a swinging bung-starter, and with a wrench and sudden heave sent his adversary sprawling out on the floor.

Instantly the room was in an uproar. Shouts and curses mingled with the crash of overturned furniture as men fought to get out or in. The barkeeper scrambled to his feet and, reinforced by his bouncer and two husky patrons, rushed into action.

"Come on, ye muts!" yelled Jimmy from his fortress. "Take thot—an' thot—an' *thot!*" With each word he hurled a bottle, laying down a barrage of flying glass and liquor. The glory of conflict surged over him, lent deadly accuracy and power to his arm. Here was balm for his broken heart, solace for his injured pride. And havoc, complete and terrible to behold, descended upon the Dominion Café.

They got him at last, wading through the tangle of broken chairs and fixtures to where, red hair flaming defiantly above the wreckage of the bar, he still clutched along empty shelves for more ammunition. By sheer weight of numbers they overbore him, battering him down with feet and fists and table legs. The butt of a billiard cue in the hands of the bouncer caught him flush on the temple, and oblivion, sudden and shot with fiery stars, swept him into an unfathomed abyss.

He awoke in a semidarkness that smelled of whitewash and bare steel. A torment of pain filled his head, racked every atom of his body. Through its torture and from under the bandages that swathed half his head he made out dimly a low, drab ceiling, cement floor, and, beyond, the grille work of a cell door.

It was very still—portentously so, he thought. Presently he caught the sound of stertorous breathing near by and, as his brain cleared a little, distant voices and the shuffle of feet on concrete. As he listened the breathing rose to a gulping snore and subsided. But the voices and footsteps came nearer.

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Jimmy laboriously turned on his side to hear better, and so discovered that he was lying on a cot. Through the bars he could see the growing luminance of a lantern. It came to a focus just out of his range of vision.

The voices were clearly distinguishable now—two men in conversation:

"This Number Thirteen's in a bad way, Jefferson. Unconscious for two days. They must have given him an awful beating. It would have killed most men."

"Think he can stand trial to-morrow, doctor?"

"Absolutely not! Why, it'll be a week before he's able to get on his feet even."

"But, doc, you know what the judge is. He's wild to get the docket cleaned up before the end of the term—and there's two more cases that's come in since this man, both of which are likely to drag out pretty long."

"All right, then, swing 'em in ahead of him. I tell you it'll be little short of murder to put this fellow to trial before we've patched him up. I'm not sure yet that he hasn't got a fractured skull."

So the wheels of the law ground slowly in the case of the Dominion Café, Ltd., *versus* James Kane. Before he faced the bar of justice a full month had dragged by and the pallor of a prison sick-bed had set its stamp upon him.

Yet when the trial did begin it moved swiftly enough. The plaintiff's witnesses and lawyer painted a gorgeously vivid picture of the defendant's arrival in the café, a tattered ne'er-do-well, and his subsequent uncalled-for challenge to the barkeeper. As to the exact sequence of events after that they were forced into generalities, said events having transpired too rapidly to be unerringly recalled. All agreed, however, that the defendant had wrought astounding damage in a short space of time. Decorators and carpenters estimated under oath that the barroom could not be restored to its pristine glitter for less than five hundred dollars, while the proprietors testified that the loss in choice wines and liquors would total at least half of that amount.

Against such an alignment of evidence the defense had little to offer. Jimmy's lawyer, appointed by the court in view of the fact that his client was practically penniless, did his best, arguing at least for leniency on the ground of the exceeding virility of the liquor which the defendant had been drinking. But though the plea was well presented it failed to register.

Despondency brooded heavily over Jimmy Kane as he stood up to receive sentence.

"Have you anything to say?" demanded the judge, glaring balefully from behind his spectacles.

"Very little, yer Honor. 'Tis meself did a power o' damage to the old place, what with the liquor an' the fit that was on me." He hesitated, steadying himself against the rail. Presently he looked up with a pitiful attempt at squaring his shoulders.

"No, yer Honor, I haven't nothin' to say, only this: when a mon's heart is broke he—he—it seems like he don't know what he's doin'."

The simplicity of the words, the depth of feeling that underlay them, brought a sudden hush to the court room.

The judge cleared his throat.

"Have you any—further evidence to present in your defense?"

"No, sir, 'twould do no good. An' besides, it's somethin' just o' me own, somethin' I want to forgit meself."

"Then the law must take its course. I charge you to repay to the plaintiff the sum of the damage you have caused, to the amount of seven hundred and fifty dollars, and to the court the sum of one hundred dollars for disturbing the peace and order of the city. Failing in this, you will be committed to the workhouse for a period of ninety days. Which do you elect?"

Slowly Jimmy's hand slipped into his trouser's pocket and drew out a few small coins. He calculated them hopelessly as they lay in his palm.

"Thot's all I have to me name, yer Honor. I mistrust ye'll have to send me to the——"

At the rear of the court-room a sudden commotion arose, cutting short Jimmy's words. Scuffling and the sharp orders of attendants mingled with a volley of unintelligible but insistent cries. Lawyers, witnesses, spectators turned to see a deerskin-clad figure darting toward them,

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slipping eel-like from hands that sought to detain her, a scarlet feather decking the mass of her straight black locks. She reached the prisoner's rail with a final panther leap and fixed flashing eyes on the judge.

"You—you—*me-én-gan!*" she challenged. "You wan' money? Here, den—*here—here!*" Three small, heavy bags of doe skin fell in quick succession on the judge's desk. The thong which circled one of them slipped and a cascade of yellow nuggets spilled out.

"Dat pay w'at he break—*huh?*"

For a moment she waited defiantly, triumphant in the intuitive knowledge of success. Then she turned to Jimmy, the fire in her eyes softening magically until she hid the telltale meaning of a new light with lowered lids.

"Jeemy," she whispered, "after you go I scare' you ketch-um hurt, so I come w'ere you say you make-um whiskey. I scare' you—you sing w'ite squaw, Jeemy, an' I—I wan' you sing all time—*me!*"

# "As Reported"

BY CAROLINE DUER

"CARELESSNESS? Well—you might say so."
(Thus the master of the road-gang.)
"Here's the most that I can tell you.

"He come driftin' there to th' office
Askin' work until he got it
Down the line with them I-talians.

"Lord knows what had drove him to it—
Him, a man of education—
Spikin' rails along with dagos!

"Well, the second day he joined us
When I yelled to jump for safety
He just kind of grinned and stood there.

"So the train come down upon him.
—Carelessness you'd better make it.
'Tisn't none of our damned business."

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# Gulliver's Travels in Science

BY ROBERT A. MILLIKAN
Author of "Seeing the Invisible," etc.

ABOUT two hundred years ago a famous Irishman wrote an account of the adventures of a hardy British mariner who set forth from the port of Bristol on a voyage of discovery and came first to the Islands of Lilliput and Blefuscu, where lived races of men no bigger than one's thumb, and later to the shores of the land of Brobdignag, where giants dwelt a dozen times the size of Englishmen.

So circumstantial was Dean Swift's account, and so credulous and uninformed the times—for who knew in 1700 what sort of weird beings this as yet unexplored earth might or might not contain—that we are credibly informed that his satire on human society, as he saw it, was taken by the common folk as an actual account of the experiences of one of those intrepid British adventurers who then roamed the seas in quest of new lands, new people, and new wealth.

But now the days of geographical discovery are gone. This little earth has already been explored from pole to pole, from the rising to the setting sun, and the day is past in which men can be fooled by fairy-tales. And yet the spirit of discovery still lives, and is indeed more active than it has ever been in the past. Its equipment is no longer ships and charts, but, rather, telescopes and microscopes, electroscopes, spectroscopes, and interferometers, and, most important of all, an objective, scientific point of view, and a little knowledge of modern methods of mathematical and physical analysis, for these yield results of vastly greater certainty than any which the mere eyes of man can furnish. The evidence of our eyes is about as uncertain as any that we have, for one can see almost anything he wishes with his eyes, even though his habits be altogether exemplary. It is the results seen with the eyes of the mind, especially when they are reached by several quite independent methods, that are most worthy of confidence.

It is with such equipment that the modern physicist and astronomer have set sail on the seas of ether-waves, of radioactivity, of electronics, of relativity, and of quantum-ology, and have come back to the port of Bristol with records more wonderful than those of Gulliver. They have had no need to invent fairy-tales in order to hold interest, for the truths which they have found are more wonderful and more fascinating than any fiction. They have actually discovered, as Gulliver only claimed to have done, new sorts of worlds —worlds the very existence of which was undreamed of a decade or two ago. They have visited, not in imagination but in fact, both the land of Brobdignag and the land of Lilliput. They have found the most gigantic entities which, so far as we now know, exist anywhere in the universe, and at the same time the most unbelievably minute. They have remained long enough in these strange lands to learn much about the habits and the characteristics both of the Brobdignagians and of the Lilliputians—to see something of their social organization and their family life.

I wish to embark now with any who care to follow upon two very brief voyages —"personally conducted Cook's tours"— into these two new worlds, pointing out not merely the sights themselves, but the means by which they have been discovered, for this is, after all, much the more important. And I shall reverse Gulliver's order and visit first the world of the Brobdignagians, and later sail over to the Island of Lilliput. Having, however, no personal qualifications for acting as pilot on this first voyage, I shall make it a very short one, designed primarily to furnish a basis of comparison with the submicroscopic world which will be visited later.



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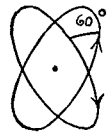
In order to make it possible to visualize the magnitudes involved in this world of giant dimensions, I shall ask the reader to take a nibble from the side of the mushroom which Alice ate in Wonderland when she wished to shrink to any desired size. Only I shall wish to greatly outdo Alice and cause a shrinkage to one ten-billionth



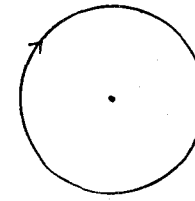

Helium.

A hypothetical picture of the helium atom—a nucleus consisting of four positive electrons held together by two negatives, thus leaving two *free* positives on the nucleus to hold two negatives as satellites revolving in orbits which may be inclined at 60° as shown.

of our present dimensions. This makes the earth about one millimetre in diameter, as big as a small pin-head—never mind what happens to us men and women in this shrinking process; it will be a wholesome experience to contemplate our vanishing importance—and our nearest neighbor, the sun, becomes a body ten centimetres in diameter, the size of an ordinary California orange, which is found ten metres (thirty feet) away. The planet most remote from the sun, Neptune, becomes a body as big as a buckshot, three millimetres in diameter, a thousand feet distant from the orange, and circling around it once in one hundred and sixty-five years. Such is the solar system when shrunk to one ten-billionth part of its present size. Imagine an orange on the top of the Eiffel Tower, and eight small specks, from the size of a caraway seed to that of a pea, rotating about it at distances of from ten to a thousand feet—the height of the tower itself. Little wonder that with this immense ratio of empty space to volume occupied by matter, the planets scarcely exert appreciable influences upon one another, much less are in danger of colliding. If we tried to represent Neptune's orbit by a circle of diameter equal to the width of this page, the sun itself would be the smallest visible speck at the centre and none of the planets could be seen at all.

And the sun's nearest neighbor, Alpha Centauri, four light-years away, where is it in this shrunk universe? If the sun is placed in New York, this star would be represented by another orange at about the distance of Denver—no chance at all to bear the market because of the prospective drop in values which might result from a collision between these two systems. Their chance of coming, in any finite time, into any region influenced by each other is practically zero.

But how do we know these stellar distances? By straight triangulation, using the diameter of the earth's orbit as a baseline. This method brings from a hundred to a thousand stars within our reach, and enables us to peer out some two hundred light-years into space. Then the angles become too small to measure accurately, and new means of obtaining stereoscopic vision into the outer reaches of the stellar universe must be invented. Two or three of these have been found within the past two decades, and as a result astronomers are now in substantial agreement that stars do not keep on studding space everywhere as densely as they stud it in the stellar regions in which we are—but, rather, that if one goes out a thousand times as far as from Los Angeles to Chicago in our shrunk scale, and in a direction at right angles to the plane of the milky way, the number of stars in a given volume would have fallen to one one-hundredth of its value where we are, little though that be; and that in the plane of



Hydrogen.

The hydrogen atom as most physicists now conceive it—a nucleus consisting of a single positive electron which has a mass eighteen hundred and forty-five times that of the single negative electron which revolves in an orbit of diameter at least one hundred thousand times the diameter of the nucleus.

the milky way the same diminution in the density of the studding of space by stars is only reached after going out some six times farther still, or thirty thousand light-years. In other words, the stellar

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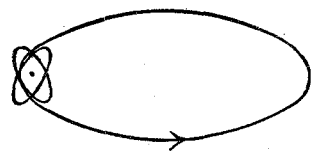
universe has its fifty billion stars—an uncertain estimate—distributed in a grindstone-like figure which is five or six times thicker in one direction than in that at right angles to it, and our little one-millimetre earth is somewhere near the middle of this figure.

And not only have we reasonably reliable estimates of the dimensions of the land of Brobdignag, but we know something about the characteristics of the Brobdignagians themselves. Thus they all grow to about the same size as measured by mass or weight. Any freshman in the California Institute can compute from the centrifugal laws the mass of a pair of equal double stars, if he is given their distance apart—directly measured—and their period of revolution—directly observed. There are immense numbers of double stars, so that the masses of great numbers of stars are known with certainty by this method, and others also are estimated by less reliable ones. The net result of work of this kind is the fairly certain knowledge that most of the stars have masses which do not differ very much among themselves, some being five or ten times heavier than their fellows, but rarely exceeding this.



Lithium.

A hypothetical picture of the atom of lithium—a nucleus containing always three *free* positive electrons, in some atoms three negatives holding six positives, in others four negatives holding seven positives. Two of the three negative satellites are arranged as in the helium atom and the third, according to Bohr, in such an orbit as is shown.

Also, as all the world now knows, the linear dimensions of some of the nearer stars have not only been known for some years through the computations of the theoretical astronomers, but quite recently these dimensions have been very directly measured at Mount Wilson by Professor Michelson and his associates. One of the most interesting and significant features of this whole development is that two completely distinct methods of getting at the diameters of stars have been devised, and that they yield results in wonderfully close agreement. It is such agreements by totally distinct methods which give us confidence in the findings of modern physics. Indeed, few results are considered as established by scientists until such checks have been applied.

One of these recently measured Brobdignagians, Betelgeuse,* has a diameter two hundred and fifty times that of the sun, and another twice as big again, about four hundred and fifty million miles. Now combining this knowledge with the fact that the masses are probably not more than twenty times that of the sun, any high-school boy will see that their densities cannot be more than a millionth part of the density of the sun, which would mean about a thousandth part of the density of the air about us. A body would then encounter not a thousandth part of the resistance in moving through these giant stars as in moving through our air. We can then imagine the biggest of these Brobdignagians as monstrous puffy, flabby gas-bags, with almost no body at all—in a very literal sense mostly hot air and very little of it at that, though *very hot*.

And in all this stellar universe our spectroscopes reveal the same sort of chemistry which we find on our earth, precisely the same elements, no serious indications of any more or any less, though there are indeed found in these stellar spectra a very few lines which have not yet been identified with known elements.

Now, having visited thus briefly the newly explored world of colossal dimensions, let us return to the port of Bristol and equip ourselves for a visit to the world of the infinitely small. In order to visualize this world we must take a large-enough bite from the other side of Alice's mushroom, not merely to swell the ten-billionfold necessary to bring ourselves back to normal, but to keep on swelling until we reach a scale of dimensions ten billion times bigger than the normal. It is fortunate that it is exactly the same factor which we need. I should like, however, to stop in the swelling process at ten million times just a moment, because that brings the molecules of the air up to

* See "Giant Stars," by George Ellery Hale, in *Scribner's Magazine*, July, 1921.

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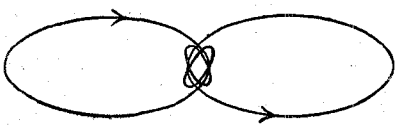
the size of the earth in our former scale, that is, it makes each molecule a millimetre in diameter. If, then, we swell our dimensions ten million times, we see the air about us full of rapidly flying and eternally colliding objects, as big as pin-heads. If you ask just what is meant by a molecular diameter, and how we know they are just so big and no bigger, I answer that we mean by the diameters of molecules the mean distances between their centres at the instant of collision, when they fly apart in the eternal ricochetting which they are doing against one another in the process of agitation, which, as we believe, determines their temperature.

I am also willing to anticipate a bit and to say that the reason they thus fly apart is doubtless that there are negative electrons in the outer regions of the molecules, and that these repel one another and drive the molecules asunder as soon as the outermost ones in two different molecules have come sufficiently close together.

I will also say that we can measure these mean distances of approach, these diameters, in three or four different ways which are in excellent agreement. One of



Beryllium.

The atom of beryllium, according to Bohr—like lithium, save that the nucleus always had four *free* positives, in some nuclei six negatives holding ten positives, in others seven negatives holding eleven positives. The four negative satellites are arranged in orbits, two at the centre as in helium and two outside as shown.

them consists in measuring the diffusion coefficients of gases, for it will readily be seen that if the molecules had no dimensions they could never collide at all, and hence that hydrogen, for example, would diffuse from one part of the room to another at a rate which would equal the velocity of thermal agitation of its molecules. This has the huge value of a mile a second. But hydrogen actually diffuses very slowly; for, because of the fact that the molecules are not mathematical points but occupy finite volumes, each one collides with another at ordinary pressures, before it has gone the five-thousandth part of a millimetre, so that the process of wandering from point to point is a very slow one. It is clear, then, that, other things being equal, the rate of diffusion is big when the molecules are small and small when they are big, and that we can thus get a comparison of molecular diameters by diffusion experiments. We actually get a much more accurate one by viscosity measurements, as applied to gases. In these ways we have measured fairly accurately molecular diameters, and have found them all of the same order of magnitude, some molecules having diameters as much as three or four times those of others, but a sufficiently satisfactory mean is the afore-mentioned millimetre, in a world which has been swelled ten million times.

Also, I think that every one now knows that we can count the number of these molecules in any given volume, or in any known weight, of any homogeneous substance, with even more certainty than we can count the population of a city or a state. For example, the molecular population of a cubic centimetre of ordinary air is exactly 27.05 billions of billions. It ought to be common knowledge, too, that such counting became possible through the very accurate measurement, a few years ago, of the ultimate unit of electricity, the electron; for as soon as this is known, the number of atoms of hydrogen evolved at the cathode in electrolyzing water is found very simply by dividing the total quantity of electricity which has passed through the solution in the electrolyzing process by this value of the electron, and so on with any other substances.

For a goodly number of years we have been able thus to sail around the Islands of Lilliput and Blefuscu, to count their approximate number and to measure their sizes, but until very recently we have been wholly unable to get even a peep inside. About twelve years ago, however, we began to learn how to gain admission, and to see with much clearness what kind of beings inhabit there and something of what they are doing. In order to obtain perspective in this vision, it will be necessary now to continue the swelling process up to the ten-billionfold point, a thousand times farther than our last stopping-

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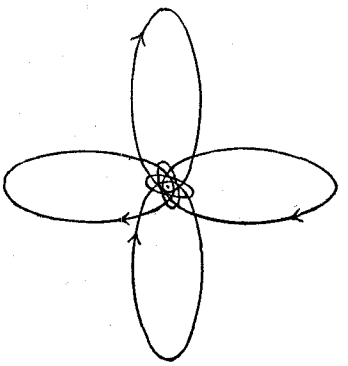
place. This makes each of these atoms a thousand millimetres in diameter, or about three feet, with some of them having two or three times this size. And, looking inside, one sees in every atom a definite number of negative electrons studding its outer regions. For our present purpose these electrons may be thought of as mere point charges, centres without appreciable dimensions from which radiate electrical forces. I scarcely need to repeat here the fact that we have been able to pick out these electrons one by one from the atoms, to measure separately the charge of each by catching it upon a minute oil drop and measuring the pull of a given electrical field upon it; that we have always found precisely the same charge associated with each one of them, no matter from what kind of an atom it had come; that we have also measured the inertia or mass of each negative electron by a method which one would naturally employ in measuring inertia, namely, that of shooting it, with a known velocity, past us and exerting a pull upon it by another electrical charge of known strength, and measuring how much it is bent out of its rectilinear path by this known force; that the result has always been that the mass of each negative electron is the same as that of every other one, and that it is extraordinarily small, about one two-thousandth the mass of the hydrogen atom; that we have found that only *negative* electrons are located in the *outer* regions of the atoms, for we can knock them off by blows, or distil them out by heat, or jerk them out by X-rays, and it is always negatives which thus come out, never positives.



Carbon.

The carbon atom, according to Bohr—a nucleus holding six *free* positives, in this atom six negatives always binding twelve positives. Of the six satellite negatives two are precisely as in helium, save that the stronger nuclear charge holds them closer in, while the four outer orbits have tetrahedral symmetry, as shown.

On the other hand, as soon as we have found that negative electricity exists inside of atoms, and that it is made up of a definite number of discrete electrical units, negative electrical atoms, so to speak, all exactly alike, we know at that moment with entire certainty that there must also be somewhere within the atom exactly the same number of discrete positive unit charges, positive electrons, for we have made direct experiments which demonstrate that ordinary molecules of air, for example, are completely neutral in very strong electrical fields, so that each negative electron within the atom must be neutralized in the very nature of the case by an equal discrete positive charge. The question then arises, where are these positive electrons. They concealed their presence for a long time, until about twelve years ago. But then we began to see them, and now we know with much certainty that they are all in the *nucleus* of the atom, in a very small object at the centre which may be likened to the sun of our solar system because it is the attraction between these positives in that nucleus and the negatives outside, which holds the latter in the outer regions of the atom, just as it is the attraction of the sun which holds the planets in their places.

But we have also gone much farther and measured with no little certainty the *volume* of this central nucleus. This has been done by shooting alpha rays of radium through air, for example, and photographing the tracks they make. These alpha rays have had their charges measured and their inertias, as have the negative electrons, and their masses have thus been found to be eight thousand times that of the negative electrons, so that these latter have no more deflecting influence upon them as they plough through atoms than a fly would have upon a cannon-ball. Our photographs (on page 584) show that these alpha rays shoot through tens of thousands of atoms without being

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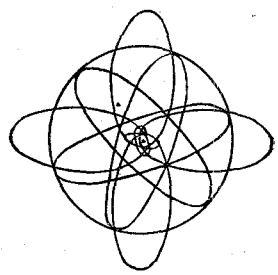
deflected from their straight-line paths at all. But if we follow these paths, as we can in our photographs, we find that they do not go on in straight lines indefinitely, but occasionally they come to a real obstruction, and are either thrown completely back upon their paths or are deflected off at a sharp angle, as shown in the figure. In other words, there is something within the atom which has a mass comparable with that of the alpha rays themselves, and which therefore refuses to let them pass. By counting how many atoms the alpha ray passes through before, on the average, it hits one of these



Neon.

The atom of neon, according to Bohr—a nucleus holding ten *free* positives, in some of the nuclei ten negatives binding twenty positives, in others twelve negatives binding twenty-two positives. The orbits of the ten negative satellites are supposed to be as in carbon, with the addition of the four circular orbits shown. Since neon is the first inert gas above helium, there appears to be room for but eight electrons in the outer shell of any light atom.

impenetrable portions, we can see at once that we can obtain a good estimate of the size of the ratio of the impenetrable portion to the penetrable; that is, we can determine what fraction of the volume of the atom the nucleus occupies. *The biggest nucleus that has been measured in this fashion has a diameter not more than one ten-thousandth of the diameter of the atom.* To visualize what this means, go back to the picture of the atom swelled ten billion times, until it is about one thousand millimetres (three feet) in diameter. At its centre is a nucleus not more than a tenth of a millimetre in diameter, a mere pin-point, so small that it could scarcely be seen by an eye two feet away peering into the atom. The ratio of volumes of unoccupied to the occupied regions inside the atomic system is actually bigger than that in the solar system, very much bigger. The earth is a hundred solar diameters distant from the sun. The most remote planet is no more than three thousand solar diameters away from the central body. The most remote members of this atomic system are distant ten thousand and possibly one hundred thousand times the diameter of the central body of the system, so that there is plenty of room within atoms for very many non-colliding electrons—more room than in our solar system for its multitude of non-colliding planets and asteroids. These are not fairy-tales. They are results with which every physicist who has looked over the evidence will agree.

But how many electronic inhabitants has each one of these Lilliputian worlds? This much is obvious at the start, that the number of negatives in the outer regions of each atom is necessarily equal to the number of free or unneutralized positive electrons in the nucleus holding the negatives in place. But we can go still farther. It is one of the most beautiful discoveries in modern physics that has shown us how to take the next step and to make the actual count. Barkla and Moseley, in England, both got the result by different methods, and found themselves in substantial agreement. The former counted the number of negatives in the outside, the latter, with much more certainty, the number of free positives on the nucleus. Their result is now a matter of common knowledge, for who has not heard that their count fixed the number of different elements in our world, probably in our universe also, at just 92? And that these elements differ from one another only by the number of negatives in the outer regions, or of free positives on the nucleus, this number being 1 in hydrogen, 2 in helium, 3 in lithium, 4 in beryllium, 5 in boron, 6 in carbon, 7 in nitrogen, 8 in oxygen, 9 in fluorine, 10 in neon, and so on up to 92 in the heaviest known atom uranium? And there are not more than three or four vacancies in this whole series, which vacancies correspond, no doubt, to as yet undiscovered elements. Further, who has not now caught the significance of this discovery and seen that the chemical properties of a given element, its combining powers with other elements, are determined, solely, by

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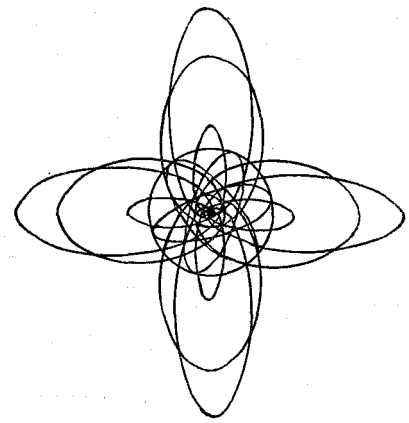
this number of negative electrons which can be held by its nucleus, in other words, by the free charge upon that nucleus? It is a wonderful story that these mariners to the land of Lilliput have thus brought back. It gives an extraordinary insight into the subatomic world, and makes that world look much simpler than men even *dreamed* a very few years ago that it could be.

Our vision, however, can now extend even farther than this, into the inmost depths of the atom. For the succession of steps from 1 to 92, each corresponding to the addition of an extra free positive charge upon the nucleus, suggests at once that the unit positive charge is itself a primordial element, and this conclusion is strengthened by recently discovered atomic-weight relations. Prout thought a hundred years ago that the atomic weights of all elements were exact multiples of the weight of hydrogen, and hence tried to make hydrogen itself the primordial element. But fractional atomic weights, like that of chlorine (35.5) were found, and were responsible for the later abandonment of the theory. Within the past five years, however, it has been shown that, within the limits of observational error, practically all those elements which had fractional atomic weights are mixtures of substances, so-called isotopes, each of which has an atomic weight that is an exact multiple of the unit of the atomic-weight table, so that Prout's hypothesis is now very much alive again.

So far as experiments have now gone, the positive electron, the charge of which is of the same numerical value as that of the negative, and which is, in fact, the nucleus of the hydrogen atom, always has a mass which is about two thousand times that of the negative. In other words, the present evidence is excellent that, to within one part in two thousand, the mass of every atom is simply the mass of the positive electrons contained within its nucleus. Now the atomic weight of helium is four, while its atomic number, the free positive charge upon its nucleus, is only two. The helium atom must therefore contain *inside its nucleus* two negative electrons which neutralize two of these positives and serve to hold together the four positives which would otherwise fly apart under their mutual repulsions. Into that tiny nucleus of helium, then, that infinitesimal speck, not as big as a pin-point, even when we are in a world which has been swelled ten-billionfold, so that the diameter of the helium atom, the orbit of its two outer negatives, has become a yard, into that still almost invisible nucleus there must be packed four positive and two negative electrons.



Argon.

The atom of argon, the next inert gas to neon—eight *free* positives have been added to the nuclear charge of neon, and the same number of negative satellites have formed a new shell about the neon atom. The nucleus here consists of either thirty-six or forty positives bound by eighteen and twenty-two negatives respectively. The foregoing numbers are all definitely known, but the orbits represent merely Bohr conception.

By the same method it becomes possible to count the exact number of both positive and negative electrons which are packed into the nucleus of every other atom. In uranium, for example, since its atomic weight is 238, we know that there must be 238 positive electrons in its nucleus. But since its atomic number, or the measured number of free-unit charges upon its nucleus is but 92, it is obvious that (238 − 92 =) 146 of the 238 positive electrons in the nucleus must be neutralized by 146 negative electrons, which are also within that nucleus; and so, in general, *the atomic weight minus the atomic number gives at once the number of negative electrons which are contained within the nucleus of any atom.* That these negative electrons are actually there within the nucleus is independently demonstrated by the facts of radioactivity, for in the radio-

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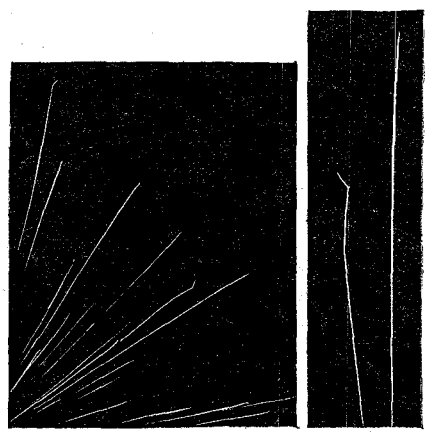
active process we find negative electrons, so-called beta rays, actually being ejected from the nucleus. They can come from nowhere else, for the chemical properties of the radioactive atom are found to change with every such ejection of a beta ray, and change in chemical character always means change in the free charge contained in the nucleus.

We have thus been able to look with the



Photographs of the tracks of alpha particles of radium plunging in straight lines through twenty thousand atoms of nitrogen and only here and there coming near enough to any obstruction—the nucleus of an atom—to be deflected by it. This sort of experiment makes it possible to calculate the diameter of the nucleus, which is thus found to be less than one hundred-thousandth of the diameter of the atom.

eyes of the mind, not only inside our atoms a metre in diameter in the swelled world in which we now are, but even inside the mere pin-point of a nucleus at the centre of that atom, and to count within it just how many positive and how many negative electrons are there imprisoned, numbers reaching 238 and 146 respectively in the case of the uranium atom. And let it be remembered, the dimensions of these atomic nuclei are about one-billionth of those of the smallest object which has ever been seen or can ever be seen and measured in a microscope.

But what a fascinating picture of the ultimate structure of matter has been presented by this voyage to the Lilliputian land of the infinitely small. Only two ultimate entities have we been able to see there, namely positive and negative electrons, alike in the magnitude of their charge, but differing fundamentally in mass, the positive being eighteen hundred and forty-five times heavier than the negative, both being so vanishingly small that hundreds of them can somehow get inside a volume which is still a pin-point after all dimensions have been swelled ten billion times: the ninety-two different elements of the world determined simply by the difference between the number of positives and negatives which have been somehow packed into the nucleus; all these elements transmutable, ideally at least, into one another by a simple change in this difference. Has nature a way of making these transmutations in her laboratories? She is doing it under our eyes in the radioactive process—a process which we have very recently found is not at all confined to the so-called radioactive elements, but is possessed in very much more minute degree by many, if not all, of the elements. Does the process go on in both directions, heavier atoms being continually formed, as well as continually disintegrating into lighter ones? Not on the earth, so far as we can see. Perhaps in God's laboratories, the stars. Some day we shall be finding out.

Can we on the earth artificially control the process? To a very slight degree we know already how to *disintegrate* artificially, but not as yet how to build up. As early as 1912, in the Ryerson laboratory at Chicago, Doctor Winchester and I thought we had good evidence that we were knocking hydrogen out of aluminum and other metals by very powerful electrical discharges in vacuo. We still think our evidence to be good. Certainly Rutherford has been doing just this for three years past by bombarding the nuclei of atoms with alpha rays. How much farther can we go into this artificial transmutation of the elements? This is one of the supremely interesting problems of modern physics upon which we are all assiduously working.

Another fascinating problem! Are the electrons which are held in the outer regions of the ninety-two atoms stationary, or do they revolve in orbits like the planets and asteroids of the solar system about their respective nuclei? We cannot yet answer this question with cer-

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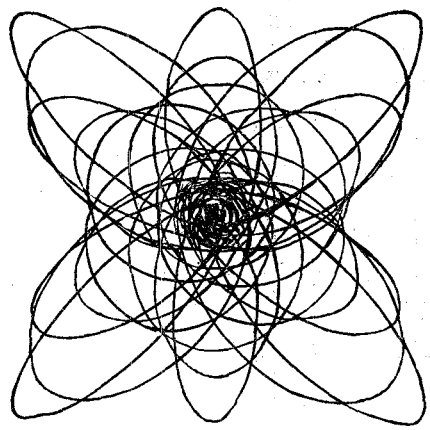
tainty, but the orbit theory seems at present to be getting the better of the argument. Certainly the wonderful work of Epstein, of the California Institute, in which, by simply applying the theory of perturbations to assumed orbits, he predicted the exact positions and characteristics of all the dozens of spectral lines formed when hydrogen or helium are stimulated to emit light in a strong electric field, is the strongest possible support for the orbit theory.

On the accompanying pages are given the hypothetical orbits in which the electrons, according to Bohr, Nobel prize-winner of 1922, revolve in certain types of atoms. These are the best pictures that we now have of the way in which the electronic inhabitants of the land of Lilliput spend their time.



Hypothetical orbits in which electrons revolve.

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# Wet Beaches

BY GEORGE STERLING

WIND'S forth and ocean calls,
But we must meet between four walls.

I wish it need not be—
That I, a faun o' the foam,
And you, whose dryad home
Were in an ancient tree,
Instead might first clasp sunburnt hands and race,
Nothing to grieve for, nothing to teach,
Down half a mile of ocean's lonest beach;
That you might run with me,
Nothing to ask for, nothing to learn—
Only the tireless pace,
Only the sure, taut, swift
Feet that flash and spurn,
And your wild hair adrift

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Across the mallow face
And the hard loins' grace.
To run along the foam-line, hand in hand,
And see our snows' reflection in the sand,
As the sun made us marble, and the wind
Veined it in blue!
Not then to hear
The laugh when two have sinned—
Only the white sea-bird,
Across white waters heard,—
Only the deep, long, true
Breath, and our eyes' clean, clear
Gaze on the northern dune.
A running done so soon—
Would that be sweet to you?

Shut eyes! Feel the cold wind flow past!
Run, but however fast
The flight may be
By this imagined sea,—
However swift the race,
Something outran us: feet that left no trace
Went by to beaches that we shall not know,
And that sea's snow
(Ah! faster, dear!)
Melts never to a tear.
Star-topped the goal-posts glow,
And those immortal feet
That wing our dream
(How swift they flow!)
Shall pass the world's extreme,
Forever victors and forever fleet.
Even the dipping swallow
May never follow,
Nor the salt air
That happy travelling share.
We run in Time, who have so far to go.
See, the sands end;
The cliffs are tall before us, shining friend.
Delay! Look back!
The waves have left us not a track
Of all we made.
So then, you to your glade,
I to my home,
Beyond the eternal, unabiding foam.
A quick farewell—good-by,
O beautiful and shy,
Whose calm lips have not stirred
Even to one grave word!

The surf calls,
But we have met between four walls.

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# Jonah's Whale

BY McCREADY HUSTON

Author of "His," "Fairer Greens," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GLEN MITCHELL

WHERE the Pike hesitated at the height marked by Dunbar's Camp and the Great Meadows, just before falling like an unrolled bluish ribbon to the county town six miles below, the cabin of Hence Middaugh hung like an ancient nest to the rocky face of the mountain. Just off and above the main-travelled highway from Baltimore to the West the cabin, from its experience of antique times, viewed unmoved the unending stream of modern luxury that flowed past it. Though Middaugh, its holder by inheritance, made a concession to the present by a decrepit Ford that he had salvaged from a ravine, whither it had pitched crazily on a night of wild cries and insensate cursings from its pinioned occupants, he spent much of his time spelling out laboriously by the light of an oil lamp the tales of the stage-coach days in which his father, Welcome Middaugh, had figured as a daring driver.

Another concession to progress was Middaugh's needful unerring and exacting care in concealing the source of the moonshine that he vended upon his own terms among a trusted circle of professional men from the county seat. It was upon a matter of this business of Middaugh's that he and his daughter, Jenny, had first come within the peculiar and stealthy scope of McClelland Whipkey.

Standing in the low-ceilinged, whitewashed kitchen, upon the plank floor of



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which hens stepped delicately, Whipkey had come down to business with the hawk-faced mountaineer. And before he had left, the immediate business of supply closed, he had looked long and thoughtfully at the dark-haired, sloe-eyed girl who, in bare feet, was busying herself at the stove. That had been three years ago and now Jenny Middaugh, transformed into a town-wise stenographer by the curious, rapid processes of a business college down the mountain, had come to know, approximately, her worth to the rather ponderous lawyer who paid her bills—in cash—and who sat, so often, with her father in the kitchen.

Middaugh had not been victimized. With a glittering old eye measuring the rifle that lay in its rack beside the door, he stated, on this September afternoon, his ultimatum as Whipkey revolved a thick tumbler in his hand across the red-covered table.

"You and Jenny oughta get married."

Whipkey, eying him calculatingly, decided there was nothing immediately disturbing in the old man's inflection.

"These things take time. I must make arrangements. Jenny has nothing to worry about. She knows that."

Whipkey's voice was that of a man forced to phrase difficult, unfinished thoughts. There passed a long silence in which the girl, glowing, transformed into something, if strikingly artificial, still lovely to behold, came and stood beside Whipkey.

"I'm not judgin' you," continued the father. "I was on the mourners' bench ten nights at the Big Savage meetings last year. If I hadn't had conviction I might have done different by you . . . before. Meetings are on again now."

He seemed to realize his ending was irrelevant, weak; so, as he reached for the jug, his eye measured the rifle again, and he added:

"Do all things accordin' to law. But . . . I'll see Jenny a lawful wife . . . in the end."

Whipkey glanced up, his face flushed. But before he could speak Jenny put in softly:

"Father is right serious about his religion. Lately he's been restless about me."

Middaugh stopped her with a hand like a talon.

"No hurry; only get things started. I don't hold now with shootin' like I once did. That was before the preacher over on Big Savage showed us what 'Vengeance is mine' meant. He's a right smart preacher; pay you to hear him some time."

The man across the table made a movement of irritation, but feeling Jenny's swift, warning pressure on the thick of his arm, relaxed in his kitchen chair.

Middaugh went on.

"You're a lawyer. Queer how things turn out. Here's my girl makin' eighteen dollars a week in town and goin' to marry a lawyer. But we're not such a long ways off from you either. Middaughs have been good people all along, some of them sharper than you'd think for, considerin' no schools much on the mountain."

Whipkey pushed back his chair and stood.

"What do you say to a little run over the mountain before dark?" he asked, turning to Jenny.

Hence Middaugh ignored the termination.

"My father told me something once—how grandfather he located our place just over the county line. One county is one thing; this county we're in's another. Take a jury in our county; you're a lawyer."

Whipkey turned from the girl and contemplated the man at the table.

"There's some things," the father went on, "that a jury in this county wouldn't convict for; that is, one of their own people from the mountains."

Jenny's laugh broke a century of silence.

"Come on, Clell!" she giggled, pulling Whipkey by the arm.

"The line is just this side o' the water-in'-trough," remarked Middaugh, as they moved toward the low door. He followed them to the top of the flight of wooden steps that led to the yard.

"Some things that might happen this side o' the line wouldn't be counted much," he added, as Whipkey put the roadster into gear at the gate.

When the car had disappeared around Turkey Nest bend Middaugh went slowly back to the table, sat down, and opened the Bible.

Sitting in the living-room of his house on Front Street, Whipkey listened to his

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*Drawn by Glen Mitchell.*

It was upon a matter of business that he and his daughter, Jenny, had first come within the peculiar and stealthy scope of McClelland Whipkey.—Page 587.

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wife walking in their room above his head and wondered why she didn't come down. He had chosen this evening to settle at least one thing with her. He wanted to get it over and be gone. Irritated because, instead of coming into the front room and sitting quietly while he told her, she had gone up-stairs after dinner, he had difficulty remaining quiet.

He had been irritated by her prolonged stay in the kitchen after the meal. She was one of those women who can afford servants, but never think about help as something touching them personally. Blanche's life, her husband reflected, was much as it had been for twenty years.

This was different, he admitted, looking around the modernized room. Gas lights had given place to electric lamps with silk or parchment shades, and the furniture, generally speaking, was more comfortable. But Blanche's personal routine was almost unaltered. She was the only housekeeper among Whipkey's acquaintance who still baked bread.

He studied his thin, white gold watch and listened to the tread in the bedroom. The watch, of course, exemplified a change, for he had altered if his wife had not. On his wedding-day he had carried his father's—thick, heavy, scrolled, with a key for winding. Still, the change was largely mental, not physical, he told himself, getting up and tugging at his taut belt as he moved toward a slender gilt mirror. Gray, naturally, with some lines; but, on the whole, not yet a candidate for a place among the middle-aged.

Blanche ought to come down. He turned and faced the hall, half angrily, counting her steps. It was out of reason for her to stay up-stairs so long. Whipkey had not spent an evening at home for weeks, but that fact did not suggest itself as a possible excuse for his wife's failure to appear. She was walking back and forth. She might be, her husband thought, dressing.

With a slow rage rising within him he swung into the hall, intending to stir her with a call; but as he laid his heavy, thick hand on the newel he heard her step on the stairs. At that the man retreated heavily to the living-room and slumped into an easy chair, picking up the evening paper. To appear casual, easy, unintentional, was part of his coarse planning. His eye, however, was not on the printed page but on his wife as she crossed the hall. To his surprise she was dressed for the street.

"You are going out," the man said, trying to conceal his impatience. "I did not know that. I wanted to talk to you."

"This is Wednesday." She stood in front of him, buttoning black gloves, drawing her coat-collar into place. A smile crossed Whipkey's face, but there was no mirth in it.

"I wonder you don't get away from that stuff. I'll bet you're the only woman on Front Street who goes to prayer-meeting."

She ignored that. What her husband thought about her personal movements had ceased to be a consideration a number of years ago. Whipkey studied her from his chair, playing with a gold cigarette-case. She was a fine woman—that was his thought—tall, strong-looking, capable, and with a capacity for goodness; but she was a woman approaching middle age, and her husband in recent years had found himself preoccupied with girls, or at least those who gripped girlhood relentlessly. These, at first, had been chiefly figures of the Big Savage Country Club veranda, where Blanche seldom appeared. But since his familiar presence in the cabin on the mountain had become an established fact he had spent less and less time at the club.

"Well," he said. "I had something to say to you; but if you're going out it's no use to begin."

She moved toward the hall.

"It is about John," he added.

Blanche Whipkey stopped. There was silence for a moment. Then she turned and walked slowly back into the living-room.

"If it is about John, I will stay," she said almost inaudibly.

Whipkey smiled with sudden satisfaction. He took time to light a cigarette slowly and carefully, leaning back in his chair. But, strangely, his pleasure gave way in a moment to a sensation of unreality as he contemplated the quiet figure on the sofa. He seemed to be trying to phrase a first sentence for a conversation with a stranger.

"I just wanted to tell you that my mind is made up. I am going to put the boy in a school."

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He watched his blunt statement sink in. Blanche, her eyes fixed on the figure in the rug, waited, it seemed to her husband, minutes before she spoke. When she did her voice was low but it was without tremor.

"You know how I feel about it. He is only fifteen—a child. But we needn't go over all that. I have felt for some time you were getting ready for an outbreak——"

Whipkey started forward angrily.

"—so I am not unprepared. You want to put John in a boarding-school so you can, eventually, get him away from me. You want him under your control; then, at the proper time, you will . . . get rid of me; but you will have him."

The man was on his feet, flushed, threatening. His wife sat quietly on the sofa, not even glancing upward.

"I didn't say anything about that," he muttered.

"No; you didn't say anything about it. You wouldn't. But what you are thinking of is perfectly plain to me. You want to go with some one, perhaps this mountain girl. I do not know her name."

"Blanche!"

Furious, he laid a hand on her shoulder. She did not wince or even seem conscious of his impulse. He turned abruptly and went back to his chair.

"Or some other person," his wife went on. "But you want John, too; you want him so you can be certain of him."

"Say!" Whipkey reverted to the coarse speech of his origin. "Do you mind telling me why you're opposed to taking this boy out of the town school and giving him advantages?"

"No; I don't mind telling you, if you do not already know. It is because I want to keep him with me, close to me. I want him to be a . . . a believer, always, as he is now. I want him under my guidance. I do not want, I cannot stand, to see him become like . . ."

"Me, I s'pose," the other sneered.

"If you will," the wife answered, inclining her head.

"Well," retorted Whipkey, "you can keep on wanting. I'm telling you what I am going to do. You get him ready, clothes and things; he's going to school and he may be gone a long time."

Blanche rose. She took the rumpled evening paper from the floor and smoothed it, placing it carefully on the table. With her back toward her husband she said, slowly and evenly:

"Clell, you have told me what you intend to do. Now I will tell you what I propose. Let us strike a bargain. I think that's only fair, after twenty years. You leave John with me and make an arrangement so that he will have something, enough for a bare existence. I need nothing—in fact, I would take nothing—from you. But I want him to be assured . . . well, in return, you take your divorce. It is, after all, what you want. I'll do as you say—go to another State if necessary—anything to make it easy. Only give me the boy!"

She turned, confronting him, her hands outstretched. Her husband rose slowly and faced her.

"You want this girl," Blanche added, her face crimson in the lamplight. "You take her. I'm not judging you or her. Only leave John with me."

She was not judging him. Hence Middaugh had used the same words. Whipkey pondered that.

From up-stairs, as they faced each other, came a voice.

"Mother, have you gone? Come up a moment! I've picked up Kansas City again!"

The woman hesitated a moment; then, with a slight gesture of appeal, moved toward the staircase. Whipkey studied the face of his watch frowning.

"I wanted to get this thing settled," he muttered.

"It is settled, so far as I am concerned." Blanche was standing on the bottom stair. "You have my terms. You know they are fair. If you don't take them . . . well, I'll fight. I have given you no cause for divorce."

She was, her husband saw, at the point beyond which he dared not thrust.

"I am going out," he said shortly, taking his hat from the hall table.

"We are used to that," his wife remarked; and, turning, she went slowly up the stairs.

Above, Blanche laid aside her hat and coat. At the door of her son's room she paused, and with a smile regarded the eager face looking around at her from the wireless-telephone receiving-set. She leaned heavily against the door-frame.

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"You're not going to prayer-meeting after all?" asked John, raising one of his ear-pieces.

"No; I decided to stay at home."

Her gaze turned toward the eastern window that looked out upon the mountains. All black they loomed against the starlit sky and far off, on the top, this side of the Notch, stood the diamond point of light that was the Summit House. Somewhere, rushing up the steep turnpike, she knew, was Clell, driving his roadster to the limit toward the cabin of Hence Middaugh.

"Mother!" The young voice recalled her attention.

"What is it, son?"

"George Place asked Mr. Richards in school to-day if he believed about Noah and the ark."

"What did Mr. Richards say?"

"He said he didn't know."

The woman crossed the room and stood beside her son, putting her arm around his shoulders.

"Mother can't talk much to-night. She doesn't feel herself. But, son"—she changed to a different, a strange key—"your father says again you must go away to school."

"Gee! Who'd tie my tie, mother?"

She stroked his hair.

"You have not gone . . . yet. When you do, you will be able to tie it yourself, if I have my way. Let mother listen a while. I like to hear people singing away off."

She took the head-piece, adjusting the receivers to her ears as John turned the little black knobs carefully, using the eraser end of a lead-pencil for the precise gradations he desired. He looked at her questioningly.

"This is Kansas City, the Heart of America," came a rich, conscious voice out of space.

The mother smiled at her son and nodded. He left the knobs.

"The first number on our programme to-night will be 'He Shall Feed His Flock,' sung by. . . ."

The woman reached out and touched the brown hand of the boy.

"This is a miracle, son," she said. "Mr. Richards—teaching science—he might think of it that way."

". . . like a Shepherd," sang the lovely contralto voice, out of space.

At the top of the laurel slope behind his cabin Hence Middaugh paused in his instinctive threading of quiet evening trails and watched the moon rise behind Old Seldom. Fresh from the protracted meeting in the little church six miles away, by Coolspring, he was filled with a grateful sense of rightness and a desire for an even-handed justice. The world, as he looked down upon it, bathed in late summer slumber and calm moonlight, was, as he saw it, perfect. It was, of course, rent with the motor way of pleasure and sin. That disturbed him.

This motor path, he reflected, had encircled, figuratively, his own cabin, far below him there, a single window showing a light toward the dark wall of the mountain on which he stood.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners."

The words of the preacher, standing above the bending, praying penitents, came back to him with the effect of comfort and reassurance. He had not, he reminded himself, walked in the way of sinners for more than five years. At sixty he might easily count on twenty years of grace and works. His people lived to be old. As for the counsel of the ungodly, that troubled him not at all.

His impulse was more and more for a kind of withdrawal from the world, a return to the complete simplicity of the life of Welcome Middaugh. It might require abandonment of the old cabin; that was the difficulty. In addition to the instant aversion to the thought of removing, there was Jenny to be considered. She would never, while she lived at home, consent to be any farther from the motion pictures.

He could manage a withdrawal of his person and his spirit; he knew that. His liquor, increasing in quality with his practice in its manufacture, was bringing satisfactory sums and there was no need for enlarging his market. There was, to Middaugh, no sin or even a moral lapse involved in his business. The Middaugh men had always used the old family recipe and they had all been good men. This new law touched him only vaguely.

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There was only this affair of Jenny's—that, he was determined, should be amended. Once she was settled with her husband he would feel better.

As he stood and pondered he was aware that a motor-car had crept up to his gate below. Whipkey, he decided, was making a belated call. This would be a good time to hurry his movements. If he would get his divorce and marry Jenny matters would be well. The thought moved Middaugh along the path that led intricately down through the tangle to his patch below.

Letting himself into the cabin by the back door he appeared in the kitchen without sound, finding, as he expected to and as he had often found, Whipkey sitting smoking while Jenny thrummed an odd guitar from the South Sea islands, a gift from her lover. Her father, try as he would, had never been able to challenge her interest with the Middaugh fiddle that had hung disused since old Welcome's death. That she should take to this heathen instrument had symbolized his sense of irritation growing out of her town career and her unusual relation to this middle-aged, moody man from the brick buildings known as Chancery Row.

Middaugh hung his old, black slouch hat on a wooden peg behind the kitchen door and regarded the pair, his admittedly beautiful child on one side, her unlawful suitor on the other.

"Great preachin' to-night," he remarked, taking his pipe from the paper-covered shelf. "Great preachin'. If this keeps up we'll have a revival sure. People there from all over."

It was a long speech for the man, except when he was expounding some cogent reasons for his doctrine. Whipkey stirred. He had been thinking about his unsatisfactory interview with Blanche.

"Preachers—they may be holding their own out here in the backwoods, but in the cities some of them seem to be losing their grip."

Jenny hummed to the bass of her guitar a vaudeville song about a gifted colored man from Alabama. Her father held his match to the tobacco, puffing deeply, thoughtfully.

"If their grip comes from on high, how can they?"

"The question is, does it? But anyhow, they can't make the old stuff go down any more with a lot of people. Science has wakened people up."

"Science," ruminated the old man, taking a seat. "I've heard some o' science. There's different kinds, I reckon."

From a note in his voice Jenny took her first notice of his presence. She stilled her chords and turned her eyes on his face as if to seek the answer to some question. Some impulse moved Whipkey to pursue the idea. This mountaineer seemed to be a religious primitive like Blanche. Well——

"Science has upset a good deal of the old notions the preachers have always taught," he threw in, drawing out his gold cigarette-case and looking around absently for the stone jug.

Middaugh scrutinized him through the veil of pipe smoke. In his faded blue shirt, open at the neck, he looked rather clean-cut, efficient. Whipkey, his look arrested, saw Middaugh was flushed with some inner experience. There was something in the air. It would be a good time to tell him some pleasant news.

"I am about ready to arrange things at home," he began. "My wife—she knows how things stand. She has known all along, I guess. She is willing to have a divorce. To make it quick I may have her bring the suit. The judge will appoint a master to hear the case, privately. There will be no publicity."

Middaugh, obviously, was interested. He leaned forward.

"Won't take long, I reckon?" he asked, crisply.

"Not more than a month."

There was silence, broken first when Jenny began again to pass her fingers across the strings of her guitar.

"Who's likely to get that boy o' yours?" Middaugh drawled finally. "The mother, I s'pose."

Jenny laid her guitar aside and reached for a fashion paper that lay on the table. The details she was quite willing to leave to those who comprehended the law's complexities.

Whipkey did not reply at once. The old man's question had stirred again all the anger that he had brought up the mountain from his defeat at the unprac-



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tised hands of his wife. But Middaugh's waiting silence indicated a demand for an answer to the point, so he said:

"She will, if she divorces me. She wants him."

He laughed, without mirth, gesturing impatiently with his cigarette.

"She's a little like you—religious. She's afraid that if I got the boy, if I had anything to do with his education, he'd lose his—well, I reckon you'd call it faith. Of course, it's mere superstition. The Flood and the Fiery Furnace and all that—he believes all that bunk."

Middaugh had let his pipe go out.

"Of course, I want him," Whipkey went on. "Jenny and I couldn't take him when we're married. But I'd put him in a school and from there he'd go to college. He wouldn't be around till he was a man—a lawyer or a doctor. I'd like to make a doctor out of him. He's got a good mind even if she has made him soft."

The man across the kitchen table seemed lost in thought, looking past Whipkey, at the wall behind him.

"This boy," he said, after a while, and his voice was thin and strained; "is he converted?"

"Hell, yes!" came the retort. "He was converted when he was eleven, at a revival in town; the time they had the big tabernacle meetings. He 'hit the sawdust trail'!"

"I remember," said Middaugh quietly. "I went down."

"He's a good boy, bright. You ought to see the radio set he built. But they've filled him up with a lot of junk."

"Junk?"

"Oh, Jonah and the Whale and all that stuff."

Whipkey gestured, dismissing the subject. But Middaugh got to his feet. The other man had never seen him fully erect before. He was astonished at his height. When Middaugh spoke his voice had taken on a new quality; there was boding in it.

"So you don't hold to Jonah and the Whale?"

"No, of course not. Nobody does any more."

Instantly he saw that the old man was on fire.

"You're wrong there! I do! Our preacher does. It's in the Book!"

He leaned across the table and struck the big Bible a resounding blow.

"Oh, well," Whipkey countered; "I'm here to talk business. The divorce'll be in a month. Make your mind easy. Whether I get the boy or not, and it looks like I won't, Jenny and I can be married before Thanksgiving. That's what you want."

He leaned back in his chair, wishing to appear at ease, cursing himself for letting the situation get out of his control. Middaugh partially circled the table.

"You say you and Jenny can get married. Who said you could? Do you think I'm goin' to let my girl marry a scoffer, an unbeliever, a man that sits there and tells me he don't believe in Jonah's whale? You want to take away your own son's belief. You can't take my girl's."

Whipkey, sensing danger at last, got up. His chair fell over with a crash on the bare board floor. Jenny, wiser in mountain ways and more fearful through her wisdom, was flattened against the whitewashed wall by the bedroom door. Her father wheeled upon her.

"In there!" he shouted, his eyes flashing. He commanded her with a dreadful fury, pointing toward the other room. "Get in there, sinner, and stay on your knees, praying God, till I let you out. This is man's business."

The plank door of the bedroom crashed shut and inside a bolt shot home.

"Now," said Middaugh, turning on the man who stood, puzzled but menacing, between the table and the cabin's front door. The father leaned on the table with his hands, staring across. He was breathing noisily; could hardly make the words come.

Whipkey suddenly saw the situation as impossible, ridiculous. He laughed, shrugging his heavy shoulders, looking at his watch.

"If you're going to be a damn fool, I'll be going." He raised his hand, to keep the other from interrupting. "You better take my offer to marry Jenny while you can get it. You'll have a hard time proving anything."

But Middaugh had not heard him. He controlled his breathing and spoke evenly, but in that strange, thin voice.

"Now then, McClelland Whipkey, you and me'll deal fair. You've had your way. I've been square with you. Now you come and laugh at Holy Writ and talk

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about destroying your own son's soul. But you can't do that here; not in this house. You say"—he lowered his voice a tone—"you say that you accept Jonah and the Whale and all the rest, Old and New Testament, water into wine and all that, everything. You say it! The preacher over there to-night he said we had to be ready like the fathers of old to fight for the faith, defend it from such as you. You come to this table and, with your hand on the Book, say that you believe it all!"

For a minute Whipkey stood by the door, studying the other man. He was visited with a peculiar sense of unreality, as though he had acted this scene before. Behind him was the plank door and steps leading down to his car. He had only to open it and step out into the cool, clear night and be gone, over pleasant, moonlight drifted mountain roads. Unaccountably, he saw those mountains now. His hand went out behind him and rested on the wooden latch. Middaugh did not move.

Yet, it was all ridiculous—the dictation of this silly old man of the mountains, with his clack about Holy Writ. Obsessed, as he stood there, with his overpowering advantage in weight and youth, Whipkey drew away slightly from the latch and measured with his eye the distance to the table.

His rush was primitive, headlong. With a prodigal waste of strength he seized the heavy, rough table and sent it, up-ended, high in air, into the corner, where it lay wrecked. Then, with savage might, he let go his heavy right fist.

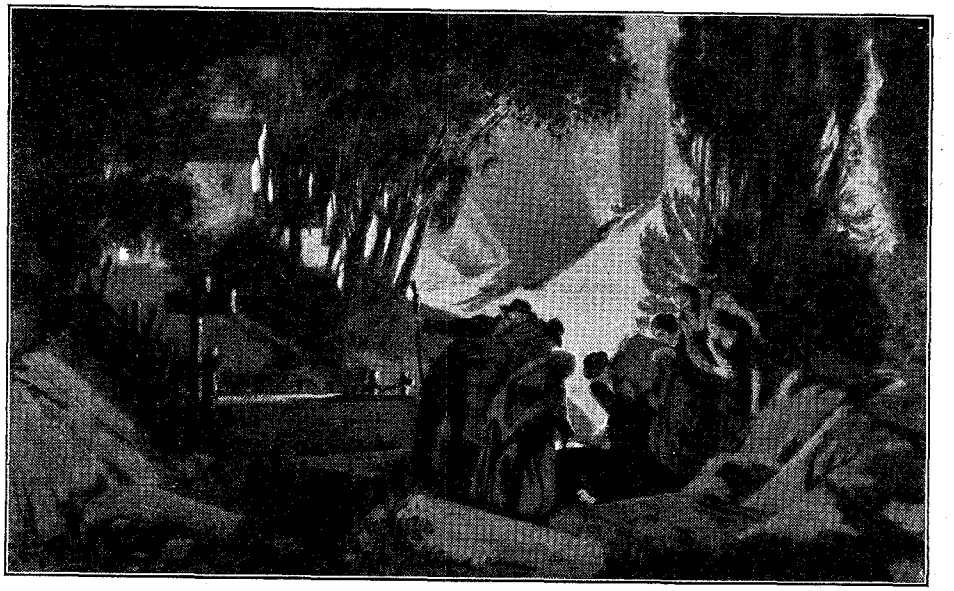
"Damn all that bunk!" he croaked, driving at the place where the stubble on Middaugh's jaw was reflected in the light from the mantel.

But the target of stubble was not there. Middaugh stepped catlike aside and crossed the room in a breath. Overbalanced, Whipkey staggered against the wall and half fell, his face rasping the splintery, whitewashed logs.

That rasping filled him with the most diabolical desire he had ever experienced in a life crammed full of passions. In the chipped-off fragment of a second he visualized with gloating power the fiendish beating he would give this old fool on the other side of the room. He closed his eyes, wishing to enjoy the prospect, his cheek against the splinters.

Then he raised his head and turned around. And what he saw made him suddenly, agonizingly sick.

The body, with a clean hole from a squirrel rifle through the skull, was found on the side of the county line toward the mountains just as you come to the old watering-trough.



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# Czechoslovakia

## AN EMERGING REPUBLIC

BY VIOLA I. PARADISE AND HELEN CAMPBELL

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REVOLUTIONS came thick and fast in Central Europe after the war. The one resulting in the formation of the Czechoslovak Republic was a revolution of propaganda, with its Masaryk in London, its Beneš in Paris, its money raisers in the United States, and its active demonstrations of which way the wind blew in the Czech legionaries on all fronts—all leading to the climax—that day in October, 1918, before the armistice when the Czech people notified the Austro-Hungarian Empire that they had taken the power into their own hands.

How all this came to pass has been told and retold, officially, and by admiring friends. As with our own revolution, where the bold immediate political and martial facts stand out, along with the cherry-tree episode, while the ensuing years when a nation was being built are to many almost unfamiliar, so the building years of Czechoslovakia are less widely known than her actual début as a republic.

The peoples now forming Czechoslovakia went into the war reluctantly, the Bohemians and Moravians—western Slavs—compelled to fight for their oppressors of over three centuries, the Austrians; the Slovaks and Ruthenians—eastern Slavs—for their oppressors of a thousand years, the Magyars. The real Magyars and German Austrians among them were a small minority—not enough to leaven the mass. And by virtue of her oppressed past and of her zealous and clever propaganda, Czechoslovakia wrested from the great powers recognition of her separateness as a nation, and emerged from the war—or rather from the peace—with a mixed heritage: Czechy or Bohemia for the kernel, which previously had constituted most of the industrial part of Austria; agricultural Slovakia, geographically closely related to Hungary, but racially akin to the Czechs; industrial lower Silesia; and the gratuitous addition of Ruthenia, or Podkarpatska Rus.

Yet along with this territorial and industrial wealth fell less welcome heritages—first the inevitable minorities. About twenty-two per cent of the population is German, about five per cent Hungarian. Many of these are reluctantly citizens of the new republic, indignant and disgruntled, having been turned from the ruling class to an alien minority, seeing their former "inferiors" now in the saddle.

The early days of the republic, after the first coup, were days of hard enthusiastic work, as well as of keen statesmanship. The country moved ahead, bit by bit. Came concrete, tangible evidence of its progress—the exchange began to rise. Then, before the end of her second year, up leapt a crisis of the old political color: Charles returned to Hungary. Imagine the breathless watching of that first infant step—the mobilization of the republic's army. Would the wheels go round? They did. Every cartwheel turned without a squeak.

An accomplishment, truly. Yet in a Europe where nothing is final, one cannot close the volume in contentment that "they lived happily ever after." Not that war is on Czechoslovakia's horizon. But her geographic position is not an advantageous one in to-day's Europe. A small country, roughly 54,000 miles, about the size of Illinois, her population is over thirteen and a half millions. She has a plethora of borders, is the centre of



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a ring of poverty-stricken neighbors, playing scarcely a gentle game, not heeding the ordinary rules. And so anything may happen, unless she can consolidate them into something more than a group of treaty colleagues—the present Little Entente. From the domestic view, too, her position shows the ribs of the old divided Europe. Agricultural Slovakia, joined, despite the White Carpathian Mountains, to her western kin, Czechy, by the revolution, is still bound to Hungary by railroad ties; Hungary has been her natural outlet. Now, however, border and customs regulations choke that outlet, and a new system must be built up to provide Slovakia with those avenues to Moravia and Bohemia which the old empire did not provide. The new republic still suffers Bohemia's famous lack of her famous coast. By treaty she must channel a way to the sea.

A Slovak village and its outlying fields, a charming landscape as well as a life-sized relief map illustrating the intensive and mediæval agricultural system.

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The very life of Czechoslovakia depends on her export trade. Though the republic is dominantly agricultural, her industries are extensive and highly developed, the number of her industrial workers—about 2,500,000—running a close second to the 3,000,000 engaged in agricultural pursuits. It is largely upon her industries and her industrial exports that her position of importance in Europe hinges.

This dependence caused a crisis in her fourth summer—a boomerang from incipient prosperity. While the currencies of her neighbors had been tumbling precipitately, that of Czechoslovakia, due to her restraint in printing paper money—for she prints even less than the amount covered by her gold reserve—and to her favorable balance of trade just attained, had been soaring; in about one year had risen from 104 crowns to the dollar to 29. This appreciation of her crown the nation first regarded with pride, which soon became surprised consternation. For prices did not enjoy a corresponding decrease. Outside countries could not afford to buy from Czechoslovakia; orders were cancelled, factories were closed down or run only part time, thousands of men were unemployed, and there was real distress in the land. To aggravate the situation, the lower currencies of Czechoslovakia's neighbors offered more tempting markets. The one advantage she was reaping from the tendency of her crown toward stabilization was an ability to buy raw materials abroad at low prices; which will decrease production costs, and at a later date give her an advantage in competition for foreign trade.

Another subject of urgent concern to this new republic is the agricultural situation. Like every country of Central Europe, she finds the redistribution of land a trenchant domestic problem. All Central Europe has been limping along under the decaying remnants of feudalism, the desirable tracts of land in the possession of rich non-resident owners and administered by managers whose profit depends on screwing a maximum of labor out of the peasants in exchange for a minimum of subsistence. Nowhere in Europe is this old system more graphic than in Slovakia, where the whole countryside is a life-sized relief map illustrating how the land is misworked. The long, narrow strips running up the hillsides, each strip a different color, make charming landscapes for the eye and the canvas, but fail in the large-scale production of foodstuffs, fail even to feed the families who work them. The strength of the old land possession shows itself in the persistence of this wasteful system of land labor in old-world regions which are characterized by highly intensive cultivation. "Every inch is worked," the Bohemians say frequently of their land. So intimately do the fields jostle the roads and railroad tracks that at harvest time even the train passenger becomes almost a part of the field group, and sees clearly the laborious binding of the sheaves. The land-thrifty Czech speaks with distress of the waste of land in Podkarpatska Rus, where the especially evil land system leaves some stretches unused, and much for pasturage that would in Bohemia be sown.

Within seven months after the revolution, the National Assembly of the republic passed the land expropriation law and the land reform act, which prescribes the method of procedure in carrying out the redistribution. This will affect the ownership of about four and a half million hectares,* or about one-third of the country's productive area. Before the revolution 65 per cent of this land was owned by the royal family and the aristocracy. The landlords, except the imperial family and those of the aristocracy who remained citizens of Austria or Hungary after the formation of the republic, receive compensation based on the average values in 1913–1915. Several government officials told us that numbers of proprietors were well content with this expropriation, for they consider the purchase price a fair one. Their desire to sell may also be stimulated by their loss of the incredibly cheap peasant labor with which the old system enriched them.

The execution of these laws is to be slow and gradual. "We wish to avoid disorder in agricultural production and the industries dependent on it that too swift a change in the age-old system might mean," said an official. Indeed, the

* 1 hectare = 2.47 acres.

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changing of landownership by men is no easy matter, and suggests the difficulty of the changing of spots by leopards. Possession goes deep.

Even with the supplementary laws providing for credit grants to capital-less purchasers of land, and for renting on short lease, the unlanded peasant and agricultural laborer is now able to buy very little.

Prague is not only a beautiful museum city of the past, but a busy, growing industrial city, avowedly the pride of the republic.

How the law is working at present can be seen in a sample estate of 1,100 hectares taken over by the state from one proprietor in Slovakia. This has not yet been completely distributed, for poor local harvests have made buying impossible. Meanwhile, the state is working the unsold land. The village in which the peasants live who worked on this old estate under the old system contained about thirty-eight families. Each rented a strip of land from the owner, paying for his rent a stipulated number of days' labor on the landlord's land—usually a hundred days' work for the land, and fifty days' for the cottage in the village, though some shrewder peasant might make a better bargain, and some weaker a worse. In the days that were left in the year the family worked their little rented strip by special arrangement with the landlord, for they must use his implements and horses. The strip was too small to raise a year's food for the family, and therefore, if there were any days not needed by his landlord, or on his own rented strip, the peasant might work for wages, paid on a low scale. The former proprietor of this estate was a typical absentee landlord, lived away from Slovakia, and rented the estate to a manager, who paid his rent out of the proceeds of 240 hectares, and, therefore, had the clear profit from the remaining 860.

Because there is so little land to be divided in this particular unit, portions are sold only to those who already own some land, so that instead of selling to an unlanded family a piece too small to support them, the state sells a small landowner enough to increase his holding to an amount large enough to provide him a living. Ten hectares is the minimum on which a family can live, and the government aims to have the smallest holdings built up to this size. One keen observer of the refashionings in Central Europe, in speaking of the different attempts at land reform, said: "The great change that will

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come about from this distribution of land to the agricultural producer is that more food will be eaten, and less sold."

Yet, although Czechoslovakia has on her hands this complex problem of land reform, despite the heritages of war, despite the infectious economic diseases raging among her close neighbors, one has the strong feeling that the country is on the up-curve, that she is in the way of establishing herself securely. Perhaps the enthusiasm of the people in their new freedom, the psychology of an active patriotism, the many new undertakings of the government for the welfare of its people, create this conviction. It follows you out into the remotest parts of the republic, as well as in the cities.

A main street in Slovakia.

Czechoslovakia has several beautiful cities, her chief treasure Prague, on its shining hills, with its intellectual life, its opera, its ancient university, its lovely bridges, its many noble old buildings, its flavor of centuries of history; yet, unlike so many cities of Europe, not a museum city of the past, but a living city, industrial, growing, creating things—alive; by no means luxurious, but the pride of the republic. The new government retains the good old custom of assisting children from all parts of the nation—even from the remote tip of her new Ruthenia—to make a journey to the capital. Almost any summer day you may see groups of country children being taken about Prague by teachers or officials, seeing its glories and learning its history on the spot.

Very different indeed from anything we have in the United States is the village life of Czechoslovakia. With us nearly all the culture—the theatres, music, civic movements—is centred in the cities. An ambitious American small-town boy goes, as a matter of course, to the city. But in Czechoslovakia the cities, although they are centres of culture, have not, so to speak, cornered the nation's culture. Smaller cities, especially in Bohemia and

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Moravia, have their own opera companies and their theatrical companies, which make frequent trips to the outlying villages.

People belong to their villages here in a way that scarcely exists in the United States. A man who has gone away to a university or abroad for his education, returns in most cases, as a matter of course, to his village and makes his life in it. He is psychologically rooted there. This is true in all parts of the republic for the "upper classes"—excepting always the absentee landlord; and for most of the peasants, except those who have been goaded by poverty to emigrate. It seldom occurs to a peasant, dissatisfied with conditions in his native village, to try other similar districts or to go to the cities. In the case of the Slovak or Ruthenian peasant who emigrates to America, it is usually with the ambition to return with money enough to buy land.

And village life is much fuller than the life on our main streets. As in most of Europe, the farmers do not live on isolated farms cut off by bad roads and weather from their neighbors, but after their work in the fields come back into town and have a real community life there—social, political meetings, dance and song festivals, Sokol entertainments, outings. In one village of only 1,200 inhabitants—a village consisting of a single street and down near the railroad station a malt factory, owned co-operatively by the farmers in the village—was a community building erected a year ago with public funds—800,000 crowns. It had a theatre, lecture-rooms, a well-equipped gymnasium, baths, a large garden, an athletic field, an excellent coffee-house and restaurant, and a number of rooms in which visitors to the village could be accommodated—the whole building modern and attractive. The day we visited this village, a play for children was being given in the theatre, preparations for a Sokol lecture in the evening were being made, in the coffee-house men were reading papers from all over the country, or were playing billiards or chess. The opera from the nearest city was to come the next evening.

This plump little Moravian village was perhaps more prosperous than the average; yet, though such modern and complete community houses are not common, nearly every village has some public centre—usually with the activities of the Sokol or a similar organization for its kernel.

The Sokol is a characteristic Czech organization of sixty years' standing, which makes physical and mental education the basis of its nationalist plan. It

The Slovaks express their artistry in the simple things used commonly; for instance, the hand-woven linen squares in which the baby is carried to church.

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conducts gymnasium classes, theatricals, lectures, and forms a sort of peoples' university. The activities of the Sokol and of the two parallel organizations—one socialist, the other catholic—were no negligible factors in the success of the Czechoslovakia revolution, indeed are accredited with giving the youth of Bohemia, who started into the war with the Austrian army, the discipline and belief in their ultimate independence which made possible the formation of the Czech legions which later fought with the allies.

Of course, as foreign visitors we were given the opportunity of meeting the most interesting people in these villages, and so perhaps we have a tendency to overrate the intelligence and culture of persons presented to us as average citizens. Yet in the essays we made quite unattended into villages selected by chance, we were constantly surprised at the broad range of interests. Once we called on the parents of an immigrant we had known in America. They lived in a village of about 2,000 inhabitants eighteen miles from the railroad. Our host, the village tinsmith, over seventy years old, was widely read and well informed. He discussed the events of the day with a background of wide knowledge, gained not only from newspapers, but from other reading. The Near East question, the personalities of Kemal, of Lloyd George, of Bonar Law, the new American tariff, the geysers in Yosemite Park—these things he discussed with the same vivid realness with which he spoke of the local crops.

We asked this man, as we did many others: "What differences are there in the life here in this village now, from before the republic?" His answer is typical of many: "Now we have our freedom. The schools are in our own language, we are no longer a subject race. But as for any other differences, it is too soon to ask. Living is harder now, the prices are terribly high. My wife, old as she is, must do all her own housework. Before the war we could afford to have the washing and scrubbing done. But a monarchy instead of a republic wouldn't make things any better. It's the war. Now we have our freedom to ease our poverty. In ten years there will be other, more definite things to tell about why life is better in a republic."

He went on to speak of President Masaryk and the deep devotion which the people feel for him. "Even the minorities can't help respecting him. You know, our president has no party of his own, but all parties co-operate with him. That's a recognition of his greatness. He will surely make a plan to straighten things out."

The Slovak villages present a different appearance from those in Bohemia and Moravia, and have a scanter intellectual life. The Slovaks are more Slavic than the Czechs, not having the Teutonic admixture. They are more picturesque, and express a real peasant culture. The thick plaster houses washed with blue kalsomine, the exterior walls decorated in quaint designs, the thatched roofs, yellow corn hanging from the eaves, the well-shaped water-jars on racks before the doors, the houses and school and church often grouped around the village green, snowy geese strutting arrogantly about, women and children gaily and colorfully dressed in unbelievable wide skirts and wide white sleeves and high boots and kerchiefed heads. Perhaps you arrive early Sunday morning. Outside nearly every house the tall boots are being polished for church, children are being dressed. Yet you are cordially invited in, and you find the kitchen spotless and gay, its walls painted with old bright Slovak designs, perhaps the whole upper third of one wall covered with many-colored pottery, more pottery on the rafters. Then you are invited into the living-room, used also as a bedroom, and you may be shown the very best costumes, reserved for great feast-days and weddings; and perhaps the sleeves which the daughter of the family is embroidering for her bridegroom's wedding costume, and that added pride—the great feather beds in varicolored ticks, piled up on a painted chest.

Now that Slovakia is part of the republic, the life of the villages is being broadened, not only through the schools that have been opened, but through the introduction of the Sokol and other activities. A red-cheeked peasant woman in one Slovak village spoke with enthusiasm about the difference between life now and under Magyar rule. "Then our language was forbidden, there were no schools in the Slovak language for our children, our

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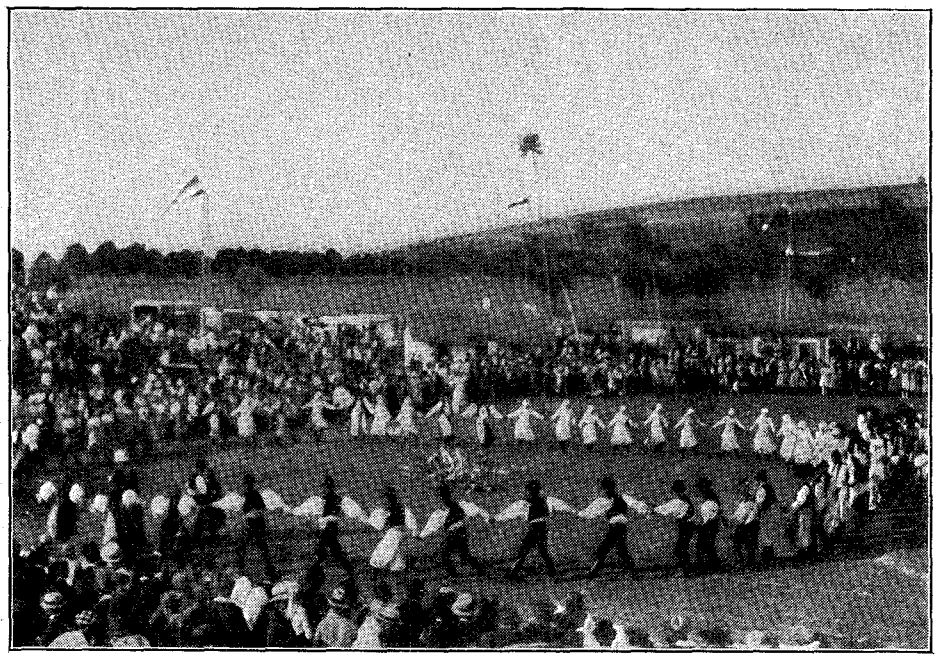
customs were despised. The Magyars in the village laughed at our clothes, and at our embroideries. Now the government at Prague is actually encouraging us to be Slovaks."

It is true that the government is fostering every expression of peasant culture. One instance of this is its subsidy to an an-



Twenty thousand peasants participated in this festival, now encouraged by the republic, at Uherske Hradiste, Moravia.

cient festival held yearly at Uherske Hradiste in Moravia, but to which this year about 20,000 peasants, most of them Slovaks, were enabled to come from all parts of Slovakia and participate, each in the costume of his village. Though it was a definitely government-encouraged affair, the peasants threw themselves into it with all their spontaneity. There were jolly processions, village by village; marriage festivals typical of different villages—but always with a giant stork prancing about—with rude bumpkin fun as well as exquisite dancing.

The government is also encouraging the peasant pottery, peasant embroideries, and other hand-work, by assisting in the organization and sale of such native arts and industries. It is indeed excellent that along with the sanitary reforms which the republic is initiating goes an appreciation of the picturesqueness which such reforms may alter.

"It is a great problem with us now," said Doctor Alice Masaryk, who is head of the Red Cross, "how to retain the beauty and quaintness of these villages, and at the same time to make life more comfortable and sanitary for the people. We are trying not to let too much beauty be sacrificed to sanitation. But, of course, health comes first."

Difficult as the reorganization of Slovakia seems now to be, it is not in this piece of work that the value of the Czechoslovak Republic as a force in the basic rebuilding of Europe is to be assayed. Czechoslovakia has a veritable acid test, Podkarpatska Rus, or Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia as we know it. What the republic does in Bohemia or Moravia politically or economically, is no proof of her regenerating abilities, for as part of the Austrian Empire she was by necessity politically sophisticated, gaining her crumbs by strategy, and economically dominant, having some 85 per cent of the empire's industries. With these in-

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heritances there is no reason why she cannot make something of herself as a nation. Even her controversies with her racial minorities are matters between groups of equal political development, but it is quite a different task to reorganize and administer such a territory as Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia containing a typical oppressed nationality of the old school, subject to Hungary for a thousand years of neglect and to the oppression of the Russian Empire before that. Because of the multiple partitions in this general neighborhood, Ruthenia is now a curiously unattached district. Racially Russian, Ukrainian rather than Great Russian, it is at present not contiguous to any Russian territory and would be only if Eastern Galicia, in which the people are also Ruthenian, becomes a part of Russia. The Ruthenians are without racial or political cohesion, without expressed aspirations; enslaved by a land system that starves them however hard they work and by its companion, acute alcoholism; without an effective tool—not a keen plough nor a mile of well-placed track.

Nevertheless, the Ruthenians were not thoughtlessly parcelled out in Paris to the Czechoslovak Republic, but entered it under as freely expressed a choice as was possible for an unorganized group. A great number of Ruthenian emigrants have gone to the United States from this territory, some 400,000, because of their economic misery. When the fate of their home country, as part of collapsed Hungary, was to be decided at the Peace Conference, it was these Ruthenians in America who took the initiative about the disposition instead of the population still at home and at that time suffering keenly from their exposure to active warfare when the armies crossed and recrossed their fields and villages. A plebiscite was held in the Ruthenian centres in the United States and of the total number of Ruthenians 67 per cent voted for the union of their homeland with Czechoslovakia and only 1 per cent for reunion with Hungary. Following this action the faint political organizations that the Ruthenians had in their three largest towns expressed themselves by resolution in favor of this union, and in consequence the Peace Conference joined Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia to the republic, constituting it as an autonomous unit within the state, providing for self-government through a diet of its own. So the republic, scarcely a year old, was given the unenviable task of administering this neglected territory, unenviable except for the possible valuable results of a successful piece of rebuilding, for the development of Podkarpatska Rus will be a determining factor in Czechoslovakia's relations with Russia when Russia is again hobnobbing over her frontier with her now scandalized, aloof neighbors. Many Czechs express the belief that Ruthenia will then revert to Russia.

The autonomy stipulated by the Treaty of St. Germain had, at the end of 1922, not been put into effect, and the reasons given by the republic to the League of Nations in answer to a protest sent by a political group of Hungarians in September, 1921, explain the difficulties of organization excellently. "Autonomy can be put into effect only by degrees," the republic contends, "for the country is lacking in the elements which are indispensable for self-government." Her plan for remedying this lack emphasizes education and land reform, the latter because 90 per cent of the Ruthenians hold their tiny strips of land on lease from land-powerful Magyar owners who are literally their overlords. Elections under such circumstances would mean re-established political control of the illiterate peasant by the Magyar minority. Meanwhile the interests of the population are being protected by an indirectly elected governing council, advisory to the provisional governor appointed in Prague.

The other remedy is the growing educational system, planned not only to give Ruthenia the educated class which it lacks, but to educate the masses themselves. The Czechs are almost worshippers of literacy, and in Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia the standard is one of the highest in the world. It is inevitable that their aim in Slovakia and Podkarpatska Rus should be for a quick literacy, as they realize the disadvantage in having the nation divided into two distinct groups on the basis of education, the literate west and the illiterate east. Unlike us in the United States, they realize that the way to eliminate illiteracy is to face the fact that it exists, measure it,

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district it, and then attack it from as many angles as possible, not only through the children of school age, but through any group that can be reached officially by the state. For instance, the republic has an educational system in its conscript army. Of the boys who come from backward districts not one is allowed to leave the army until he is literate. We met a Ruthenian youth of twenty who had just come home the previous day from his army service, and was to begin work at once in the local office of the government railroads. This boy grew up in a village which had no school; at fifteen he was taken into the Hungarian army; fought for four years, and, at the inclusion of Ruthenia in the republic, was just at the age for army service for his new government. His only education was received during this military training. That he came out prepared to do office work is partly due to the boy's bent for it, but at least he had his chance for clerical training in those two years. We visited one school in a small town where the addition of a lamp to the schoolroom made an evening school for adults possible, and twenty-two were in the class, some of them women. One man, an illiterate farm laborer of twenty-seven, had gone through four classes in this evening school and was attending a commercial school in a near-by city.

The introduction of a school system into Podkarpatska Rus is not an A B C matter, but involves complications and dearths, especially of teachers and buildings. In 1914 there were, in Ruthenia, only eighteen schools using the language of the people. These disappeared during the second year of the war, and later all teaching was suspended. Many of the schoolhouses were destroyed during the fighting, and at the final collapse of Hungary, the withdrawing troops carried off whatever school equipment was left in the few undamaged schools. But more important a lack is that of teachers. Only a few Ruthenians are equipped to teach, and the training of others is difficult because the language of the territory presents a controversial divergence. The Czech school authorities, surveying this difficulty, find that Ukrainian and a local dialect called Carpathian Russian are the most widely used. Educated Ruthenian "intelligentsia," however, disagree as to the written language, and use Russian,

This hillside, with its narrow strips, shows how urgently needed is the land reform which Czechoslovakia is gradually putting into effect.

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Ukrainian, or Carpathian Russian quite without regard to which of the three they speak. A temporary decision has been made by the school authorities in conference with philologists, but the final decision about the language of the schools is reserved for the diet. To increase the difficulties, the population has not accepted schools as the Slovaks did, joyfully, as a right of which they had been deprived for a thousand years, but in some districts as an instrument of refined torture, so integral a part is child labor of the wretched land system and illiteracy of the normal life. That this attitude is changing is gratifying to the friends of the district, as the educational plan has for its aim the preparation of the people for self-government.

Ruthenia is a many-sided task of organization, a devastated area on which no tourist sympathy has been lavished, still suffering from war bruises and those acute war sequels, epidemics. One chore is the building up of a government medical service, hospitals in a few large centres and travelling hospital units for the villages beyond the hospital radius. Three of these motor hospitals were part of our United States army equipment, given to Czechoslovakia for this work after the war.

The Czechs, though Slavs, come into Ruthenia as an alien power and must create a new relationship between them as a governing class and the Ruthenians as the governed, because their predecessors the Hungarians left a deep-rooted record of class and racial exploitation. Few of the common people understand the change in administration and will appreciate it only if it results in a greater comfort of living. Podkarpatska Rus is indeed an acid test. To be in power in a backward country used to domineering officials and not to domineer, demands restraint seldom exercised in history. The republic seems to realize that much depends on the type of official who is exposed to this temptation. For instance, the notaries, whose duties are of importance to the masses, are being changed in personnel from the former source of exploitation to a source of responsibility and understanding. In general, the administrative force is intelligent about conditions, and in some cases of an exceptionally high grade. One of the principal organizers of the administration, a man of ability and personality, might be

The villages of Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia, newly added to the republic, are full of the dangerous picturesqueness of poverty.

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This Ruthenian village, with its braided fences and characteristic well-sweeps, has progressed from thatched to shingled roofs, but not yet to chimneys.

doing much more comfortable work in Bohemia, but chooses this task, realizing the importance of getting the Ruthenians started off toward efficient autonomy with some useful tools, and having an unassumed appreciation for them as individuals. Of course, most of the officials are there involuntarily, but even so, the spirit is a friendly one. We saw in an eastern town in front of the Greek Uniate Church a Czech army officer repainting and lettering the weather-beaten crucifix. He explained that he was having a holiday, that he was painting quite unofficially, only because he happened to know how and thought the freshening up ought to be done for the approaching mass that brought many hill peasants down to that church.

The land is all that the name implies, a land of beauty on the southern slopes of the Carpathians, high, piled-up snowy mountains; small sharp mountains abrupt from the plain, made to order for the castles that once crowned them, unruined; rolling wooded mountains, frothing with waterfalls. In this land of beauty, pastoral, agrarian, the fold on fold of misery is unexpected. Even the mountain people have lost their share of the proverbial highland pride and have also succumbed to disintergrating despair.

The Ruthenian villages are full of that dangerous picturesqueness of poverty, that quaintness which is sung about but means discomfort, lack of air, light, individual privacy, and space to store supplies. Whether the village is in the floor of a valley or on a hillside there are the regular rows of oblong, plastered log houses with abrupt thatched roofs. Each house faces a neighbor, its narrow end to the street; occasionally there is the house of a returned emigrant, with shingled or even tin roof and a tiny porch. There are fences of braided twigs; tall, gaunt well-sweeps dominate the sky-line like dead forests; mirroring the village life is the inevitable duck pond. Strange even to the western Slav are the wooden churches, crude, natural-colored, primitive as some of the childlike sacred paintings on some of their porches; the bulky bell-towers often standing separate, brown and simple as Giotto's is pink and elaborate. Every inch of the crowded village is used for supplementary farm operations; at harvest time drying corn hangs across the fronts of the houses; flax is piled against the walls, standing high enough to reach



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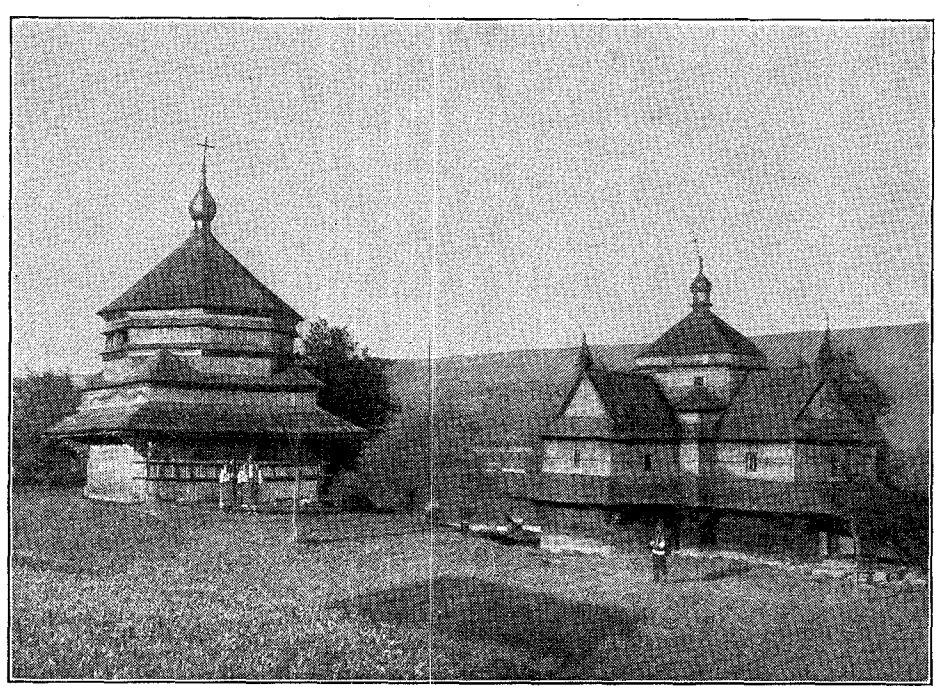
the low eaves of the roofs; inside the houses—dark, floorless, bare—great piles of corn to be shucked take up the whole ground space. At other times the entire family may spread itself out informally into the village lanes preparing the flax for spinning.

There are numberless pictures; maybe the people on the roads, crowds of them in homespun and sheepskin returning from the market next after harvest with their precious exchanges in live stock, tools, or furniture; or at mass on a church holiday where the news of the countryside is gazetted, peasants in their embroidered best, gay in color and decorative design but bulky in line and texture. Always the groups are so mediæval in atmosphere and detail that they seem rather to be an historical pageant than the living out of that disappointing truth that into the mediæval backwaters the modern world spreads its poverty faster than its enrichments.

Mankind is familiar with primitive agriculture, partly from intimate personal experience, partly because the shepherd, the goose-girl, the sower, play such frequent rôles in literature and painting. Primitive mining is not so well known. But it happens that, deep in southeastern Ruthenia, there is a government-owned salt-mine of such beauty and splendor as to deserve immortalization in art. It is worked now, perhaps much as in the days when the Romans mined this same deposit, by hand—without machinery. So vast are the great white corridors under the earth that the laborious chiselling of the workers seems to make scarcely any sound, just as the lights by which they work look more like fireflies, as one descends the deep shaft, than like lanterns. For over a hundred years salt has been hewn from solid salt, until now the mine is a place of vast white spaces; superb heights; square harmonious arches, many of them 300 feet high; of shadowy severe grandeur that belittles the magnificence of even the most beautifully austere cathedrals—all the hand-work of men, their slow arduous toil, sculpturing out the salt, inch by inch.

So must the Czechoslovak Republic chisel out the buried potentialities of her unformed portions. With that accomplished, she can pour her full energies into the task of welding together for greater strength her three distinct parts.



Strange even to the western Slavs are the wooden churches of Podkarpatska Rus, with their bulky bell-towers standing separate.

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# As It Was Ordained

BY FRED C. SMALE
Author of "Afterwards," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H.

The Roses fade, the Night descends,
Death plies his dart.
Our lips are stilled, the Chapter ends,
And we depart.
Yet once again the Flower shall live,
To deck the urn,
And when the gods permission give,
Will we return.
—*The Long Tryst.*

BY roads that wound between banks and hedges of vivid green, Robert Lynn and Theodore Hartley came to Stoke Averell that afternoon in late May. Nestling amid orchards from which the blossoms had scarcely fallen, its cottage gardens gay with scented stocks and red valerian, the village lay in a flood of sunshine July-like in its intensity. The two young men paused awhile to rest on a low lichen-covered wall, for they had walked far that day, and the Devon roads are not easy ones.

"I suppose there is a decent inn somewhere?" said Hartley. "Tea will be acceptable, to say nothing of a wash and brush up. We are like a couple of millers."

"There is an inn farther down," replied Lynn absently. "Near the church."

Hartley stared at his companion.

"How the deuce do you know that?" he asked. "You have never been here before."

Robert Lynn shrugged his broad shoulders, but remained silent. Though ordinarily the liveliest of company, he had grown strangely reticent during the latter part of their journey. Receiving no answer to his question, Hartley grunted and made no further remark.

For some time the pair sat in silence. A little farther down the hill a woman, curious to observe the strangers, peered around a golden pillar of genista which blazed at the porch and then withdrew again. Presently a bell clanged out harshly. Lynn started and passed his hand across his forehead with a puzzled frown. Hartley rose.

"Five o'clock," said he curtly, for he somewhat resented the other's silent mood. "We have been dreaming here long enough."

Lynn also rose, though with less alacrity.

"Dreaming," said he heavily. "Aye, dreaming!"

Hartley looked at him curiously. Lynn's jet-black hair was tumbled over his forehead and his eyes looked cloudy and troubled.

"What's wrong, old man? You seem to have gone dazed in the last hour or so. Touch of sun?"

Robert Lynn laughed constrainedly.

"Sun!" he repeated. "In an English May, and I born in Florida! Hardly that. But I do feel a bit queer; I don't know why. Been smoking too much, perhaps. Then, after a pause, he continued hesitatingly: "It's a crazy notion, of course, but this place affects me oddly. I seem—to—have been——"

His voice trailed off into a weak murmur, and he suddenly lurched sideways against the low wall. Hartley sprang forward and caught his companion by the arm.

"Steady, Bob!" he exclaimed sharply. "What is it?"

Lynn stood gasping for some moments, his face deathly white and little beads of perspiration on his forehead. Hartley recalled afterward that his eyes were fixed and had an expression of being veiled over in some mysterious manner. He seemed quite self-possessed, however, and suffered Hartley to lead him down the hill.

"Let us—go—to the—inn," said Lynn jerkily. "Better—presently."

"Are you sure you can walk so far?" queried Hartley. "Why not go into one



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of these cottages and I will get a vehicle of some sort. I've some brandy here, too —or perhaps you would prefer water."

"No, no," returned Lynn impatiently. "It was only a momentary dizziness. I am feeling better every step. A little rest and I shall be all right again."

Hartley forgot to feel any surprise at finding the inn, as Lynn had declared it to be, at the foot of the hill, near the church. Once within the cool, stone-flagged tavern, the pallor on the latter's face disappeared, and a glass of ice-cold water apparently completed his restoration.

"We will order tea at once," said Hartley. "The long tramp has been too much for you, Bob."

"Nonsense," returned Lynn irritably. "You know better than that! We haven't done more than ten miles to-day, at the outside. Besides, I don't want tea yet. Let us have a look around first. I want to see the place."

Lynn's manner and tone were quite foreign to his normal style, but Hartley allowed his friend's surly rejoinder to pass without comment.

"As you like," said he mildly. "But I'd look up a medico when we get back to the hotel, if I were you. Ever been like it before?"

"Never. Oh, it isn't heart, if that is what you are thinking of. I was overhauled only a few weeks ago by my insurance people."

"Touch of indigestion, probably," said Hartley as they emerged once more into the sunlight.

He was still far from being at ease. He had been watching his companion as closely as he dared, and he saw something that almost frightened him. It was not merely a change in the other's facial expression; it was rather as though a spiritual veil of some kind hid the Robert Lynn that he had known from Hartley's mental vision.

"What was it you were saying about this place affecting you strangely in some way?" remarked the latter casually.

A dull flush overspread Lynn's set features.

"Oh, I don't know," he replied wearily. "But when that bell struck it seemed to set a whole orchestra of dim, half-formed melodies going in my head. Just jangling discords."

Hartley nodded.

"You have seen photographs, or possibly cinema views, of the village," he suggested, "and remembered subconsciously. I have had experiences of the kind myself before now, though they never affected me in that way. What do you propose to do after tea? Shall we hire a dog-trap to take us to Barston Junction?"

Lynn uttered a scornful ejaculation.

"Why not a Bath chair!" he exclaimed. "We'll walk it, of course. You and your dog-traps!"

Hartley decided to change the subject. But he would certainly insist upon that doctor on the morrow!

"Not much to see here, I take it," he observed, staring along the cobbled way which led to the church.

Lynn raised his swarthy eyebrows.

"Don't you make that mistake," he returned. "There is the church, the big yew-tree, the fish-harbor, the——"

He broke off suddenly, and Hartley laughed.

"You have the whole thing by heart," said he. "Guide-books, eh! I thought we barred them from the beginning."

Lynn strode forward abruptly.

"Come along," said he. "We will see what is to be seen, anyway, and start with the church."

"Too late to get inside now, I expect," said Hartley. "Hullo, here is the padre himself!"

A stout, elderly man met them at the gate and, courteously opening it, stood aside to let them pass in. Hartley raised his hat.

"Excuse me, sir, but am I addressing the vicar?"

The other's face relaxed genially.

"That is near enough. I am the rector of Stoke Averell. Maynard is my name. Are you desirous of seeing the church?"

"If it is not too late," replied Hartley.

"Not at all," was the hearty response. "I will show you around myself."

"That is very kind of you," returned Hartley. "My friend and I have only just arrived in the village. My name is Hartley; this is Mr. Robert Lynn."

On hearing his name pronounced, Lynn,

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who had been gazing dreamily about him, started slightly and came forward.

"If you don't mind," said he, "I will stroll about outside here whilst you go into the church, Hartley."

And, without awaiting any response, he turned away and strode off among the tombstones.

The rector glanced after the retreating figure in some surprise, and Hartley's brows contracted slightly.

"I suppose, Mr. Maynard," said he, with a short laugh, "you do not cherish any local superstitions, but I am inclined to ask if there is any possibility of my friend being bewitched! I may tell you that he has been acting very unlike his natural self since we arrived in Stoke Averell."

And Hartley briefly described what had happened.

The old clergyman listened interestedly.

"So he finds the place familiar to him, though he has never been here before," said he. "That is curious, though, as you may be aware, not an altogether unusual experience. Perhaps some of his people came from here originally and he has heard about the place in childhood. Memory plays strange tricks with us at times."

Hartley shook his head.

"No; that is certainly not the explanation. His forebears were Americans and he himself was born in Florida."

The rector looked back again at the tall figure.

"He seems a healthy-looking young fellow enough, not one of the sort likely to be given to fancies."

"Oh, he is healthy enough," returned Hartley, "and quite sane, in the ordinary way. I cannot think what has come over him this afternoon, and, to tell you the truth, I am a bit worried over the matter."

The clergyman pondered for a few moments.

"I'll tell you what," said he suddenly. "I had been expecting an old friend and his wife to dine with me this evening, but, only half an hour ago, I received a message putting off their visit. Will you and Mr. Lynn take their places?"

"It is very kind of you," replied Hartley slowly. "For my own part, I accept readily, and under ordinary circumstances I could answer for Lynn. As it is, I am not so sure. If he declines, however, I trust that you will——"

Hartley hesitated and the rector smiled.

"Make allowances? Oh, of course; but I think he will come."

They spent but little time in the church. Hartley was too anxious about his friend to take more than a fleeting interest in the exquisitely carved fifteenth-century pulpit, the equally ancient screen, and the various memorials of local celebrities; and the rector, observing his preoccupation, forbore to detain him.

They found Robert Lynn standing on the high ground of the churchyard, gazing across to where the river flowed between thickly wooded banks. To Hartley's relief, he joined readily in accepting the rector's invitation, though with a nonchalance that was barely civil.

"That's all right, then," said Mr. Maynard cheerily. "We will stroll back through the village. By the time we arrive dinner will be ready."

"You have been here long, sir?" asked Hartley.

"Forty-two years, this coming June," was the reply. "I was thirty when I came. Yes," he added, smiling at Hartley's look of surprise, "that makes me seventy-two, and they tell me that I do not look over sixty; but then, life passes slowly and placidly here, like the river yonder."

"You must know the place well?"

"Oh, yes, I am a walking guide-book as far as Stoke Averell is concerned. I may say that I know the history of every stick and stone in the village, to say nothing of its inhabitants. For instance, let me draw your attention to this house at the corner."

They halted in front of a gray, weather-beaten building, the overhanging eaves of which gave it a strangely secretive aspect. It seemed to Hartley almost as though the house was bending forward to peer at them and that the two upper casement windows, on which the sun was shining redly, were bloodshot eyes regarding them. The rector's voice recalled him from his weird fancies.

"A couple of centuries or so ago it

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sheltered a very notorious person, indeed, one Stephen Veale, who left his occupation as a fisherman, here in Stoke Averell, and went off to sea. He joined the pirates and served with Morgan, the buccaneer. Later on, he was one of the followers of Teach—the infamous 'Blackbeard'—and was ultimately killed in a fight at a place called Topsail Inlet, in North Carolina, in the year 1693."

Hartley touched the speaker lightly on the arm and, with a silent gesture, drew his attention to Robert Lynn, who was standing a little distance away, his eyes wide open and fixed, as though they beheld some strange apparition. His lips were slightly parted and his whole pose was one of tense expectation.

"You are interested, Mr. Lynn?" said the rector quietly.

Lynn started and turned.

"Tell me more about this Stephen Veale," said he. "And I should like to go into the house, if I might be allowed. Do you think it would be possible?"

The clergyman shook his head dubiously.

"I am afraid—" he was beginning, when a casement was suddenly opened above and a woman looked down upon them. The red glow from the sunset sky fell on her face and tumbled hair, making it seem as though her features were framed in fire. Robert Lynn looked up and drew in his breath with a quick gasp. His hat had fallen off, and his rather long black hair fell back from his forehead as he stood with face upraised. For some moments his eyes hung on the woman's, hers distended with wonder and, as it seemed to Hartley, something of fear. Then she withdrew her head quickly and the casement closed.

The whole incident occupied only a few seconds, and the trio passed on without comment, Robert Lynn walking slightly apart. Hartley broke a somewhat embarrassing silence.

"An extraordinary type of face, that," said he. "Foreign?"

"Oh, no," replied the rector, "her ancestry can be traced back some hundreds of years in the church registers."

"Ah," remarked Hartley. "Then her forebears were the companions, or at any rate the contemporaries, of this Stephen Veale, in whose house she dwells. I wonder if she ever thinks of that!"

The rector made a noncommittal sound. He did not appear anxious to discuss the owner of the sun-bathed hair.

"Here we are," said he at last as they turned into a gateway. "By the way, I am a lone man. My wife died twenty years ago, and we had no family. I will go and tell my housekeeper that I have found company, after all."

Hartley enjoyed that dinner. The sombre tranquillity of the surroundings was congenial to him, and the evident pleasure which their host felt in entertaining his chance guests was soothing to the spirit. Even Lynn, though still distrait and lapsing into frequent silences, made intermittent attempts at sociability.

During the meal itself conversation ranged chiefly on the affairs of Hartley and Lynn themselves, concerning which Mr. Maynard showed a lively interest.

"So you are both members of the great republic of letters," said he. "I had some idea of a literary career myself, as a young man, but events took a turn and I went into the church. These things arrange themselves, to some extent, I suppose."

"But you are not a fatalist, surely, Mr. Maynard?" said Hartley.

The rector laughed.

"Not in the Oriental sense, of course," he replied. "I believe, with Henley, that a man, under Providence, is 'captain of his soul.' "

"For instance," put in Lynn, "Stephen Veale left his fishing-nets to sail under the black flag."

"Scarcely under Providence, though!" dryly observed Hartley.

"A thirst for adventure led him away, in the first place, no doubt," said the rector. "A hundred years or so earlier he might have served under Raleigh or Drake and fought the Spaniards. However, there is no scope for that sort of thing nowadays. I am inclined to remind you of the fact, as I seem to detect, especially in Mr. Lynn, a rather warm interest in, not to say sympathy with, pirates. I almost begin to wish I had not told you about this one."

And the speaker's eyes twinkled.

Hartley laughed.

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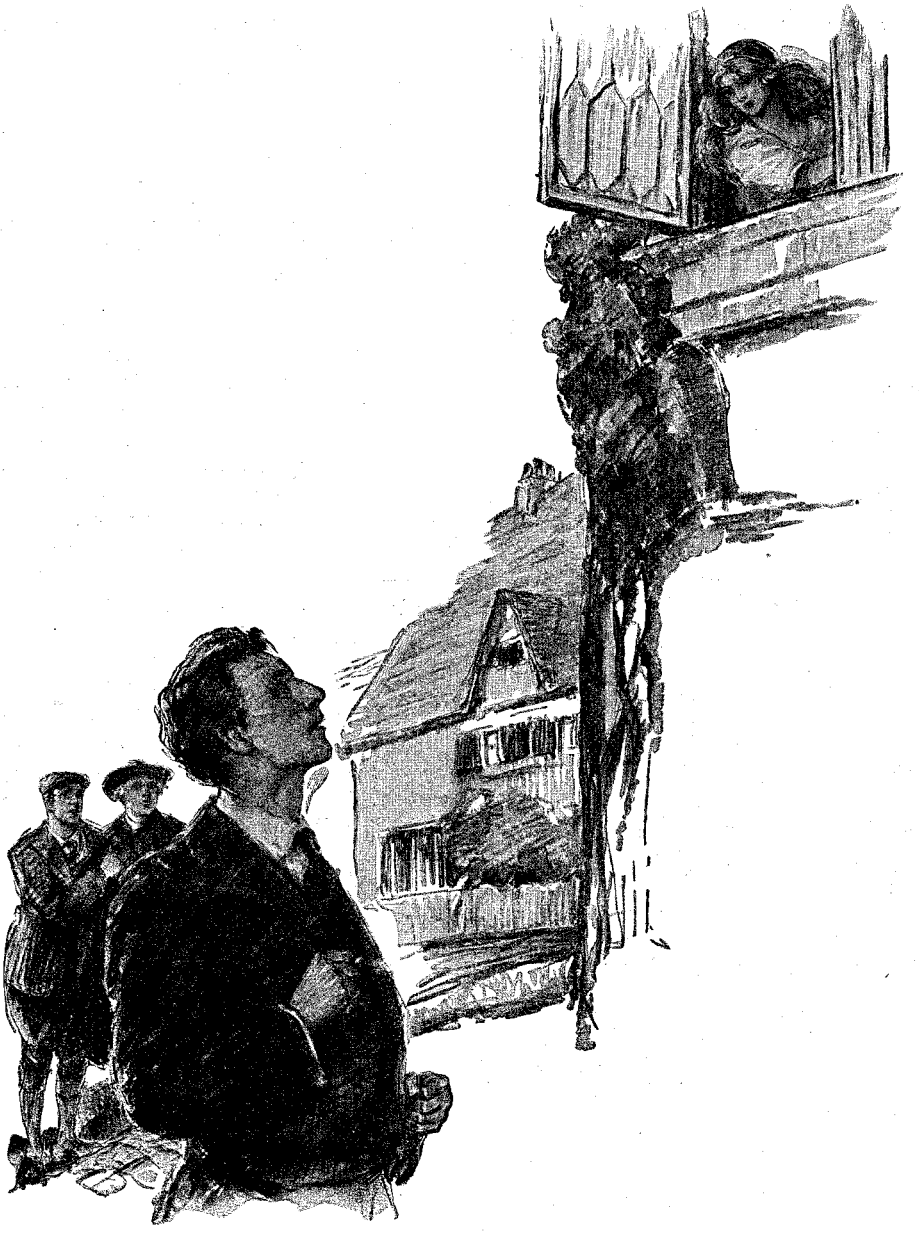

"I am afraid—" he was beginning, when a casement was suddenly opened above and a woman looked down upon them.—Page 612.

"We are free-lances, if you like," said he, "but not freebooters! As far as I am concerned, I am too poor a sailor to go buccaneering. Now Lynn, here, would at any rate look the part!"

Mr. Maynard glanced at the keen, swarthy face.

"Yes," said he slowly. "There is no existing portrait of Veale, as far as I know, but, by traditional accounts, he was just another such a man as our friend. Not," he added smilingly, "that I am attributing piratical qualifications to you, Mr. Lynn!"



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Lynn leaned forward eagerly.

"Is there, then, any personal description of him extant?"

The rector shrugged his shoulders with an air of mock resignation.

"I see," said he, "that Stephen Veale is likely to be our King Charles's head! Well, I will do my best to gratify your curiosity. I myself possess a few relics of that notorious unworthy. You shall see them for yourselves."

Robert Lynn's dark eyes gleamed.

"Good!" he cried. "Letters, personal belongings?"

"Both," was the reply. "Or, rather, both are represented. There is only one letter."

A maid appeared and cleared the table, after which the rector produced some decanters and glasses, together with a box of cigars.

"It is said that there was a monastery originally on the site of the present church," said he, "occupied by a rather jovial fraternity. I strive to keep up their traditions, on occasion. Now, if you will excuse me for a few minutes, I will fetch those relics which you are so anxious to see."

He left them, and Hartley selected a cigar from the box.

"Our host is a genial old sport," he remarked. "I am glad we ran against him, Bob."

"He seems a good sort," assented Lynn absently.

Hartley glanced keenly at his friend over his lighted match.

"Still thinking of her?" said he quietly.

Lynn started.

"Her!"

"The face at the window, the rustic Venus, the barbaric beauty with the flaming hair. Did you imagine that I couldn't see that you were smitten! Our host saw it, too, or I am greatly mistaken. You might have dissembled your love, old chap!"

Lynn's face flushed.

"You are talking infernal rot!" he cried hotly.

Hartley's eyebrows rose.

"At any rate, I don't shout it," he retorted. "Hush, you ass! He's coming."

Their host re-entered the room and placed a small wooden box on the table.

"I would have brought the registers from the church as well," said he, "had I known. They date from 1540, and there are several interesting entries bearing more or less closely on this hero of yours. However, I dare say I have sufficient here to satisfy you."

Hartley and Lynn drew their chairs forward, the latter's face eager and intent.

"Exhibit number one," observed the rector, "is a love-letter. Stephen Veale had his love-story two hundred and odd years ago, and, judging from the evidence contained herein, he remained a faithful swain to the last, though fate decreed that he and his sweetheart should never marry."

"Was she, too, a native of Stoke Averell?" asked Hartley.

"Oh, yes, she and Veale were betrothed long before he went off a-pirating. Her name was Lee—Deborah Lee."

"Deborah Lee!"

Both Hartley and the rector looked up sharply. It had grown quite dark by now, and the maid, on clearing the table, had lit a tall lamp in the centre thereof. Just within the radius of its light they saw Robert Lynn's face, tense and eager. It was he who had repeated the name, in a curious strained tone, as though he were striving vainly to recall some long-dead memory.

"Yes," continued the rector after a pause. "And she, on her part, appears to have remained equally faithful, for in the registers is recorded the death of Deborah Lee, spinster, on September 14, 1693, the identical date on which Veale himself perished in America."

"A curious coincidence," remarked Hartley. "How old was she when she died?"

"Thirty-four."

The reply came, not from the rector but from Lynn, and the others turned to him in astonishment.

"Why, how can you possibly know, Bob!" exclaimed Hartley.

"I read it on her tombstone," was the reply.

"Ah, yes," said the rector thoughtfully. "I remember you were standing by it when we came out of the church. How did you come to find the grave, Mr.

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Lynn? There had been no mention of her name between us."

Robert Lynn gazed half-vacantly at the speaker.

"I hardly know," said he; "stumbled upon it by accident, I suppose. But you spoke of a letter."

"Yes, I have it here. It is from Veale to Deborah, though not actually in his handwriting. It was apparently written, from Veale's dictation, by a Spanish priest, perhaps a prisoner. In all probability Veale himself was unable to write. The letter came home in a whaler to Dartmouth."

Mr. Maynard opened the box, and, drawing forth a sheet of paper yellow with age, laid it before them. The writing was neat and formal and perfectly easy to read. It ran as follows:

"Offe Savannah.

"September the Firste 1693.

"My Derest Mayde Deborah,

"At laste I have wonne the Fortune I went oute to seeke. In a shorte time I shalle be Home to claspe you once more to my Breaste.

"I have thotte of you Daye and Nighte since we parted. Expecte me at about the Yule. A prettie Golde Broche and Moidores in monie do I sende my Sweete,

"This by the Barke Elizibeth Varcoe, from thine owne derest Harte

"Stephen Veale.

"(Inscribed for him by the hande of Luiz Quintero, Priest.)"

Hartley and Lynn read the letter together in silence as it lay on the table before them.

"Nothing brilliant as a literary effort," commented the former, "but a very human document, for all that, and, I should say, calculated to give pleasure to Deborah. And what of the 'prettie Golde Broche,' Mr. Maynard? Have you that as well?"

"Yes, I purchased it from a collateral descendant of Deborah Lee herself, some ten years ago."

The rector carefully unwrapped something from tissue-paper and handed it to Hartley, who examined it curiously. It was a large and rather clumsy ornament, weighing perhaps three ounces, apparently of gold, with a beautifully chased surface.

"More like a locket than a brooch," said Hartley. "Does it open in any way?"

"Not that any one could ever discover," replied the rector. "I have taken it to two or three jewellers, and they pronounce it to be a solid piece of gold, probably fashioned out of a nugget. There was plenty of gold coming out of South America in those days, you know, and of course Veale had been much on the Spanish Main. Besides, there was always booty on hand, and this trinket may originally have cost some unfortunate victim his or her life, for all we know."

"Give it to me!"

The words were snapped out in a tone of imperious command, and Hartley, after a momentary glance of astonishment, handed the brooch to Robert Lynn, who had risen to his feet. He held the brooch close to the lamp; then—they saw not exactly how—he took the thing in both hands and gave it a peculiar twist. Instantly it flew apart and lay open on his palm.

"Great heavens!" ejaculated the rector.

But his exclamation was capped by a louder one from Hartley, who had also risen to his feet and was staring at the brooch over Lynn's shoulder. In one of the halves of the ornament was a lock of jet-black hair, but it was not that which evoked Hartley's amazed outcry. In the other half was an exquisitely painted miniature of a woman's face, and the features were those of the girl who had looked down upon them from the upper window of the old house. There was no mistaking the dark, level eyebrows, the mass of red-gold hair, and the general contour of the rather thin but strikingly beautiful face.

The rector had risen also and was peering through his glasses. Then Hartley, glancing quickly aside, saw something that startled him anew.

"Bob!" he cried sharply.

Lynn gave a low, incoherent cry and, closing the brooch, thrust it into his breast pocket. Then, before Hartley

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could detain him or utter a word of protest, he turned, strode swiftly to the door, and was gone.

The two men left in the room stood dumfounded; then the old clergyman dropped into a chair and passed his hand across his forehead.

"I don't understand—" he began; then he broke off and cast a keen look at Hartley.

"This—this is not a trick, is it?" said he. "Yet, no, how can it be! The brooch had not left my possession."

Hartley shook his head impatiently.

"There is no trick," he returned. "I am as much in the dark as you are, Mr. Maynard. There is something beyond our understanding here. The portrait—you saw!"

"Yes, yes, I saw and recognized. It is inexplicable."

"I must go after him!" burst out Hartley suddenly. "God knows what mad idea is in his head, for mad he is just now, if his face told me anything."

"I will go with you. As you say, he is not responsible for his actions, otherwise he would not have left us in that strange manner."

A moon, just past the full, favored their quest. Robert Lynn had passed beyond immediate tracing, but, guided by some vague instinct, they made first for the old house at the corner. The ancient building rose gray and spectral in the moonlight, but no sign of life animated its grim façade nor was there any sound of voices from within. The rector made a movement as though to enter, for the door, as Hartley noted, was not quite closed, and then drew back again. They were standing undecidedly, when a boy, driving in stray sheep, came by. From him they gleaned that he had passed a gentleman with no hat, "walking as 'ard as he could pelt," just outside the village. He had "turned up Ballamy's."

"The Gillard!" exclaimed the rector, as though to himself. "This is almost passing belief!"

Hartley sought no explanation, but he gathered that his companion had a clew to Lynn's probable destination, and he was content to follow the rector's lead. A few hundred yards beyond the village they turned up a narrow lane.

"This is 'Ballamy's,'" said Mr. Maynard briefly.

The lane formed a dark tunnel with dense foliage meeting overhead. A few minutes' ascent brought them out upon an open down, and here they halted, panting and breathless. Before them lay spread out a phantom country of moonlit wooded hill and dale with, low down in the valley, a glimpse of the river, like a sheet of silver.

"What place is this? Why should Lynn come here?" queried Hartley. It had come into his mind that it might not have been Lynn, after all, that the boy had seen.

"This hill is known as 'The Gillard,'" replied the rector in a tone that had something of awe in it. "Tradition says it is the spot where Stephen Veale and Deborah Lee used to meet."

Hartley interrupted the speaker with a quick clutch of the arm.

"Look yonder!" he whispered tensely.

A solitary pine-tree stood on the edge of the knoll farthest from where they stood, and underneath it, clearly silhouetted against the sky, were two figures standing together in close embrace. As they looked the pair drew apart, and in one of the figures Hartley recognized Robert Lynn. For a moment a spasm of shame and resentment at what he considered to be his friend's folly passed through Hartley's mind, then a sudden thought checked his condemnation.

"My God!" he whispered, heedless of his companion. "*Why, it's—it's Stephen Veale and Deborah Lee over again!*"

Mr. Maynard touched him on the arm.

"Had we not better return, now that we have found him?" said he. "He may resent having been followed."

Hartley saw the wisdom of the suggestion, and was about to assent, when the sound of a woman's voice made him pause. The words did not reach him distinctly, but to Hartley they seemed to be a long-drawn wail of farewell.

Then they saw a solitary form break away from the shadow of the pine-tree and glide swiftly toward where they stood, at the mouth of the lane. The two watchers hastily drew back in the shadow, and the figure passed. They saw it was the girl. There was something uncanny in her

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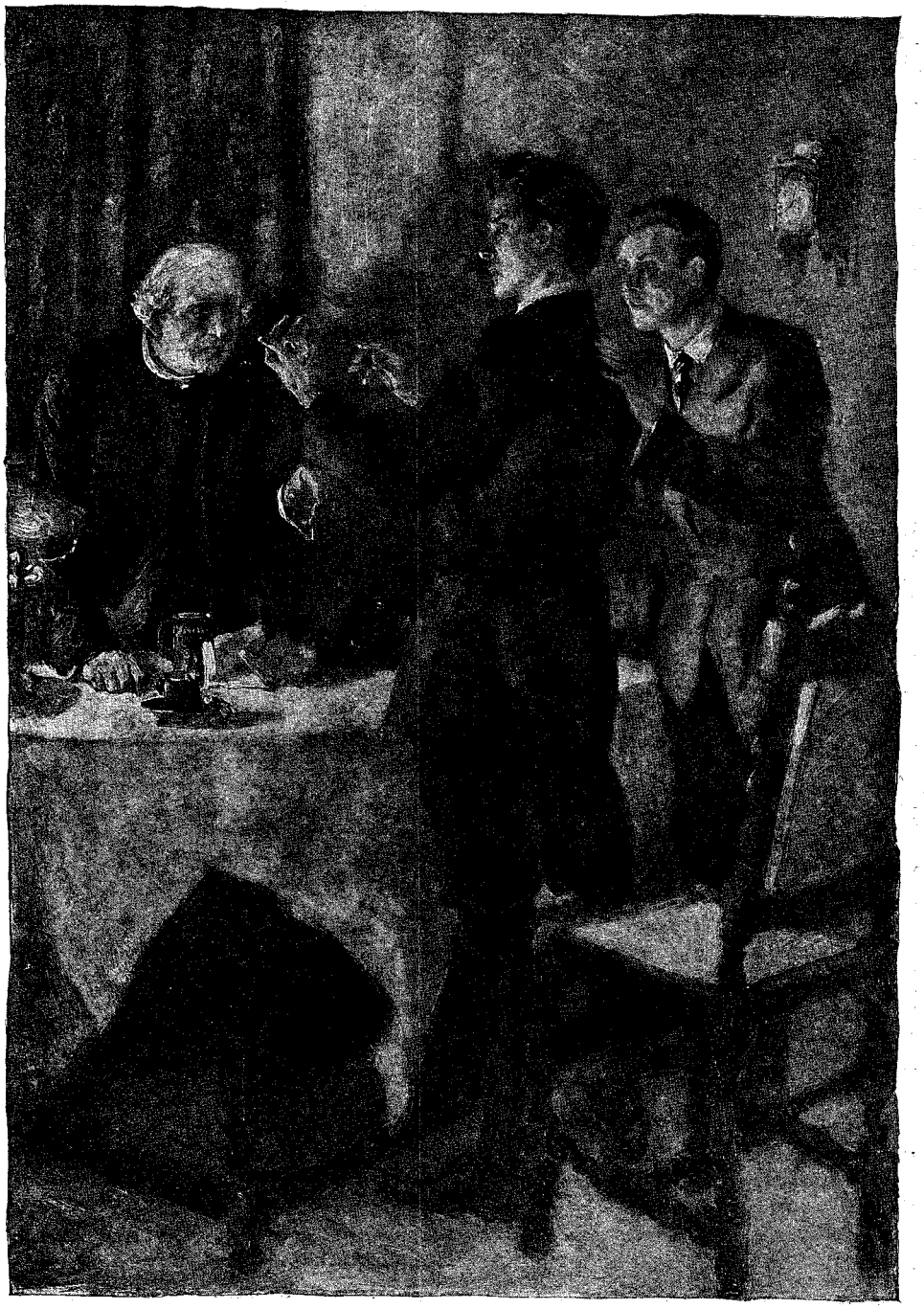

"Great heavens!" ejaculated the rector.—Page 615.

progress, swift, noiseless, and unerring, and had he not been close enough to see the white strained face in the moonlight, and hear the rustle of her dress against the leaves, Hartley would almost have believed that he beheld a phantom.



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When the woman had passed they looked toward the pine-tree once more.

"Where is Lynn?" exclaimed Hartley, and a sudden fear gripped him. He started out across the open space without waiting to communicate his misgivings to his companion. The rector followed, somewhat less actively, and arrived at the pine-tree to find Hartley kneeling beside a prostrate form.

"He is not—!" began the old clergyman agitatedly; but Hartley was quick to reassure him.

"Only fainted. I have a brandy flask, if you will lift his head."

It was some time before they could get the stimulant to have any effect, but at last, with a fluttering sigh, Robert Lynn returned to consciousness. He started at the two anxious faces above him in bewilderment.

"What has happened? Where am I?" he murmured. Then, without warning, he suddenly brushed aside Hartley's hand and rose to his feet, apparently full of his normal vigor.

"I've been asleep!" he stammered confusedly. "Asleep and dreaming. Lord, what dreams! But who is this, Theo?"

He stared at the rector unrecognizingly in the moonlight.

"This is Mr. Maynard, the rector, at whose house we dined, Bob!" replied Hartley. "You remember?"

Lynn shook his head.

"I don't," he returned perplexedly. "What has happened? Out with it! Have I had a fall or something? How came I here? It is all a puzzle."

"You have not had any accident," said Hartley. "But we will not stay here any longer. Can you walk all right?"

"Walk!" repeated Lynn surprisedly. "Of course! Why not?"

"Then come along. Don't ask questions now. We will explain later. We will go back to your house, if we may, Mr. Maynard."

"By all means," answered the rector.

They accomplished the return journey without difficulty, and, once more in the seclusion of the rector's dining-room, they discovered that the past two hours formed a perfect blank in Robert Lynn's mind.

"The last thing I clearly remember," said he, "is Hartley and myself sitting down, on a low wall, I think, at the close of a long walk. After that I don't recall a single thing until I saw you both bending over me out there in the moonlight. Yet you say that we went into a churchyard, met Mr. Maynard, and afterward dined with him here in this room. Of course it must be so, but I assure you that I have not the slightest recollection of any of these things. And now you haven't told me how on earth I came to be up yonder!"

The eyes of Maynard and Hartley met momentarily in a swift understanding. There had been no mention of the story of Stephen Veale in their explanations to Lynn as yet. They had merely given him a bare outline of his movements, and in that silent interchange of glances the thing was decided. Robert Lynn was to remain in ignorance of the whole truth, for the time, at any rate.

"You left us rather abruptly," said Hartley, after a momentary pause. "We followed and overtook you."

"But what led me to that place?" persisted Lynn. "Did I make no excuse, give no reason for leaving you? You say that I talked rationally enough all this time."

"No, you bolted without a word of explanation," replied Hartley.

Robert Lynn frowned perplexedly.

"Looks to me as though it were some kind of sleep-walking," said he, "yet I was never given to that sort of thing. I feel ashamed of having caused you so much trouble, Mr. Maynard. I'll certainly see a doctor to-morrow—though what I'll tell him I hardly know. I was perfectly well two or three hours ago, and I am feeling quite fit now."

"I can put you both up for the night—" began Mr. Maynard, but Hartley shook his head behind Lynn's back.

"It is extremely kind of you, sir," said he. "But I think it will be the wiser plan for us to proceed. Our rooms at the hotel are booked, too."

"Yes, we'll get on," assented Lynn. "Many thanks, all the same, Mr. Maynard."

"Very well, then," said the rector. "On the whole, perhaps it is the best plan."

Before they left, Hartley seized an opportunity to speak to the rector alone.

"Lynn evidently remembers nothing

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There was something uncanny in her progress. . . . Hartley would almost have believed that he beheld a phantom.—Page 616.

concerning the story of Veale," said he hurriedly. "And as to that girl and what happened up yonder, it is absolutely unrecorded in his mind."

"It certainly seems so. Do you propose to tell him later?"

"No," replied Hartley decisively. "Of course he may remember of his own accord, at some unexpected moment, but once away from here, there will be less fear of that happening. By the way, what of the brooch? Of course he took it with him."

"To ask him for it would be extremely unwise," said the rector thoughtfully. "He may have given it to—the girl, in which case I shall be able to recover it from her."

"Who is she?" asked Hartley suddenly.

The rector's face grew grave.

"Her name is Margaret Rowland," he



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replied. "And I may tell you that if you can keep your friend away from here for a few months there will be no further danger of his meeting her. The poor girl is in a rapid consumption, and not the least astonishing part of the affair, to me, is the manner in which she accomplished the journey to 'The Gillard' and back."

"The whole affair is inexplicable," said Hartley. "Lynn shall not return here, once we get away. I think I can promise you that— But here he comes," he added hurriedly. "I will write you, in the course of a day or two, and let you know how things are going."

They bade the old rector farewell, and as they left the village Hartley noted that all lingering signs of depression on the part of his friend passed off, so that by the time they arrived at their hotel, in the town some six miles away, Robert Lynn was his old jovial self once more.

The remainder of the story may be given in two letters. The first, written by Hartley two days afterward, was as follows:

"Dear Mr. Maynard,

"I am writing, according to my promise, concerning my friend, Robert Lynn. We consulted a doctor yesterday, and I gave a discreet account of what had happened. I am rather afraid that the doctor had some suspicion that I was not altogether frank, but he thoroughly overhauled Lynn, and could find nothing wrong. He gave it as his opinion that some slight lesion might have occurred in the brain, and that if any similar experience recurred a specialist had better be consulted.

"Lynn himself does not seem to be troubling at all, and, by tacit agreement, we avoid the subject. Whether he has some vague memory of what really happened I do not know and shall not venture to test the correctness of my surmise. You will recall that, on regaining consciousness, he spoke of having had strange dreams.

"I have ascertained that he certainly has not the brooch in his possession. As a matter of fact I searched his pockets whilst he was asleep. I trust that you have recovered it.

"We start northwards this afternoon. I must again, on the part of Lynn as well as myself, thank you for your great kindness and sympathy, without which my friend's curious experience might have had more tragic developments.

"Yours faithfully

"Theodore Hartley."

The rector's reply, written a fortnight later, ran thus:

"Dear Mr. Hartley,

"I read your letter with much relief. You will, however, be somewhat shocked to learn that the poor girl who played so prominent a part in the strange happenings of that eventful evening died yesterday. She never recovered from a serious relapse brought on by the exertion and exposure of that unaccountable expedition. It appears that she slipped out, during her mother's temporary absence, and had, indeed, returned before her escapade was discovered. Happily for all, she was seen by nobody save ourselves, so that it is not known where she went, as Margaret herself remembered nothing of her doings. She was perfectly sensible and lucid when I saw her on the following morning, but she said that she remembered nothing after looking out of the window and seeing us below. At that moment, a sort of mist, as she described it, seemed to envelop her brain, and she knew nothing more until she woke to find her mother bending over her and asking her where she had been.

"I questioned her carefully, but she recalled nothing particular in connection with the two strangers she saw with me.

"She sank rapidly and, during the past week, was entirely unconscious. Hearing nothing of the brooch, it occurred to me to go and search on 'The Gillard.' There, underneath the pine-tree, I found the missing article. I was very glad, as had it been discovered in Margaret Rowland's possession it might have led to all sorts of awkward questions. I have since tried in vain to re-open the brooch. There is some secret spring or fastening, with which it appears only your friend is—or rather was—acquainted.

"As it is, only you and I know the truth. Yet there I am wrong. We know only a very little. What the full explana-

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tion is God only knows! I have thought over the whole matter long and deeply, and I am convinced that there is something here more than a mere series of chance coincidences.

"The evidence of the portrait, Lynn's familiarity with the neighborhood, his ready action in opening the brooch, the mutual recognition between Margaret Rowland and himself, the abnormal mental experience common to both, their meeting on 'The Gillard,' all these things force me, in spite of my orthodox training, to the belief that, after a parting of centuries, Stephen Veale and Deborah Lee met again that night in the persons of your friend Robert Lynn and Margaret Rowland.

"I know not whether you will share this strange conviction on my part. I scarcely see how you can do otherwise, knowing what you know and having seen what you did see. Be that as it may, it must all remain a secret between us. To speak of it would only mean the besmirching of a dead memory by the ignorant and unbelieving, and, possibly, serious mental disturbance for the living.

"Yours very sincerely

"JAMES MAYNARD."

# I Know from Dreams

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

I KNOW from dreams that we shall one day be
Within that golden land called Italy,
  Watching the ochre sails that dip and rise,
  Now like bright birds and now like butterflies,
Upon the waters of some inland sea.

I know that underneath the trees that spread
Their leaves like silent shadows overhead
  We long shall linger till the twilight falls
  From the sheer summits of the mountain walls,
Eyes answering eyes, and with no dear word said;

Only the nightingale within the lime
Melodiously linking rhyme with rhyme,
  Breathing with every silvery syllable
  That which our own enamored hearts would tell
Had we not hand in hand forgotten time.

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# The Psychologist and the Mandarin

BY GERALD CHITTENDEN
Teacher of English, St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire

PSYCHOLOGICAL tests of intelligence arouse a curious resentment in the mind of the average boy. He, of course, hates to be branded as a moron, but he hates quite as hotly to be stigmatized as a genius. In our schools, and to a lesser extent in our colleges, intelligence is something to be apologized for except when it is shown in the intricate generalship of the football field. It is legitimate to investigate an adolescent's knowledge of facts; it is diabolical meddling to test his desire for truth and his capacity for reaching it. And there is as much difference between facts and truth as there is between the body and the soul. There is an incongruous virtue in the point of view, for it rises from modesty rather than from any other source—from an unwillingness to advertise the fact that one has superior natural gifts, chance moral and intellectual possessions which one has neither deserved nor earned. By this odd criterion of youth, the intellectual prig is ostracized, as he ought to be, and the fundamental virtues of simplicity and generosity are given their due respect.

Yet there is a sort of inverted snobbery about it, and there is much less excuse for the intelligent snob than there is for the stupid one. The possession of power above the average is not only an asset; it is a liability, and if it be properly liquidated, the individual will encounter enough irony to preserve his detachment. This conception of individual ability as a trust and not a possession, although it is several thousand years old, is directly opposed to our contemporary materialism and has never been popular. Probably it never will be among young men. With exceptions too few to deserve mention, they have no detachment except in great imaginative crises such as are caused by war. Their qualities of mind seem to them to be exclusively their own, and examination of them meets the identical irritation which is caused by the income tax and the custom-house. In the endeavor to popularize the idea, it is futile to draw any parallel between mental and physical ability, in spite of the fact that sportsmanship and generosity are precisely the qualities most needed by a penetrating mind. The parallel exists in perfection, but it does not convince.

Faced with this peculiar reluctance of youth to use its mental powers, schoolteachers gradually gave up opposing it and acquiesced in the materialistic point of view. They became proponents of the mandarin system of education—a system in which they did not believe—and tried to content themselves with testing their pupils' knowledge of facts learned rather than their mental potentiality. Such tests at least were definite; the standards they set up were attainable. There was a little consolation in the thought that facts are the raw material of thought, and in the corollary hope that some pupils would eventually use them in the search for truth. The more enlightened teachers, furthermore, had no little sympathy with the point of view of youth in this regard, perceiving the modesty which was one of its causes, and observing also that the good scholar, bent exclusively on his own betterment, was often an inferior citizen. In elementary education, the result of this condition was deadening. Teachers became drill-masters, and pupils found no connection between the classroom and anything interesting or romantic in life. Early efforts to establish such a connection took the form either of Froebelism, which was pernicious because it taught the pupil to follow the line of least resistance, or of specialization, which was necessarily narrowing.

Into this dull rehearsal of problems and paradigms finally entered the psycholo-



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gist, armed with the sudden authority which the application of his science in war had given to him. Even before the war, he had ceased to be a purely academic personage, but the army tests had aroused a wide popular interest in psychology, and had distributed a thin knowledge of its detail over the country. Education was his natural field, and he entered it, welcomed as something of a savior; his avowed purpose was not to discover what the pupil was fit for, but to find out whether he was fit for anything. He framed various tests—notably the Terman tests—designed to accomplish this purpose. He himself has been careful not to claim too much for the results of these tests, but there is grave danger that his untrained adherents—discouraged schoolteachers for the most part—will claim for them more than they can ever accomplish. Let us move slowly, for the demand that the pupil accumulate facts has still no small validity, and should not be abandoned.

For the psychologist tests and pretends to test only one of the three elements in education. Schools are like factories. They have storehouses crammed with raw material—facts in this connection; they have machines which must deal with the raw material—minds, that is to say; they must turn out a product derived from the action of the machines on the raw material. This product may be something tangible, such as the technical schools manufacture—bridges, canals, and dams. It may, on the other hand, be something quite intangible, almost indefinable, such as may be achieved by the man who has profitably employed his time in the academic department of a university. With the performance of the technical schools the psychologist would seem to have little to do, although he can expedite the process by eliminating inefficient mental machines. Even this, however, is fairly well done under the old system, for the excellence of a technical product itself constitutes a severe test of the education which made it possible and of the mind which produced it.

The province of the psychologist, therefore, lies in the academic departments of universities, and in all the schools which prepare either for them or for the technical institutions, or for a career without the intervention of either. Continuing the simile of the factory, it may be said that the schools are manufacturers of the equipment which the colleges use, the testing plants wherein it is more desirable to set up, run, and adjust the machines than to make them turn the raw material of facts into a marketable product. Good and excellent machines should here be separated from poor ones, and the psychologist can do that better than any one else. Parenthetically, he will be impeded in his task by sentimentalists who still cling to the Declaration of Independence—members of a sort of educational bricklayers' union, who will insist that no boy or girl shall lay bricks faster than his or her fellows. This problem, however, must be dealt with independently. For present purposes we may assume that the value of psychological tests is admitted by every one when they are applied to some one else and by superior minds when they are applied to themselves. The fact that the elimination of all inferior minds from the schools would create a whole new series of problems, chiefly social, does not constitute a valid argument against such elimination. The solution of one problem always creates other problems.

If, however, the intellectual tests were applied without check or balance, they would bar from the schools certain pupils whose value is great, but whose mental capacity is near the level at which exclusion might be in most cases considered advisable. No community can afford to leave such characters uneducated, for they form the solid and right thinking mass and not infrequently develop qualities of leadership which their more brilliant companions may not possess in the smallest degree. A test of character, impersonal and unprejudiced, must therefore be devised to supplement the mental tests. This is a hard task, but not an impossible one. Several such tests were effectively used in the more exacting branches of the military service during the war; they could be adapted to the exigencies of peace. It is probable also that the standing of the pupil as shown by a character test should have at least as much weight as his grade in tests of mental power.

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Assuming then that, with the aid of the psychologist, low-grade minds and low-grade characters have been eliminated from a school, or from schools in general, it remains to decide what shall be done with the good to excellent minds which remain. Out of the vast accumulation of facts in the storehouses of civilization, which ones shall we feed into those untried machines, the minds of our schoolchildren? Here again the advocates of specialized and technical training have an apparent advantage. Their goals are definite and generally profitable; their product is both more easily and more accurately tested, and their appeal to the materialism of youth is proportionately great. With such advantages as these, they can be trusted to take care of themselves. The psychologist becomes the ally of humanism, for he is more concerned with the quality of the machine than with the quality of the product.

In this connection the phrase "materialism of youth" has been advisedly used. It is a commonplace to say that youth is the time of high ideals, and to a certain extent it is true. But only to a certain extent. Neither youth nor age is exclusively a time of high ideals. The lure of power and the lust for it is coexistent in youth with the Quixotism which makes us love it; and in these days, when comparative luxury is more widespread than it has ever been, the desire for material gain in life too often overlays the joyous curiosity which is at once the most attractive and the most stimulating characteristic of youth. All classes are included in this surrender to Mammon. Those who have little prosperity desire it almost above all things, and those who have much would hold on to what they have with the grip of death. It is absurd to blame the young for this fault; they but give to the world what it has asked for, responding to pressure at the point at which it has been applied. Over against the goal of materialism, altruism has set no alluring objective; as opposed to the definite promise of the technical schools, the colleges have nothing tangible to offer. Consequently, schoolboys, when they think of the academic departments at all, look upon them either as a four years' loaf or as a four years' mystery, or perhaps as an opportunity for special training camouflaged under the screen of a liberal education in preferred surroundings. None of these three points of view is correct or even worthy. Quite often boys who hold them change them radically before they have been long at college; that is so much to the good, but does not alter the fact that they should never have held them at all. Can the psychologist and the teacher, working together, make the object of an academic education as vivid and attractive as the object of a technical education already is?

Such a project is not impossible, if inferior minds and inferior characters are once eliminated; there is no use in casting pearls before swine. The next thing is to achieve a definition of the object of humanism in modern life. We cannot be content with the old shibboleth "mind training," for that has lost whatever meaning it ever had for the pupil, and too often is vague in the mind of the teacher. Nor will the word "culture" serve our turn. "Culture" has lost its connotation of hard work—of ploughing, manuring, and sweat—and now means something that grows on a man like a pimple instead of something that must be attained by effort continued to the point of exhaustion. Whatever we substitute for these abused and outworn terms must be a slogan as well as a definition, appealing to the idealistic side of youth, and therefore not competing with the objectives of the technical schools. Academic departments, speaking courageously, might phrase it thus:

"What we teach you here will not assure you of a job when you leave us, or ever add one dollar to your income. Your material well-being in the future does not interest us in the least; indeed, if we succeed with you as well as we may hope to do, you will choose your career not because it is lucrative, but because it is interesting, and the best of you will enter occupations in which the accumulation of money, instead of being a criterion of success, will be something you will have to explain. Such occupations are politics, medicine, the ministry, and teaching; there are many more. In lieu of material advantage, we offer you the chance to make your mind hospitable to new ideas

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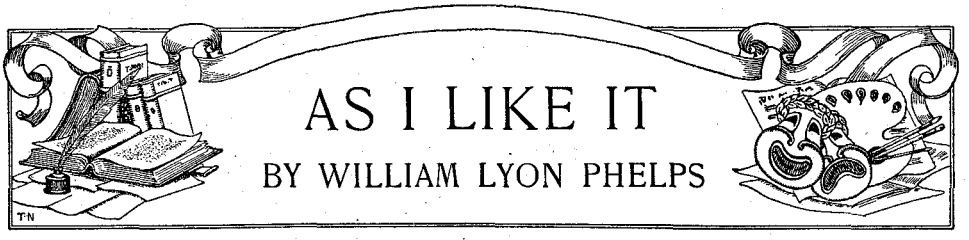
and tenacious of the good in human experience. You will be chary how you take anybody else's word for what that good is; you will be fitted to weigh evidence and to think independently and impersonally. We will show you how to pursue truth, or, if it happen that your mind is cast in a different mould, how to pursue beauty, which is also truth. We will equip you to act, when you are confronted with a new situation, in such a way that your deeds will stand accurately in a sequence of cause and effect which began before you were born and will continue after you are dead. If you catch the spirit of our instruction, you will become convinced of your own insignificance in the scheme of things—and that is the road to happiness. We offer you also opportunities for leisure and for learning how to enjoy it such as you will never get again. Last of all, we offer you a training in sportsmanship which, if you are intelligent, you will apply to everything you do, and to every misfortune which you undergo. In short, we have no single object to accomplish, unless it be the power to understand men and things—a power which can only arise from a knowledge of primary causes and essential truth."



# AS I LIKE IT

## BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

OF all the poems that in childhood shake our hearts and in later years our ribs, of all specimens of sentiment turned by experience into sources of mirth, I have long regarded "The Captain's Daughter," by James T. Fields, as almost in a class by itself.

> "We were crowded in the cabin,
> Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
> It was midnight on the waters,
> And a storm was on the deep."

Every one who has attended an American school knows this ballad, for it is singularly well adapted to the needs of those who are required to "speak a piece." Its chief merit is its merciful brevity; but it furnishes also the appealing dramatic contrast, and it runs so trippingly on the tongue that even a dullard can learn it by heart. Furthermore, the heroine of the poem is about the same age as she who most fervently recites it; and the moral lesson is so obvious that even those who run away from it cannot help reading it.

The most accomplished elocutionists who declaim it, are, however, inferior in technique to the captain's daughter herself, for at the height of the tempest, when there is an infernal clatter and racket, we are informed

> "But his little daughter whispered,"

and apparently this whisper was heard not only by the captain but by the passengers.

Why do you suppose a *publisher* wrote this thing? Was it an unconscious echo of the slush that filled his mail, the lees of sentimentality that he was daily forced to drink, or was it a long-postponed but final turning of the worm, a method of revenge on his contributors?

> "'We are lost!' the captain shouted,
> As he staggered down the stairs."

Until last week, I had regarded this captain as unique. Imagine a ship's captain, when the passengers were in terror, leaving the deck, rushing below, and shouting "We are lost!" I reflected that a man whose name was Fields ought not to pose as a nautical authority.

But last week I was reading Oscar Browning's diverting "Memories of Later Years," in which he describes a voyage



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on the Mediterranean in a vessel that inspired little confidence. "We were told that on the last voyage she was in great danger in the Gulf of Lyons, which can be worse than the Bay of Biscay. The captain came down to the cabin and told the passengers to be prepared for death. Some prayed, some screamed, and some fainted, but the crisis never came off, and the good old *Argonaut* rode triumphant."

It sounds like "Pinafore"; yet, now that we have this authentic incident, which I should like to use as a foot-note to "The Captain's Daughter," I am in a muse. Possibly in former times it was the custom of sea-captains, when the weather became blowy, to go below dramatically, and bawl their despair at the passengers.

Oscar Browning has the garrulity of old age without fatuity. The author recounts his experiences at Cambridge University, in India, in Russia, and in Italy. He tells good stories; and he makes no attempt to conceal his faith in Esperanto and in Christian Science. He has no modesty, either false or true; but it is inspiring to see a man of eighty-five so vigorous and alert in mind, and so wholeheartedly in love with life.

He has many interesting anecdotes about Campbell-Bannerman, whom even his enemies could not help liking. He was a man of extraordinary loyalty and capacity for affection. Lord Morley in his "Recollections" says that when C. B. was prime minister, some one wrote him about an important matter of state, and received the reply that just then the premier's wife was very ill, and that her health meant more to him than the whole British Empire. Many will regard such an answer with repugnance, even with contempt. For my part, I admire him, first, for feeling like that, and second, for having the candor to say so.

♣ ♣ ♣

DO you like to read of trials in criminal courts, of murder mysteries, of the struggle of wits between an accused individual and the machinery of the law? My natural interest in these is considerably heightened when they belong to history rather than to fiction, and when they are told by an expert. To those who feel as Scott, Stevenson, and Andrew Lang felt on such matters, let me recommend three books by William Roughead, an eminent Scots lawyer and historical investigator. "Twelve Scots Trials" (1913), "The Riddle of the Ruthvens" (1919), and "Glengarry's Way" (1922). They are revelations of human nature. The quiet, precise, orderly, and humorous style actually heightens the sensational nature of the events.

Of new books in literary criticism, one of the most attractive is "Books and Authors," by Robert Lynd, an Irishman, who has made a special preface for the American edition. His short essays are about equally divided between "standard" and contemporary authors, or, as he expresses it, between "More or Less Ancient" and "More or Less Modern," with an interlude and a finale. In the preface he ably defends the practice of writing books about books, using the analogy of books about birds and books about butterflies. His observations extend in time from Herrick the poet to T. S. Eliot. I like particularly the last chapter, wherein Mr. Lynd tells us what he conceives to be the function of the critic. "This love of excellence is indisputably the first of all the requisites of a critic—love of excellence and acquaintance with excellence. The critic's first standard is his enthusiasm for the great writers."

I have often thought that more books on literature should be written by physicians. As Cordelia summoned a nerve specialist to take care of her father, and Macbeth one to look after his wife—both admirable doctors—so a considerable amount of professional criticism has been written of those two characters by alienists. There was also, I believe, a consultation of physicians on the case of the hero in Tennyson's "Maud."

Many contemporary novels seem to call especially for the attention of nerve specialists. The late Professor Raleigh said: "Books are written to be read by those who can understand them; their possible effect on those who cannot is a matter of medical rather than of literary interest." But the situation has changed; to-day there are many novels which are widely read, but cannot be understood except by men whose training has been in medical rather than in literary schools.

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For this reason, I welcome a book like that by Doctor Joseph Collins, called "The Doctor Looks at Literature." A professional alienist, his interests extend beyond the conventional fields of science; he is the author of an entertaining book called "Idling in Italy."

Although the doctor is extremely cautious in pronouncing any positive judgment on matters of science, he is cock-sure on questions in literature. Those who are not repelled by this dogmatism—and I don't mind it particularly, being thoroughly used to it from those who are neither doctors nor critics—will find his chapters truly illuminating. And I wonder if those who read his last essay will continue to treat with adulation an author whose real tendencies are there plainly described?

♣ ♣ ♣

NOTHING could more fitly illustrate my remarks on librarians in the July issue than "Revelations of a Library Life," by David Cuthbertson. Mr. Cuthbertson has been a librarian in Edinburgh for forty-six years, and has been paid so ill and confined so well that he has never seen the city of London. His book is the intentionally artless thinking aloud of a man who has lived amid printed volumes, parchments, and manuscripts. He has seen the tide of university activities ebb and flow; and the view of professors and students as a librarian sees them is part of the charm of his work. On a ridiculous salary, this unpretentious gentleman has managed to support a wife, and educate six children, who are now scattered abroad in Britain and in India, and whose letters are the joy of his old age. Like most librarians, he has done good and not evil all the days of his life; and he has every reason to be content. I regard him as a hero, and I think many will agree with me when they read these two paragraphs from his book.

I find I was first engaged in the University Library at the sum of £70 a year. When I had ten pounds more I married and, although there were many forbidding barriers, with the help of man's best helpmeet, an excellent managing wife with the bravest of spirits, trials, monetary and otherwise, have turned out to be as adverse breezes, and with small sums received for writing, the wolf was kept from the door, and a quiet harbour was reached after many years, and several decades.

I have four sons and two daughters. The eldest son is Secretary to Cambridge University Library; the next, who passed with honours in Classics, is Librarian of the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh, another is a banker in Calcutta, and the fourth is an Art Master, having won, in 1921, the travelling Scholarship in Art at the Royal College of Art in Edinburgh. My eldest daughter has been over eleven years in Allahabad, where she founded what is known as the Modern High School, with upwards of 600 boys in attendance, and my youngest daughter has taken honours in French and German, and passed in Russian. She has qualified for a teacher, and is principal language mistress in an Academy in the West of Scotland.

♣ ♣ ♣

IN the August issue, I stated that General H. M. Robert had become the oldest living graduate of West Point. I was mistaken, and am grateful to two correspondents, both of whom inform me that Brigadier-General Horatio Gates Gibson, now living in Washington, was born in Baltimore, May 22, 1827, and was graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1847. He is now therefore ninety-six years old, ten years older than the author of Robert's "Rules of Order." I thank my correctors, and salute General Gibson. I hope that I may have the honor of recording his one hundredth birthday in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, in the issue for May, 1927.

♣ ♣ ♣

WHEN I was a freshman at Yale, I remember a literary decision handed down one day from the professor's desk, and I not only remember it, but remember the speaker's facial expression and the tone of his voice. While I am under no illusion as to professorial influence on students, there is one commonly heard statement which I know to be false. "Nobody remembers what he was taught in the classroom." The speaker usually proceeds to emphasize the strikingly original thought that what students really learn in college they learn from one another. Now while I was and am devoted to my classmates, I learned more from my teachers; and so far from everything they said being forgotten, I can remember all sorts of *obiter dicta*, *verbatim et literatim*. If the faculty sayings vanish on their utterance, why is it that at class reunions, bald and fat alumni talk so much and so

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often about the hours in the classroom, and what the "Prof" on such and such an occasion said? Perhaps no person is remembered longer than the teacher. Some are hated, some are despised, some are ridiculed and parodied, but few are forgotten.

Our brilliant instructor in Latin, Ambrose Tighe, who for many years has been a lawyer in St. Paul, and served his State in the legislature, used to throw off illustrative comments which are as fresh in my mind after forty years as when I first heard them.

But the particular literary decision I referred to above was given by Professor Cyrus Northrop, afterward president of the University of Minnesota. He was a dignified, even majestic personage. He always wore broadcloth, a long frock coat, with a waistcoat cut very low, revealing a vast expanse of glittering shirt-front. We had the highest regard and reverence for him, but in speaking of him to one another we invariably and affectionately called him "Guts" Northrop, or merely "Gutsy." He never used colloquial language, but spoke formally and correctly. One morning in the classroom, I remember his saying with solemnity: "Gentlemen, I am somewhat behind the age in my admiration for Macaulay."

The reason why this particular pronouncement on Macaulay recurs to my mind is because Lawrence Abbott, the accomplished contributing editor of *The Outlook*, recently admitted having a similar taste. His printed statement of it drew from a gentleman in San Francisco a letter from which I quote:

> Macaulay's critical works naturally fairly swarm with instances of fresh and independent thinking similar to that expressed by . . . L. F. A. but may we be pardoned for quoting two instances especially à propos? First in a letter to his sister Hannah, August 1843, while not specifically referring to the Tower but rather viewing the subject from a different angle, he comments as follows: "The Cathedral, which was my chief object at Chartres, rather disappointed me; not that it is not a fine church: but I had heard it described as one of the most magnificent in Europe. Now I have seen finer churches in England, France, and Germany. It wants vastness and its admirers make the matter worse by proving to you that it is a great deal larger than it looks, and by assuring you that the proportions are so exquisite as to produce the effect of littleness. I have heard the same canted about a much finer building—St. Peter's." Again, in his admirable essay on Southey's edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress": "One unpardonable fault, the fault of tediousness, pervades the whole of the 'Faerie Queene.' We become sick of cardinal virtues and deadly sins, and long for the society of plain men and women. Of the persons who read the first canto, not one in ten reaches the end of the first book, and not one in a hundred perseveres to the end of the poem. Very few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast."

To this interesting letter Doctor Abbott replied:

> It is the fashion now, I believe, to turn up the nose a little at Macaulay. I am just ignoble enough, however, to find great pleasure and satisfaction in his writings. Within a year or two I have read for the second time his history of England, and I am constantly taking down his essays and reading them here and there. His style is delightful and I find myself usually in sympathy with his judgments. I had never run across his criticism of the "Tower of Chartres" or of the "Fairy Queen." Mr. Phelps will sympathize with the first, and I certainly sympathize with the second.

While I was reading these letters, I received one from a friend, telling me of his suddenly renewed enthusiasm for Macaulay. Naturally I was interested, and forwarded to him the Abbott-San Francisco correspondence. To my increased interest he wrote me that he had just called on a friend of his at Dublin, New Hampshire; his host spoke of "his sudden reversion that happened very recently, to the worship of Macaulay, and did this without any suggestion from me, but as his own contribution to our talk. I told him of my experience and yours, and of —— who went to Jamaica last winter with Macaulay's History and then turned to the Essays."

My friend continues:

> It is certainly a curious bundle of coincidences. Now does T. B. M., perhaps just released from Purgatory, try to boom his reputation in this world, working in some mysterious way through our exceptionally open minds? Or do our thoughts just flow into our minds (and out again) from some great sea of thought, entirely without our control? I have often wondered whence come the thoughts that flow into my mind entirely without my doing anything about it. They flow in like a tide. Just now a certain T. B. M. matter seems straying in the universe and gets into our thoughts.

In my own opinion, T. B. M. is the best historian for the T. B. M. Macaulay

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is always interesting. He possessed the gift of language at an early age. When he was four years old, he injured his finger, and a few minutes later, a lady asked him if he felt better; the child replied: "Thank you, Madam, the agony is abated."

I confess that to a large extent I share the late Professor Lounsbury's unashamed enthusiasm for Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." In that kind of poetry, they are unsurpassed. And I cannot reread "The Battle of Naseby" without a stirring of the blood; though immediately after reading it, one should recite the equally stirring "Cavalier Tunes" of Browning.

I was not aware that Macaulay had made any comment, favorable or otherwise, on Chartres; but for fear of a possible misunderstanding, I ought to repeat that as a candidate for the Ignoble Prize I mentioned the *plain tower* of Chartres, not the cathedral itself. The plain tower to me has little significance, and I shall not forget my disappointment when I first saw the outside of the cathedral; but the interior of Chartres is to me most impressive; it is *écrasant*.

I remember how amused I was in reading Bishop Burnet's Travels, to find his comment on Milan: "the cathedral hath nothing to recommend it in the way of architecture." (I quote from memory, but I do not misrepresent him.) The good bishop wrote this pronouncement over two hundred years ago; was his love for his own Salisbury responsible?

What Macaulay says of "The Faerie Queene" is true for the general reader, and with all his learning, Macaulay never forgot that individual. But it leads me to call attention to another club that I have founded, The Faerie Queene Club. There are no entrance fees, no dues, and no testimonial of character required. In order to join, one must have read every word of the mighty poem. The first to be admitted was the Reverend Doctor Reed, of Holyoke, Mass. Another is the American poet, Brian Hooker. I shall be glad to hear of recruits. I will not say that "The Faerie Queene" is my favorite poem, for it is not; but that it richly repays a complete reading I am certain.

The fight between the Dragon and the Knight in Canto XI of the First Book, is a glorious struggle. One incident, though not meant to be comic, has always seemed so to me. The Dragon shot forth a flake of fire, that caught the Knight's whiskers, making an extremely unpleasant conflagration.

Apart from its interest and beauty, "The Faerie Queene" is a particularly fine illustration of the union of those two streams, the Renaissance and the Reformation. There they combined to make a reservoir of poetry.

♣ ♣ ♣

THE challenge that I threw out in the August issue—can we remember *smells?*—has drawn many letters. Positive opinions have been expressed on both sides. A letter from an invalid who has not been able to walk for sixteen years tells me that she remembers distinctly the smell of white lilacs, though she has seen none since the beginning of her misfortune. Another declares that Hudson must either have had a defective sense of smell or a poor memory. Another: "My immediate response—unsought for and instinctive—was a very fair 'phantasm' of the odour of sweet peas; and following it instantly, *but not simultaneous with it*, was the vision of my mother's dinner table of many, many years ago, with a vase of sweet peas in the middle and a large roast of beef at one end. My brother (Eugene Schuyler) used to pick the sweet peas and put them on the table because he said that their odour went with roast beef. You know how usual it is for a scent to bring back a scene. I was also, more deliberately, able to remember the strong sweet scent of June roses."

This letter is interesting in itself: to me it has a peculiar appeal, for I shall never forget the debt I owe to Eugene Schuyler. He first translated Turgenev's "Fathers and Sons" into English, and it was his translation that made me acquainted with that masterpiece. His preface, dated 1867, is particularly interesting. Schuyler travelled extensively in Europe and in Asia, and years ago I read this tribute from one of his companions: "Eugene Schuyler was the bravest man I ever saw."

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The publisher of the *Christian Endeavor World* writes me an interesting question: "May not the lack of clear memory of smells be due to the difficulty and almost impossibility of defining them? For instance, it would be quite easy to describe a violet to one who had never seen the flower, but how would you describe the fragrance?" This may have something to do with it.

A lady from Montclair writes that Hudson "expects too much of memory. Recollection, at best, is but a faint reflection of actuality. I cannot agree with what I heard Professor Münsterberg state: 'Dere are *two* tebbels. De tebbel on de floor is a tebbel, and de tebbel in de mind is a tebbel.' 'De tebbel in de mind,' is, I hold, merely an image or simulacrum of a table. One's brain would soon be cluttered with furniture, past and present."

A gentleman from Wilkes-Barre: "I share your doubts as to Hudson's theory of the lack of power to remember smells. It seems to me that I can recall the odors of gasolene, the richer cheeses, a tuberose, and others. It is not as vivid as the recollection of a scene or a piece of music, not of the same order. . . . Recognition of a scent is clearly established. Does not that involve memory?"

A lady from Auburndale takes the opposite view, and her letter may be regarded as a commentary, convincing or not, on the query from Wilkes-Barre.

Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne wishes to enter the controversy on smells, otherwise why, immediately after reading "As I Like It" for August, did I casually pick up "Rappaccini's Daughter," and pounce upon the following: "It is like the breath of a flower; but I see no flowers in the chamber." "Nor are there any . . . nor, I think, is there any fragrance except in your worship's imagination. Odors, being a sort of element combined of the sensual and the spiritual, are apt to deceive us in this manner. The recollection of a perfume, the bare idea of it, may easily be mistaken for a present reality." I've always taken for granted that odor formed an important part in memories until I read what W. H. Hudson says about it. Now I feel that I have lost something precious, if it is possible to lose what evidently one never possessed. I can't bring back a single odor that has meant much to me. It seems uncanny; the feeling one has in a dream when one struggles to speak and can't make a sound. What a strange trick of nature that the faintest whiff of some particular perfume has the power to recall vividly past scenes but my mind can't recover the odor when it has vanished! I'm afraid I am on Hudson's side. After sealing this (slightly) I'm going out and mingle with a large bed of phlox just to see if my brain will give credit to my poor cheated nose for even temporary activity.

Finally, E. C. Huffaker, of Chuckey, Tennessee, writes:

I have a watermelon patch near my summer home, which is also my winter home, and about the time I was reading in SCRIBNER about our inability to remember odors, two different negroes told me that in passing by on the railroad 500 feet away, they had distinctly noticed the odor of the watermelons, and explained that it was similar to the odor of a melon freshly cut. Now these melons are not yet ripe and none of them have been cut, and while standing in the patch and surrounded by scores of them I can detect not the slightest odor arising from them, nor could my son when I called his attention to the matter; and yet these negroes recognized a pronounced odor when 500 feet away. The only conclusion to be drawn was that these negroes, and possibly all negroes, had a more perfectly developed sense of smell than I had, and perhaps than the white race in general. This put it in my mind to test Mr. Hudson's theory, and accordingly I interrogated the next negro I met in regard to his experience and ability in the way of remembering odors. . . . I found that Jim had also noticed the smell of watermelons while passing, still at the distance of 500 feet, and he had probably made a note of the locality. . . . I then asked if he could remember the smell of a muskmelon. After a little hesitation he said he was not sure whether he could or not. And then he added, "I can remember some smells and some I can't. . . . I can remember how apples smell, and peaches." When asked if he could remember distinctly he replied so positively that he could, and in the same way that he remembered how his house looked, that I could not do otherwise than believe him. So it would seem that Mr. Hudson is right and that among the less developed races the memory of odors remains. . . . The white farmers of the South have been accustomed to grow their melons in hidden, out of the way places, in order that the lawless and predatory might not be able to find them. But what is the use? The negro can smell them out, and what is worse he remembers how the newly cut melon smells and I do not doubt he remembers how it tastes; and in consequence the temptation to visit a patch which his keen sense of smell has located is not to be resisted.

To sum up, let me suggest that all who are interested in this question and all who are not, read with diligence Zona Gale's novel, "Faint Perfume."

Other new novels which I heartily recommend are "Raw Material," by Dorothy Canfield, which is after all not a novel, but a collection of sketches; it is fiercely interesting, and no one can read

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it without respect for the author's art and intelligence. "Midwinter" is a ripping eighteenth-century English romance, by John Buchan; among the characters is Samuel Johnson. "Through the Wheat," by Thomas Boyd, is the most impartial story of the war that I have read anywhere; it brings me nearer the trenches than any other book. The unexpressed love of truth in this objective story is highly commendable; for the tale is neither sentimental nor obscene. "The Back Seat," by G. B. Stern, is assuredly her best performance thus far; it is a story reminding one of "This Freedom" and "Bread," carrying a similar idea with more delicate art. It is a pleasure to read such English; which remark applies with equal force to "Grey Wethers," a story by V. Sackville-West, as invigorating in its identification of the characters with the environment as is Hardy's "Woodlanders." Margaret P. Montague has written one of the best American novels of the year in "Deep Channel," wherein two derelicts arouse and hold the interest of the sympathetic reader. Every American should certainly read "The Hawkeye," by Herbert Quick, who like his name is very much alive. This novel has scored a well-deserved success, and would have made a sensation, were it not slightly overshadowed by its predecessor, "Vandemark's Folly." These two tales are not only good, and at times thrilling, they are a contribution to the history of our Middle West.

To that interesting class of persons who whenever a new book comes out read an old one—it must keep them busy—let me recommend, nay insist, that they read H. G. Wells's "The Wheels of Chance," written in 1895. Those who have never seen it have before them unmitigated joy; those who have not read it since the last century will have a joy mitigated with regret. The regret will not be for themselves.

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PRESCOTT CHILDS, R. G. Rincliffe, Isaac Horton, 3d, have joined the Fano Club; the youngest members are Stuyvesant Butler and Revell McCallum, undergraduates at Yale; and the youngest member of the "am't I" club is the four-year-old daughter of a teacher of history in Detroit, who uses the expression with the dogmatic grace of childhood. I am informed that the mountaineers of western North Carolina say "am I not?"

A gentleman from Rangoon, Burma, writes me that his children take delight in "Gulliver's Travels" and in "Pilgrim's Progress." He adds: "The children are normal—I think. At least the younger is a red-headed, freckled young codger wearing his first trousers with pockets with the swank of a sergeant-major."

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ARE Baptists especially fond of prize-fighting? The incident I narrated of my father has drawn two communications, one from a minister who says that when he was a student in the Chicago Theological Seminary, in the midst of a solemn meeting on the Day of Prayer there squeezed into his pew a late comer who excitedly whispered, "Corbett has knocked out Sullivan!" A Philadelphia citizen writes me that his mother, who was a Baptist in faith and a super-Victorian in morals, followed with eagerness in the newspapers every prize-fight, from the first training exercises down to the finish. And she always took sides. Now the Baptists had to fight their way to freedom; one of the earliest was tried by a judge who had a grim sense of humor, for he sentenced the man to be drowned.

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I HAVE a white hyacinth to feed my soul and some nice young porkers for more mundane purposes.

From Hyacinths to Ham

A very pattern of modern adolescence, rushing pell-mell to taste the joys of maturity, my hyacinth eagerly burst into bloom before even the tip of its spike had lifted above the calyx; so that now, when almost at its prime, the plant has the appearance of five thin jade fingers cupping a handful of freshly popped corn. The pure waxen bells clasped in their green whorl are curiously beautiful. My hyacinth smells like spring. Its fragrance is a composite of the sharp ascetic tang of winter and the out-of-doors and the heady, exotic aroma of summer—a delightful perfume and elusive.

At intervals I quit my station at the kitchen range, where, like a new-style domestic witch, in white apron and cap, I stir my cauldrons of bubbling fat which is being transmuted into sweet lard, and go to the window for a whiff of flower fragrance and to see if any more "kernels" have "popped." Not that I dislike the odor of rendering fat. I do not. It is a homely, pleasant smell that suggests toothsome doughnuts and savory croquettes, flaky pies, fluffy biscuit, and other delectables.

The sight of a row of stone jars filled with sweet lard, milky-white as the hyacinth bells, fills my housewifely soul with justifiable pride in work well done; likewise the inviting glass cans of sausage, of tongues, hearts, hocks, and jowls that promise appetizing hurry-up meals for torrid days. Nor is this yet all, for down in the cellar a barrel of hams and "sides" is undergoing a miraculous sugar-curing process that will culminate in slow smoking with green cottonwood, which we of the desert country have found no mean rival of hickory for meat-curing.

Fortified with this plenteous supply of home-cured and canned meat and pure lard, I shall for another twelvemonth whistle gay tunes at packers and butchers. With opulent gestures *I* shall carve great slices of pink spiced ham and cook generous rashers of delicate bacon; and my family shall eat thereof—not sparingly, as the poor urbanite takes his costly meat—but unto complete satisfaction! And I shall put before my household a savory ham salad, introduced to me last summer by friends just returned from abroad. This is made of hot broiled ham, cut fine; sliced hard-boiled eggs, also hot; shredded crisp lettuce; a bit of minced onion or a suspicion of garlic; a sprinkle of sugar, salt, and paprika; a dash of vinegar, all lightly mixed in a soup-plate or shallow bowl. It is good. The ingredients are placed upon the table and each person mixes his own portion exactly to his taste.

It is an art to make fine lard. But, like all art, it takes time. As I stand stirring first one kettle and another, hour after hour, the thought is borne in upon me that, after all, patient effort is the chief requisite to success—given, of course, an adequate conception of the proposed undertaking—whether in the homely task of rendering lard or in the important and hazardous enterprises of life. But the average hired worker no longer has time for either patience or pride in his work. The speed of production is too great for loving, perfect workmanship, for joy in creation. This largely accounts for the poor quality of various wares we buy: for the parts of a machine that do not fit; for flimsy articles that fall to pieces at the first using, where those they have replaced gave reliable service for years. Regretfully we must admit that nowadays the quality of patience is about as prevalent as the use of the mustache-cup, and about as popular as Job's bodily affliction.

Although it is the first of March, a blizzard is having a belated tantrum outside. The drifting snow makes me think of John Ridd and the terrible time he had digging out his sheep after the big snow and carrying them, two by two, to safety. And I am thankful that we have no new-born lambs to suffer the cruelty of the storm, which is now like the proverbial stepmother's chastising hand upon these shivering woolly infants that so readily succumb to rough weather.

It is not a school-day, so we have had a late and leisurely breakfast of fresh sausage and "sour-dough" buckwheats. Doubtless the mere mention of these so-called indigest-



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ibles is enough to make the sedentary urban dweller pale with anguish; but my bucolic men-folk can run up a score of twenty-seven each of these leathern plasters as easily as Galli-Curci can run the scale, and suffer no more in consequence.

TO-DAY I am particularly well content at my patience-testing task of lard-rendering, for I have just returned from a little visit in the village, and so have many small pleasures to think about. Despite the fact that for long periods I delight in being as solitary as a sheep-herder, who for months on end may be without company other than his "woolies," except for the infrequent brief calls of the camp-tender who brings supplies, at other times I am as gregarious as the sheep themselves. And a sheep entertains so modest an opinion of its own society that it never indulges in it when possible to flock with its fellows. Which is to say that I do heartily enjoy hobnobbing with friends on Main Street of a bright day, though the open country always seems very spacious and unwontedly pleasant upon my return from town.

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One of my cronies is the Irish lady proprietor of the Buffalo Hump Café—she who regales me with new "ree-ceps" for utilizing cold left-overs of food, or for making a "grand" kind of home-brew; and who, in some mysterious manner always manages to impart to me some of her own cordial spirit, which leaves me with a glow far warmer than any her best wine could give.

Then there is my gardener friend, who when I go to buy a dozen or so humble cabbage or tomato plants, listens sympathetically to all my garden troubles, prescribes a cure, and sends me on my way laden with gifts of verbena, cosmos, and pansy plants, and of new vegetable varieties he is trying out, far in excess of my modest purchases.

Another long-time chum is the sheep-shearer, who in winter runs a trap-line, and is often so long in the mountains that he looks like a Western Robinson Crusoe when he comes down and until the barber gets at him. It is rumored that periodically this good fellow gets gloriously drunk on moonshine whiskey; nevertheless I have invariably found him the acme of courtesy and ever ready with blithe quip and jest. By reason of past lemon and rhubarb pies upon which he has feasted at our ranch, he can usually be induced to shear our sheep at our convenience, when neighboring flocks are compelled to wear their heavy winter coats many hot days while waiting for shearers. For gentlemen of this profession are notoriously temperamental.

My hyacinth in its pot is now the only visible sign of spring. Yet I know that within little more than a month the sage on the hillsides will be quickening to a faint green, and that after April snows and showers the air will be sweet with its acrid spiciness. I can, in ten minutes' walk from my cabin, reach a wilderness of sage where I may be as remote, as solitary, as is the human soul. As far as I can see are only billows of gray-green sage, dotted with cactus, the sky an inverted sapphire or agate basin above me, as the day be bright or drab. This immensity of space makes one feel very small and futile; yet, paradoxically, it also gives a sense of exaltation over having even a humble place in the great scheme of things.

Here one may not see the Moscow Players; still, there are compensations in living on a Wyoming ranch. Many home-grown good things, ranging all the way from hyacinths to ham; the proximity of wild life; the ever-changing beauty of the polychrome mountains; the smell of sage in springtime and the susurrus of the summer wind in the sage, mysterious as the whispers of gossiping women—these, and the leisure in which to think, are among them.

IT so happened that one day shortly before Christmas I was racking my brains for a sentence which should contain, among other elements, an adjectival clause. After some pondering I evolved: "A stray dog, that acted very lonely, came to our house on Christmas Day"; and this I forthwith used.

Dog Personalities

On the evening of the day after Christmas, as I walked up the long snow-covered hill toward home, a huge dog, treading lightly, nose now to the ground, now raised questingly, crossed my path. His shape and size were unfamiliar, and when he went down a side road to the right I turned and glanced after him. Before I had gone on many steps he was back, paused to consider me in passing, then fled on up the dim road and down the next cross street. But by the time I reached the corner he had

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again come back. As I passed him he stood motionless, looking down the hill. The next instant he turned and quietly, but with every air of having made a decision, attached himself to me. Whatever his quest, he had for the time being given it up.

At first, though he seemed to expect it, we did not let him in. But no sooner was the front door closed than he jumped up on one of the side seats of the covered porch and, stretching to his full height, pawed at the narrow window, demanding admittance, not as a favor, but as a right. His attitude was: "If you were in my place I should not treat you this way. As one gentleman of another, I ask your hospitality." And, upon that basis, how could we refuse him?

The light of the hall disclosed that, although his size suggested other ancestry, our visitor had somewhat the appearance of an Airedale. He made his way at once to the kitchen, ate modestly what we gave him, and dropped to the floor beside the stove. There he stayed, without moving, all the evening and all night, as if intent only upon gathering strength for the continuance of his search.

I hardly expected to find him next night when I came home. But he was still there, silently mournful. In the evening he followed us into the living-room and presently came and laid his head upon my knee. As he looked up his eyes begged not so much for a caress as for comfort of another kind. His spirit seemed remote, withdrawn. He was grateful to us for food and temporary shelter. But the end and aim of his existence lay elsewhere. There was something lacking that he wanted us to help him find.

We did our best. At the end of the week his owner came for him. It appeared that the Airedale had until recently belonged to a family in the city, fifteen miles away. They had moved to another part of the United States. The dog was boarded in the city for a time, and then taken by a family in our town. But before he had been in his new home an hour, he broke away. What was he in quest of, the night he passed me on the hill? What was it that he had ever since been seeking? Not merely a home, for we had given him that. Not his new owner, for with him he scarcely became acquainted. No, it was something else that he was looking for. He was a dog with a lost ideal. I wonder. Has he, by this time, forgotten the hurt that went so deep? Has his faith in the loving-kindness of those whom he trusted been in some way justified and restored? Or is he still restlessly seeking the explanation of something that his dog-mind cannot grasp? How terrible to be forced to hurt any one! How doubly terrible to hurt one who can never be made to understand!

We might, perhaps, have missed the Airedale more but that, a day or two before he left us, another homeless dog appeared. At first we scarcely noticed the collie—thought, if we considered the matter at all, that he belonged somewhere in the neighborhood. But one morning we found that he had slept in the snow just outside the house. The next morning another ring of snow was melted in the sidewalk. When we spoke to the collie he looked interested. When we put food out, he ate it ravenously. When we asked him in, he shied away. But one freezing night, after the Airedale had gone, we coaxed him into the house. Once inside he became, and has remained, our dog.

Though almost equal in size to the Airedale, the collie is of an entirely different personality. The Airedale had been loved and hurt. But this dog seems never to have been loved at all. Now, having found out what affection is, he wants it all the time. When we sit around the open fire in the evening he goes first to one member of the family and then another, looks up yearningly, coaxes a little with his tail. If he meets with any response at all he comes up with both forepaws. His nose seeks out a caressing hand. If the hand is otherwise occupied he insists, with his nose, until the caress desired has been given; and then he wants more.

It is hard, indeed, to discipline the collie. When we command him sternly to "lie down," his yellow eyes grow black with emotion. He cannot rest until he has begged forgiveness for the fault implied by our severity of tone—and that means getting up. His mien is so humble and unhappy that, once he is down, we are tempted to say: "There! that's a good dog." But instantly he wants to thank us, and that, again, means getting up. If we are ever to impress visitors with the way in which our new dog minds, we shall have to watch him slyly, and give the command in gentle tones,

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at the precise moment when he has, on his own account, decided to lie down. I suppose we shall never know where the collie came from. But he seems to have found the place where he wants to stay.

All this time I have neglected to mention the dog *who*, by right of seniority and precedence, is officially head of the house. Clinker is a Scottish terrier, of about the proportions of a large-sized rat. During the years in which he has made our house his home Clinker has respected and, I think, esteemed us, and we in turn have esteemed and respected him. That is as far as our relations have ever gone. But Clinker is a gentleman. Everything considered, he has borne the advent of these newcomers with truly admirable self-control. When the collie makes his evening rounds Clinker sits up and, shifting his weight from one forepaw to the other, stares intently with his bright, beadlike eyes. If, as sometimes happens, the collie demands too much, Clinker rushes, barking, at our feet. We give him the brief, vigorous mauling which constitutes his idea of a proper caress. Then having, as it were, restored order, he goes back to the hearth-rug and sits abruptly down. He still means to keep one eye upon proceedings. But sleep overcomes the best of us in moments of boredom. Clinker's head begins to nod, and after a little he flings himself down with a sigh and goes to sleep. He never could understand sentiment! But, although he cannot sympathize with our vagaries, Clinker is peacefully conscious that we are honorable and that his position in our household is secure.

Three dogs—as different in temperament as three different human beings, but each with his good points, each faithful to his own ideals. When I think of the Airedale and his quest, of the collie, so trustfully content with us, and of Clinker, puzzled at times by the oddity of our tastes, yet confident, as only a dog can be confident, of our good-will toward him, the thought which comes more earnestly than any other to my mind is—may I never break faith with a dog.

YOU cannot hurry the butter in the churn, nor the seed in the ground; and perhaps it is just as well, in these days of Instant This and Minute That, and all the other short cuts to nourishment, that a few essentials should maintain a dignified reserve, demanding from us both patience and perseverance, two qualities that threaten to die out of our modern lives.

Patient Processes

If chance or design divorces us for a time from our town lives, where space seems to be in inverse ratio to rent, and the kitchenette and the grocer's package seem to demand that the housekeeper shall never look beyond the immediate meal, we may find the leisured thought, and the balanced mind, that we need if we deliberately seek the conditions where the churn and the garden-seed still regulate the family time-table.

It is good for us sometimes to be where the rotation of crops is no mere phrase in a gardening manual, where the quiet succession of potatoes, corn, root vegetables, and oats, clover, and timothy sweep across the land, changing old-worn fields into "new meadow" in the course of the years. It is good for us to be with people who perforce must think in years, not in hectic, staccato, train-catching minutes.

It may not be possible for even the most passionate pilgrim of these days to become acquainted with the butter in its making. In spite of my boasting opening sentence, many of the processes have been terribly speeded up, although the actual butter still has to "come" at its own sweet will. The old dasher churn is gone, and various patent time-savers reign in its stead, while our modern panic at the idea of even the cleanest of stranger hands touching our food has decreed that butter shall be "worked" with various devices of wheels and cranks. The result is an excellent product, "standardized," alas! and commanding a better price in the market than the old farm butter. For in this, as in so many other things, our terror lest we touch an occasional something below standard often shuts us out altogether from the many things above standard. In this fashion are we herded by the experts on to a good safe level, losing our own powers of judgment and selection because we dare not use them.

To me butter-making means early memories of a cool, white room, whose screened windows were high in the wall, whose every inch was spotlessly clean, a room happily ignorant of that hideous invention known as a "separator," where the cream, following its own laws, rose at its leisure to the

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tops of the brimming pans, to be skimmed by hand. And the skimmer! Even my bold spirit quails before the modern germ enthusiast. The skimmer was a huge "hen" clam-shell, its pearly edge worn smooth with countless scourings, the depression of its hinge exactly fitting the thumb of the skilled hand that rolled up the cream in thick yellow ridges. For this home dairy was supplied by a herd of four Jersey cows, with the result that the spoon could almost "stand alone" in your breakfast cream, and the mere suggestion of the need of artificial coloring in her butter brought a look of bitter horror to the face of the farmer's wife.

To-day the farming landscape is dotted with black-and-white, and the Jersey cow has become the pet of the amateur, or the idol of the faithful, old-fashioned few. Small wonder the Holstein predominates, for, with less food, of a commoner grade, she gives down quarts and quarts of milk, so lacking in butter-making qualities that the faithful experts have had to determine that too much butter fat is illegal. The "quarts and quarts" are hurried to the nearest distributing centre, mostly by motor-trucks, there to be standardized and sterilized, and sent out under various sacred initials. The safety of the greater number is undoubtedly protected, and the resulting product is more interesting than one would suppose; but the cool little dairy, where the cream "rose" and the butter "came," is left far behind; and lucky is any one who can, to-day, find such an object of pilgrimage.

It is far simpler to learn the lesson of the second half of our home-made proverb, for, given a patch of land, a little money for seeds, and a large fund of happy, enthusiastic ignorance, any one can start a garden, and every one should do so, if he harvest no other crop than a large stock of amused patience.

The gardener has many clear visions, and seeds, bulbs and transplanted roots have very distinct ideas of their own. The necessary compromise often brings about charming results; but quite as often no compromise is possible, and the results are dire. Then complete change or even revolution becomes necessary in the garden world. When the gardener can say: "That bit is all wrong. That clump must be taken up, for the flowers that clash there will make that other bed a joy," a long stride has been taken toward perfection in the patience class as a gardener. If the student needs further training, and every true student will acknowledge that this training should end only with life itself, he can do no better than turn to nature and learn how she plants, replants, and transplants.

Indeed, a close and intimate friendship with a bit of woodland or a patch of garden forms a wonderful post-graduate course in the school of living. Under such tuition, all the half-understood and often deeply resented actions and reactions of a busy life fall into rhythmic step with nature's undeviating course. Creation and re-creation mark her path. Beneath her mothering hand, tiny builders build and pass on; there are sowers that sometimes reap, and there are reapers who never have sown and never will sow, and every proverb we have ever heard finds its illustration if we can only read the writing she spreads before us. There is tragedy a-plenty, even cataclysm as we count such things; but the seeds fall, or are planted by human hand, and in due time the plants come. The basic law is unchanged, and its processes are measured and infinitely patient. If only our impatient human nature could learn to keep step with these great natural processes there would be more balance and less friction in our world.

And yet when, as sometimes happens, some wholly impatient, utterly intolerant spirit breaks through all these bounds, crashes through the sheltering underbrush of our minds, and opens long vistas toward the sun, we have to acknowledge that this may be genius. So, gathering up the somewhat tattered fragments of our own personal philosophy, we can only do our best to follow on, comforting ourselves with the conviction that this shattering light that has been thrust upon us will be but ordinary daylight to the generations that follow—that this, too, in some large way at present beyond our understanding, is but another patient process.

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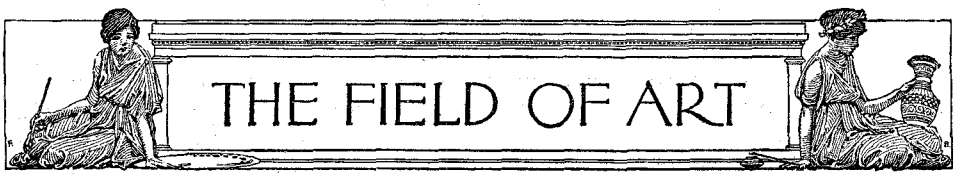


# American Art and the Public

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

OFTEN we hear of the responsibility of the American public for the condition of American art in the past, the present, and the future. It was Walt Whitman, I think, who said that we can never have great poetry unless we have a "great audience" for it, and so say others of music and of the arts of design. Sometimes they rest their belief upon the supposed law of supply and demand; sometimes they explain that only from a soil which produces fine forests can we expect individual trees of exceptional size and beauty, or that peculiarly sensitive plants need a benign climate and constant care. But whatever may be the special reason for demanding a "great audience," whether it be thought of as a paymaster, a seed-bed, or an atmosphere, it is unusually envisaged as a very wide audience, as an immediately sympathetic, truly appreciative, yet wisely critical public, coextensive almost with the people at large. And this is one reason why many critics and commentators have contrasted our actual public, sadly, sarcastically, or abusively, with—well, sometimes with every other public of the present and the past.

But probably there was never so wide a public for the artist as these critics suppose—at least in that Occidental world of which we form a part. Of course it is difficult to gauge the size even of a public of to-day—that is, to estimate how many among the people really *see* and think about and care about works of art. And in regard to the past, opinions differ so greatly that at one extreme we have some worshipper of the Greeks who believes that in their great period every one of them was an interested and competent amateur and critic, at the other extreme Mr. Whistler, who once exclaimed: "Listen! There never was an artistic period, there never was an art-loving nation." More nearly with Whistler than with the other extremist the artists of the greatest modern period seem to have agreed. I have forgotten the name of a book that was lent me long ago, a collection of German translations of letters written by artists in the time of the Renaissance; but very distinctly I remember the emphasis with which the writers complained of the indifference or stupidity of their public. One of them affirmed that in the whole of Italy there was only a single place, Florence, where an artist could count upon any public at all. And from many familiar books we may learn how largely the part now played by the public was then taken by the patron—pope or prince or great lady—and may learn, moreover, that a patron was often as unsympathetic, exasperating, hampering as any public well could be. An American artist would hang himself or go into Wall Street rather than bear what Michelangelo bore from his three popes, compelled, for example, first to paint and then to build when he passionately wanted to make statues, and even to waste year after year (an "enormous insult" he called it) in quarrying marble and constructing roads. And, to go back to Athens, if we consider how set apart from the multitude of slaves and even from freemen of other classes was the aristocratic intellectual class, a true public for works of art coextensive with the people can hardly be supposed. It is well to think also of Plutarch's story of Phidias when we chafe at the heavy hand with which our legislators sometimes touch matters of art: none of our artists has yet died in prison while under a charge of professional malfeasance trumped up for a political purpose.

Of course all artists need a sympathetic public, and the larger the better. One group of them may be loud just now in asserting that art is merely a means of "personal expression." But expression is naught unless it is also communication. To be articulate is naught if one cannot also be audible. Art may say of itself what science says of nature: there are no colors where



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there is no eye to see them, no sounds apart from a listening ear. Moreover, certain artists—notably the architect, the monumental sculptor, the mural painter, and in a large degree the portrait painter—are unable even to articulate unless some one asks them to. Yet they need this kind of first-aid only from individuals relatively few, and all that most other artists need is a reasonable hope that when they articulate they may become audible.

One capital charge against our public has been a charge of timidity. We have been so humble-minded, we are told, or else so snobbish, that we have not judged and decided for ourselves but, in regard to our own as well as foreign artists, have waited for foreign verdicts. There was a time when this was true of music and musicians and, partially, of literature and its makers, but that time has passed, and it was never true of painting in so far as American work was concerned. Foreign pictures we used not to accept, and to a certain extent still do not accept, without scanning their credentials, but our own painters, from Copley down, we have independently appraised. Even when, as with Gilbert Stuart of old and Whistler and Sargent of late, foreign approval has weighed in the balance, it has not been determinative. And for the most part there has been no foreign testimony to consider. Who overseas knew about our "Hudson River School" of landscape-painting when it found here a public that was, indeed, small but sufficient and enthusiastic, or during the years when we denied its merits and forgot all about it, or more recently when we have judged it afresh and more fairly? We should still be waiting to decide about Inness and Winslow Homer, about Homer Martin and many a younger man whose work we prize—and buy for large prices—if we had feared to speak until they should be acclaimed "abroad."

It has been the same with the more peculiar work of a Thomas Eakins or an Albert Ryder and with many a "progressive" painter difficult for the generality to understand. Even those radical coteries that call themselves by fantastic names have excited interest (if sometimes the interest of hot reprobation!) by their experiments in art or in *blague*, honest or tricky, clever, enigmatical, futile, or farcical as these experiments have so variously been. If for painters' work our public has not yet in the true sense an open mind, a mind that can weigh all things impartially, strive for sympathy, and wait for decision until the unfamiliar has become less strange, it is, I think, trying to grow in this direction. One part of it, however, is in one particular contentedly stupid and open to that charge of snobbishness which, as I have said, we do not in general deserve. In certain circles—and these the very circles which, if the opportunities that wealth and leisure provide are taken into account, ought to be our wisest in artistic matters—in these circles some second or third rate showy portrait painter from foreign parts is too often exalted above his native-born betters.

Of our sculptors we may say about the same as of our painters: we have judged them independently if not always intelligently. From our early monument-makers to Rogers of the "groups" and then on to Paul Manship, they have found a public, and one which did not look abroad for guidance. When it so multitudinously commemorated the soldiers of the War of the Rebellion it was, indeed, ignorant enough to believe that artists might be found in any stonecutter's yard. But at the time there were few elsewhere, and as they have grown in numbers public discrimination has developed. The commissions given during the last two or three decades for monumental sculpture to be paid for by the people have not always brought satisfaction to the paymasters. When very well served they have known it. I have, indeed, heard more than one person wonder why Saint Gaudens's figures are not more numerous in our cities, implying that he was not rightly prized. But the true reason lay in his peculiarly slow methods of production. Even if he had worked rapidly and with more than one pair of hands he would still have been kept busy. The real test of public appreciation is not, however, the number of commissions given to sculptors good or bad; for commissions of certain kinds may depend upon influences, personal or political, which do not truthfully represent the taste of the public. The test is, rather, the degree in which the works of art set up in public places are noticed and praised. And I think that even the average New Yorker uninstructed in the arts knows which are the best monuments in his city and either does not notice the others or, if they are as conspicuous as the contorted reliefs, the fatuous lions, and the

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magnified waste-paper baskets of the Public Library, passes them, as his temperament may dictate, with a wry smile or an embittered frown.

But for one branch of our art—architecture—a public is only just beginning to develop. It is the most important branch of all and it is the one in which we have thus far done best, in which we have done work radically and characteristically our own that we may be more than willing to have other countries pronounce upon in comparison with their own. Yet even our newspapers give negative evidence that scarcely anybody cares about it. Day by day they devote wide pages to musical happenings and to picture shows, noticing even the most sadly negligible, while they seldom give even a brief incompetent word to a new building. Perhaps this is partly because there are advertisers interested in pushing concerts and picture sales but not in backing architects, yet public interest also counts in such matters. We cannot excuse our lack of this interest but may partially explain it. We may remember that one cannot without a little thought and a little knowledge even seem to one's self to judge a work of architecture intelligently, and we must not forget that a new building can be seen in one place only, while pictures give but a poor idea of it, or that the anonymity prescribed by the architect's own code of ethics almost eliminates that personal factor which is potent in attracting attention to contemporary works of art. The architect does not advertise, he has few chances to exhibit his drawings, and he does not sign his work. It would be a great help to him and to us if in a conspicuous place on every important building its creator's name were inscribed for all to note and remember. Otherwise how are we to learn it? From the janitor?

But there are signs which I cannot here set forth that the architect is beginning to gain a public. And however indifferent he may thus far have found the mass of his fellow-citizens, he can hardly complain of those upon whom he has had to depend for first-aid—his clients. He has been given admirable opportunities. He has had the chance to treat, as he might see fit from the artistic point of view, wholly novel and very diverse problems of great importance. Some of these problems have been hard ones—almost impossible ones they seemed at first. But this only increased their interest for really active minds; and, excepting as our architects have chosen to bind themselves by reverence for the past or by the prescriptions of foreign schools, they have worked at all their problems in great freedom. The client (I think I may say it quite generally) has trusted, not tried to coerce, the designer. In fact, such instances of coercion as one may hear of now and then are apt to be the other way about! Of course there must often be heart-breaking financial restrictions, but, on the other hand, as we look around at our great buildings of purely utilitarian purpose we marvel often that the architect has been allowed to spend so much money—occasionally so much unnecessary or even detrimental money.

Who could think of the American public and not think of the ambitious and lavish American collector? Year by year he grows in numbers, sometimes gradually gaining importance, sometimes suddenly revealing himself, a hitherto unknown figure but already possessed of great treasures. It has been common in Europe to ridicule him as a purse-proud spendthrift or an ignorant imitator of that true connoisseur who, it is implied, can exist only in the elder world. To-day, now that the need to sell what can be sold has become in many lands a tragic commonplace, he is not perhaps so harshly judged. Yet occasionally we still read laments and objurgations which might persuade a visitor from Mars that transatlantic purchasers have the power to compel the sale of works of art and the desire not so much to own them as to injure by their purchase the country where they find them.

If, like other people, we have had ignorant and foolish collectors, we have had wise ones and also many who, beginning with an undeveloped feeling for beautiful things, have, by dint of seeking, gathering, and studying them, grown greatly in knowledge and good taste. And this is happily prophetic of what should happen on a wider scale as these many and splendid possessions come gradually into public ownership and all men may profit by them. Nor, I should add, has the conspicuous collector devoted himself wholly to foreign products. The American artist owes him much. Better, however, than by a few of his kind, our art and our public will be served by the multiplication of modest purchasers able to buy and to keep before the eyes of their children a small number of fine things. Unfortunately, a limitation of hous-

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ing space is progressively apparent in our large cities. We may say of pictures as of books: How shall we buy many when we have no place to bestow them? Yet not all of us live in big cities or live in them all the year round, and, moreover, the artist may, if he will, adapt himself somewhat to urban conditions. Especially might this truth be impressed upon the portrait painter. The traditional life-size portrait, even if it be only a half-length, is for many of us too large to be domesticated. To paint a figure or a head with truth and beauty on a small scale is, indeed, a difficult task, but it has been accomplished and can be again. And if it were to be notably well accomplished here and now, surely there would be good harvests of popularity and doubloons.

And how about the manifold minor arts which should form a rich undergrowth around the three major arts of design, and supply to architecture those flowers of adornment which it cannot do without? Here, I am afraid, we can say few good words for ourselves. Here, as yet, we have not done well, and we have, as yet, no public to deplore and resent the fact. Call them decorative arts, household arts, industrial arts, handicrafts, or what you will; how are they serving us? Make a test for yourself. Try to find in our shops half a dozen useful things, American in idea and execution, that you will be willing to send as gifts to friends in Europe. Or try to furnish a house and see what you can get that is good and is new, not counting as new a copy of anything inherited from the past. Here and there, as in the textile arts, there are signs of progress, but how slowly it comes and how little we are doing to help it on! To show our needs in this direction and to indicate the remedy for them the director of the Cooper Union schools has written a book which every American interested in the arts ought to read.* Of course the remedy is education—too large a subject for this page. Yet one or two things must be said about it. As education in art means chiefly, necessarily, education of the eye; it is fortunate that our museums are now utilizing their resources for this purpose. During a recent visit to New York Sir Frederick Kenyon, the director of the British Museum, spoke with praise of their efforts "to popularize art" by displaying their treasures in attractive and instructive ways and by providing lecture halls and study rooms. And a circular issued last January by the Royal Museums of Brussels to explain their plans for a newly constituted "Educational Service" says that it will draw inspiration from the experiments which during the last few years have been so successful, "principally in American museums."

On the other hand we have great need of more really efficient schools of art. It is much to be desired that our popular periodicals should give more space to artistic matters and that we should have more critics of the quality, let us say, of Mr. Mather and Mr. Cortissoz. And it is *essential* that our artists should concern themselves intimately with the crafts.

No matter how our industrial arts may improve, and no matter how "great" a public we may develop for them and for the major arts of design, we cannot feel sure that we shall also have that great band of great artists for whom we hope. Not in this field more than in others can we disentangle with assurance the influence of environment and training from the influence of heredity. And the whole history of art shows that not only individual but also national, racial, aptitude counts for much. We see it as clearly in the difference between the Paris and the London of to-day as in the difference between ancient Egypt and its Semitic contemporaries. And we cannot now estimate our own aptitudes, for as a people we have not yet evolved; we have not yet amalgamated and assimilated the diverse inheritances that have come to us from many lands. But while waiting it is wise to try to develop a public for such artists as may be granted us. And it is wise to try to develop our public for its own sake, to try to increase attentiveness, knowledge, and the sensitiveness that means good taste for the sake of our people as individuals wishing to lead interesting and happy lives. If you doubt the value, the potency, of such efforts, here is a heartening word: in Wilfrid Blunt's *Diaries* he tells that Carolus Duran, speaking once of the many pupils who came to him from this country, declared that "art is a matter of education—the Americans will learn it in time."

*Charles R. Richards, "Art in Industry," New York, 1922.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 9.

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THE
# FINANCIAL SITUATION

# Hesitant Markets and the Financial Future

STOCK EXCHANGE FLUCTUATIONS WHICH FORESHADOW NOTHING—NEW LIGHT ON THE AMERICAN TRADE BALANCE—GERMANY TAKES UP THE REPARATIONS PROBLEM

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

THE familiar tradition that day-to-day movements in financial markets measure the probable economic influence of events in the outside world has been put to a curious test this season. At the very beginning of autumn, with the markets seemingly waiting for some news which would serve to drive them up or down, the newspaper despatches reported a succession of startling occurrences. The calling of another coal strike was followed quickly by Italy's ultimatum to Greece in reprisal for the murder of the Italian delegates to a territorial conference, then by the immense destruction wrought by the earthquake in Japan.

**The Apathetic Financial Markets**

Mussolini's attitude was discussed as a challenge to the League of Nations and provocation for a possible Balkan War; the devastation in Japan, involving expenditure of enormous sums to rebuild the ruined cities, evidently meant that Japan not only would disappear as a lender of capital on the international market but would have to ask on her own account for very large loans from other countries. Yet these events caused scarcely a flutter in financial markets. The stock exchanges, whether at home or abroad, gave no sign of apprehension. In a week or two, this series of startling events was almost forgotten as an influence on the financial situation.

IN some respects that attitude showed clearer comprehension of what had actually happened than did the first hasty prediction of the community at large. The anthracite controversy was settled by the Governor of Pennsylvania's mediation—not settled satisfactorily, but at least deferred until a basis for lasting settlement of that labor question could be properly investigated. Under the pressure of governments in the League of Nations, Italy retreated from her impulsive attitude for defiance. The devastation in Japan turned out to be vastly less, either in life or property, than the first despatches had reported, and it soon became evident that, huge as the losses were, the Japanese people were capable of grappling with the problem, that they would move very deliberately in requisitions on the outside money market and that, when they should thus move, the Japanese Government's high credit, based on a long record of sound public finance, would enable them to draw on the immense reservoir of the whole world's accumulated capital.

**Stock Exchange and the News**

It might be argued, then, that the equanimity with which the news of all these occurrences was received on the stock exchanges proved the market's correct appraisal of events. That conclusion had been very generally drawn in the preceding autumn, when the stock markets, in the face of a very formidable labor crisis, stood even more motionless than the September markets of this year. But when the strikes had been settled in September of 1922, the threatened transportation deadlock averted, and the stock



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market's passive attitude explained, the market forthwith began to rise in anticipation of the business revival which did not come plainly in sight until two or three months later; whereas the September markets of 1923 continued to move as irresolutely, as uncertainly, and with as little permanent variation from the previous level of prices as had marked them when they were withstanding the first influence of the Japanese and Italian news. They seemed to give no indication whatever of the financial future.

**Counterbalancing Influences at Work**

FOR this Wall Street had various explanations. The business situation itself was showing no sign of change. There were good points and bad points in the forces apparently at work, but they counterbalanced one another. The unprecedentally large railway traffic and railway revenues were offset by decreased orders in the steel trade; the abundant bank reserves and easy money by the evidence that merchants, well stocked up by their large purchases of the spring, would not buy now except when prices were made an inducement; the gold import movement by the disappointing export trade; the sound position of trade and credit by the doubt as to what would be the course of events when the new Congress should assemble and when the Presidential campaign of 1924 should get under way.

Little was said in Wall Street of the European situation as an influence on American finance. It was, perhaps, the sense of aloofness from these foreign vicissitudes which prevented our own financial markets from declining when the crisis in the Ruhr became acute. But the same aloofness seemed also to prevent response on the New York Stock Exchange to September's turn for the better in that situation. It was the foreign exchange market which responded to the news when it became apparent that Germany was about to yield in the matter of the Ruhr and reparations. In particular, the exchange market valuation of the franc, which had fallen from 7⅜ cents to 5⅜ between January and August, rose suddenly to 6¼ on the news of Germany's capitulation.

**Financial Side of "Passive Resistance"**

THAT capitulation ended a very singular situation. "Passive resistance" in the important industrial district of Essen and the surrounding coal and iron territory had undoubtedly hurt France; but it reacted much more disastrously on Germany. In the last ten days of August, expenditure, measured in the paper mark, was 130 times greater than the revenue; in the next ten days it was nearly 300 times greater. In order to sustain the hundreds of thousands of working men in their refusal to operate the mines and mills of the Ruhr, the Berlin government had to pay them wages for doing nothing, and at the end of August it was officially estimated that one third of the huge current public deficit was a result of that expenditure. In the last week of September the President of the German Republic officially stated the cost of financing "passive resistance" in the depreciating paper mark to have reached three and a half trillions weekly. The Treasury met its payments by borrowing the amount of the current deficit from the Reichsbank; but the result was that, since the loan was taken out in currency, the total paper circulation, which was 116 trillion marks in the middle of August, had increased to more than three quadrillions in the middle of September. The foreign valuation of the mark went so low that 370,000,000 were required to buy a dollar. Foreign banks, one after another, refused to buy or sell exchange on German markets any longer. Evidently such a situation could not continue.

The Cuno ministry resigned last August, and it was plain to every one that the ministry which succeeded it would have to propose acceptable terms to the Allies. The new premier, Doctor Stresemann, approached the problem in an intelligible way. He asked the German chambers of commerce "if there is any one in the German political or economic world who does not feel deep shame when pondering our currency conditions"; answered that "we have almost the most worthless currency in the world," and added the remark that "we have no right to hope for the world's help if we do not prove to the world that we still believe in

(Financial Situation, continued on page 83)

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*From a drawing by L. R. Ney.*

LAST TUESDAY NIGHT I SAT DOWN AND READ YOUR LAST LETTER TO MY MOTHER.

—"Great-Grandma Girl," page 689.



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